

Munich, History, Monuments, and Art

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THE ISAR.

Photograph by Reincke.

Frontispiece.

MUNICH

HISTORY, MONUMENTS, AND ART

BY

HENRY RAWLE WADLEIGH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

T. FISHER UNWIN
LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE
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1910

To

MY SECRETARY

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MUNICH

CHAPTER I

GENIUS LOCI

"THE only city whose people look happy"—this casual characterisation of Munich by a traveller of experience and ripened judgment at once discloses the genius of the place. Munich is the city of happiness and contentment, placid as a village, rich in opportunities as a metropolis; quiet, spacious, clean, and leisurely. Through her streets no one hurries save the green Isar, rolling rapidly from springs under the blue glacier ice toward the Black Sea. Everywhere the colour of tranquillity and rest meets the eye, the green of the cool north which prevails in every Bavarian scene. One may walk mile after mile through the heart of the city, without losing the freshness of green turf and the grateful shade of trees. Winding ways lead on for hours through the English Garden, most natural and sympathetic of urban parks, until, imperceptibly, they merge into the outlying country. The gardens along the banks of the Isar, varied with bosky glens and brightened by waterfalls, brooks, and miniature lakes, are the triumph of landscape gardening.

And the green spaces here and there in the midst of the city, the Hofgarten, with its festooned walks and cafés where one whiles away his time under the trees, the copious fountains and graceful bridges with their wealth of sculpture, each contributes its share toward giving Munich an outdoor summer charm offered by no other city. Moreover, the width and notable cleanliness of the modern streets, the eclectic variety of the architecture, and the narrow ways and quaint houses of the older city, emerge with singular felicity from their verdurous setting. There are no great distances to be traversed; all is compact; the best, as it should be, in the centre. There are no oppressive contrasts between vulgar riches and sordid poverty, neither East End nor East Side. The princes of the royal house, the great nobles, the solid burghers, and the men who labour for a daily wage, brush elbows with one another upon the streets, while the great democracy of the beer cellars knows no distinction of class. The conductors of the trams bid you a pleasant adieu as you descend from the car, and the cabby wishes you good-morning before he proceeds to ask your direction. "Gemüthlichkeit" reigns, the indispensable but untranslatable virtue of South Germany. One quickly learns to feel that this is a city in which it is good to live. The words of M. Jean Chantavoine, in his excellent monograph upon Munich, summarise the city's charm with the vivid sympathy born of understanding: "The life of Munich, so simple, so cordial, so varied, where work is so easy and leisure so largely distributed, where intelligence and good taste receive so much gratification, without the least strain or irritation of the nerves!'

For Munich possesses a distinct atmosphere of her own, and exercises a charm proper to herself. True, at first glance, the newcomer is apt to be disappointed. He is probably a tourist, his memory freshly stored with impressions of the most beautiful scenes and buildings in Europe. If he come from Paris or London, even from Berlin or Vienna, he may dub Munich "slow"—which it is; or provincial—which it is not. Moreover the weather frequently does its best to hide the city's charm; in Munich, especially during the high season of tourist travel, it rains often, hard, and long, and the *genius loci* does not reveal itself in wet or gloomy weather. Again, the architecture of Munich is intrinsically neither correct nor impressive. The connoisseur in architecture—a pose which we all affect somewhat when we travel—is shocked both by the general use of stuccoed brick instead of stone, and by the clumsy imitations of classic building. For the streets of Munich have been described as note-books of travel by Bavarian kings. Among these architectural notes are copies of the temples and Propylea at Athens, the Loggia dei Lanzi and the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, the Basilica of St. Paul at Rome, and the Capella Palatina in Palermo. Munich's one medieval Gothic Church, the Frauenkirche, is not an adequate embodiment of its style; there are few good specimens of German Renaissance; the turreted gates of the old wall have been defaced, badly restored, and robbed of their barbicans, towers, and machicolated battlements. The baroque and rococo of the Italian period are in most part dubious examples of a dubious style; while the fine patrician houses which the tourist has seen at Nuremberg and

Augsburg are conspicuously absent. In general, although Munich has a continuous past reaching far back into the Middle Ages, she is scantily endowed with monuments of the older and better architectural schools. And while much of the modern building is wholly admirable, much again is wholly unfortunate, overladen with tasteless and meaningless decoration; witness the flamboyant and ludicrous New Palace of Justice, of which a humorous murderer is reported to have said, as he was led from his prison to the scaffold: "Take me by the Neue Justiz Palast that I may have one more good laugh before I die!"

Nevertheless, in spite of all that may justly be said in detraction of Munich's outward garb, in spite of every shock experienced at the vagaries of her architecture, the city puts forth a subtle charm, and rarely fails to change her critics into lovers. But we shall better grasp the secret of this charm, the key to this transformation of disappointment into affection, of criticism into appreciation, when we have looked more closely at the face of Munich, with her setting and background, entered somewhat into the ways of her people, and made acquaintance with the spirit which dominates her life.

Munich is situated near the centre of the monotonous Bavarian plain, which slopes imperceptibly from the highlands of Tyrol to the Danube, watered by streams flowing northward out of the lakes which lie, an emerald cincture, under the shoulders of the Alps. Like Rome and Florence, London and Paris, Munich owes her existence and her character to a river. "From her high-mountain cradle" the Isar rushes, clean and cold, through the heart of the city—a tur-

bulent flood, now shorn and parcelled into a dozen lesser streams controlled by sluices, but beyond the lower bridges floating on in majestic integrity, straight as an arrow toward the horizon. Immediately above the city she emerges from a narrow gorge upon sandy flats, over which she strains along through shallow channels easy to ford. Here at the ford, during the eighth century, if we may trust tradition, the abbots of the cloister at Tegernsee stationed an outpost of their rich abbey, thus fastening upon the settlement its permanent name which, in its varying forms—Muniha, Munichia, Monaco, Mönchen, München, Munich—means the Place of the Monks. Here, 1158 A.D., again because of the ford, Duke Henry the Lion established and fortified a station where toll could be levied upon the convoys of salt from Reichenhall. And Munich's visible character, no less than her origin, is determined by her river. The Isar is the source and centre of that dominance of green which sets this city apart from others. Munich wears, not as Frankfort a garland, but a broad sash of green as her distinguishing mark. Without it she were drab, inconsiderable, dull; with it she is raised to another plane, a thing of beauty, a joy for ever.

So, too, plain and mountain tell the tale of Munich's being. If the city set upon a hill cannot be hid, neither may the city rising out of the midst of a plain be missed. All the roads of the plain lead to her. From the fertile champaigns and moors she draws subsistence and riches; they are her servants, bringing their best as offerings. Over them she rises, crowned by tower, spire, and dome, a stately mistress. But especially do the mountains recur again and again, as we consider the story of Munich's origin and her present

character. Salt dug from caverns in the mountains' sides brought her into existence, wealth of metals and tall, fair pines floated down the river to swell her riches. Knights, men-at-arms, and pikemen passed and repassed her in countless armies, led by the German King of the Romans, to work his will upon the Cisalpine land, which gave him crown and title, and to wrest imperial unction from the hand of an unwilling Pope. Over the passes which may be descried from the high places of Munich wound the caravans, bearing to the northern barbarians silks of Lombardy, cloths of Florence, precious things and costly spices for which the argosies of Venice held the gorgeous East in fee. From over the mountains came to the cities of Bavaria, and thence to the strongholds of the North, all that the word "culture" stands for—religion, learning, and the arts. And to-day, more than ever before, Munich is a centre through which the dwellers in the North enter the mountains, to find refreshment among their lakes, fir-clad slopes, and glaciers, or swiftly to pass along the ancient Roman highway leading into the land which is the inner shrine of beauty.

For the genius of Munich, medieval and modern, is inseparable from her proximity to Italy. She is the meeting-place of North and South, of German strength with Italian graciousness, of thought and beauty. The South has set a permanent mark upon Munich; the most casual tourist can scarcely fail to note in her a certain brightness and joyousness absent from other German cities. Even the imitations of Greek and Italian buildings, those architectural memories of royal travel, emphasise this note, and arouse our sympathy though they may offend

our sense of æsthetic propriety. Of all northern cities, Munich is the nearest Italy; from Munich alone are visible the snowy peaks which sever North from South; and this lay of her land has helped both to determine the character of her life and to weave the web of her charm.

But the peculiar charm of Munich, indicated and characterised by her outward aspect, is more fully disclosed in the life and genial ways of her people. To a foreign eye the citizens of one German town do not differ saliently from the citizens of another, save in the broad distinction between North German and South. But the Münchener—if one be permitted the use of an indispensable German term—is a highly individualised type. He shares the temperament of all South Germans—placid and easy-going, humorous and obstinate; but he has ways and idiosyncrasies native to his home and hearth. He sees life as pre-eminently a pleasant thing; he will not be hurried, has no inordinate desire to amass riches or to better his position, observes the sense of the Greek proverb, "Nothing too much." His attitude toward life, both instinctive and reasoned, is in sympathy with Leo X.'s comment upon his election to the Papal office, "Since God has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it." But the Münchener's enjoyment is tempered with discretion and self-restraint. He recognises the value of ideal factors in our existence; consequently religion, art, and intellectual culture hold high place in his palace of life. He is the most consistent yet judicious of hedonists. Though he fall far short of the calm, serene poise of Hellenic life, though he suggest the sensuous, earth-born deities rather than the Olympian gods, he at least re-echoes the simplicity,

the naturalness, and the reasonable idealism of the Greeks. In Munich, one may fairly say, men see life steadily and see it whole; if their ideals be not among the clouds they are the more consistently approximated.

Such a bearing toward life makes for contentment and simplicity, not for great achievements or transfiguring personalities. Bavaria's part in the making of German history has never been proportionate to the country's size and numbers. The roll of Germany's great names—the masters of Renaissance painting and sculpture, the great romantic poets, the immortal Twelve of modern music, statesmen and philosophers—numbers few Bavarians and not one child of Munich. Contentment, geniality, humour, do not develop the atmosphere in which revolutionary thoughts and heroic ideals thrive; for the son of Munich the life of the Superman is too strenuous. That high-priesthood of the intellect to which Germany lays just claim has its shrines north of the Danube.

Yet Munich is content: content to enjoy the gifts of labourers in other vineyards; content with her pleasant streets, green places, and hurrying river; with the music, the poetry, and the art offered at her altars by the children of other homes; content with the highlands and lakes, the odorous forests and picturesque villages which surround her. She is at least pre-eminent in humour, in the Rabelaisian wit of her populace, the stinging satire of her caricaturists. The Münchener sits in his beer-cellar or his café under the trees, smiling broadly over the foibles of the rest of Germany and the barbarian Outlanders—the humours of the tourists who throng his haunts in summer, the last imperial

sensation from Potsdam, the stiff, self-satisfied Berliner, the grasping Saxon. For he is convinced that the best things in life are his; that better than these others, he knows how to enjoy them: is not his existence easy, generous, and *gemüthlich?* Are there not ten holidays in June and half as many more at Christmastide, the Oktoberfest in autumn and the carnival in winter, Easter and Whitsun holidays in the spring, a dozen *Feste* and *Festspiele* in the summer? Are there not theatres open the year round, concerts everywhere, indoors and out, ten picture-galleries and museums, the English Garden and the banks of the Isar to saunter along on pleasant afternoons? And is not the ubiquitous, ever-flowing beer the best brewed, even in Germany? Why should he strive to set the crooked straight?

With a touch of banter, yet truthfully, the Germans style Munich the City of Beer and Art. About these commodities revolve the two characteristic features of Munich's life—*das Bierleben* and *das Kunstleben.* We have already glanced at the easy geniality of the "Beer-life," and only need some acquaintance with the "Art-life" to round out our introduction to the spirit of the place. The practice of the arts commonly follows the paths marked out by political and commercial movement. Munich stands apart from these, yet the more she has declined in political importance and neglected commercial opportunities, the higher she holds her head as the city which alone appreciates and lives for the beautiful. The Imperial Fiat has said, "Let Berlin be the source of æsthetic as well as political and commercial light"; and Dresden still enjoys her

priceless collections; nevertheless, the city which watches over the gates of Italy maintains her primacy in the sphere of art. Furnished with a longer pocket and the metropolitan name, Berlin worsts her in competition for such ancient marbles and old masters as find their way into the auction-room, and lures her actors and musicians into the foggy north. But the atmosphere of æsthetic culture may not be created by such means in an uncongenial environment. That the Bavarian kings of the nineteenth century, whose chief delight lay in their patronage of the arts, succeeded in developing such an atmosphere in their capital was due to the natural responsiveness of the sensuous yet idealistic Munich temperament to the appeal of the beautiful. For the Münchener, loving pleasure in all its forms, takes unfeigned joy in beautiful objects and emotions. He is as sensitive to æsthetic suggestion as he is conscientious and methodic in the fulfilment of his self-appointed duty toward every form of art. His local pride and keen sense of municipal life have furthered the efforts of his rulers; he is not merely proud of his city's name in the arts, but also convinced of his own capacity to criticise and appreciate. He has done his part in making good the boast of King Ludwig I.: "I will make of Munich such a city that, without knowing her, no one may truthfully say that he knows Germany." Probably no other city possesses, proportionate to her numbers, so many public collections devoted to painting, sculpture, and archeology; in none are these public collections so faithfully frequented by citizens of every class, who criticise with the conscious air of one who knows.

Moreover, the people of Munich have taken a

significant step forward in the arts by their appreciation of the value of plastic decoration. Painting and sculpture began here to take their rightful places as adjuncts of architecture. By their adornment with sculpture, painting, and stuccoed relief, the newer buildings in Munich, whether domestic or commercial in character, discover a systematic attempt to make art an inevitable element in the daily existence. This tendency toward freeing the arts from the limitations of museums and galleries is the most hopeful and healthy sign in contemporary æsthetic movement; in no city has it gained such headway as in Munich. Here sculpture and painting, seen in their true character as decorative, are gradually changing the utilitarian bareness of modern building, and taking their proper place among the influences which environ the community's every-day life. That much of this decoration should be poor is inevitable: that it exists suffices to show that the people of Munich have become sensitive toward the true function of the plastic arts, assigned to them their natural place in the ordering of our lives. And, further, it is a notable fact that, in a commercial age, one great city should be conscious of herself as a centre of art rather than as a centre of industry. To Munich it may be accounted sufficient merit that she has succeeded in creating an atmosphere in which the fine arts breathe freely and find themselves at home—a normal vital element in the life of the people, not a delicate exotic carefully nursed by a few elect souls. There are other communities whose sense of plastic beauty is more instinctive, possibly more discriminating; none fulfils her duty towards the beautiful so

faithfully, nor, upon the whole, so successfully as Munich; in none other do the arts live so freely, so closely in contact with the general life.

The atmosphere of ancient Athenian culture, its impregnation with intellectual and æsthetic elements, is frequently expounded for our amazement: the tanner and the sausage-seller, held up to immortal scorn by Aristophanes, were competent critics of Phidias and Sophocles, capable of arguing a difficult point with Socrates, of maintaining their political convictions against Demosthenes. Some degree of such æsthetic impregnation is in the atmosphere of Munich—this city which has been called the "Isar-Athens." Artistic culture is not something apart from the mass of her people, but a factor present to their daily existence. Merely to live in the Bavarian city is to free ourselves somewhat from our modern self-consciousness towards the pursuit of the beautiful, to feel that art is as essential to life as work or play. The artist may not draw from the atmosphere of Munich inspiration to create a masterpiece: he is at least conscious of surroundings congenial to his pursuits, knows that if his work be good it will meet with understanding and appreciation. The student—even that most casual of students, the sightseer—will find no royal road to culture, but he will feel the incitements of companionship to stir his blood, and many a quickening of his mental vision. For the secret of the charm of Munich, in so far as it is sought in her Art-life, lies, not in the magnitude of her accomplishment, but rather in this impregnation of the community's intellectual atmosphere with æsthetic elements, in the organic relation between her art and her life.

These things, then, are the determining factors in the charm of Munich which draw us to her and make us loth to leave her—the lay of the land, the life of the people, the lure of the arts. For the Bavarian capital is cosmopolitan, crowded with adopted children: North Germans, who have settled by the Isar because here one draws his breath more easily than in the angular North; English and Americans, attracted by the facilities for education; Russians, who find it convenient to set another frontier between themselves and Siberia; painters, sculptors, musicians, men of learning and idlers—but above all students, of every nationality, every science and art. This is the inevitable question which one member of the foreign colony puts to another: "What are you studying?" And these thousands of Outlanders come to Munich, one and all for the same reason—the charm of the city. There is not one among their ostensible pursuits which may not elsewhere be followed as well, if not better. The lure which charms them is Munich herself, the attractiveness of her site and surroundings, the freedom and geniality of her life, her preoccupation with the beautiful and the ideal. But once within her walls, and acquainted with her peculiar charm, they are held captive by a final spell, more elusive and yet more pervasive than those which we have traced to nature, man, and art: the sense that here life itself has become a fine art, inclusive of each lesser factor. For the Bavarians, above all the citizens of Munich, have moulded their life into an articulate and reasoned art. Life itself is their masterpiece—the life which is lived naturally, happily, and ideally. It is the merit of Munich that she has brought

to its fine flower this, the most difficult, yet most desirable of the arts. Hereby she exercises her most subtle, most potent charm: herein is disclosed to the curious inquirer the essential spirit of the place—Genius Loci.

HISTORY

CHAPTER II

DUKES AND ELECTORS IN MUNICH

As Munich was the last of all the South German cities to acquire municipal importance, so is her history the shortest. Unlike Vienna, Salzburg, and Regensburg, the Bavarian capital knows no memories of ancient Roman times; unlike Nuremberg and Augsburg, she cannot look back upon the fruitful and active life of the German free cities; unlike her ultramontane neighbours, the Lombard communes, she had no patrician families whose feuds and rivalries weave a picturesque tale to attract the attention of the student by its many-coloured web. Throughout more than six of the seven centuries of Munich's existence her story is but a background against which princes of the house of Wittelsbach emerge, sometimes in clear, sometimes in blurred outline. That story is best read, not in the crabbed pages of her ancient annals, but in the more vivid records revealed in her monuments and art; of these the reader will find some account in the chapters of this book which treat of the architecture and historical collections of the city. The chronicle of Munich's municipal life is dull and obscure, for the memorials of the city reflect the lives rather of absolute princes

than of the burgesses of a free commune. Until the rulers of Bavaria were raised to the dignity of a royal style there were but few in the long line of dukes and electors whose names or whose achievements are vital to an understanding of their city's history. Of these few we shall briefly recount the story in the following pages, dwelling only upon those salient figures whose memories are visibly preserved in the Munich which we see to-day.

Despite the comparative youth of Munich, the city lies in the heart of Old Bavaria, surrounded on every hand by villages which were among the earliest Teutonic settlements south of the Danube. The Bavarians were a branch of the Swabian stem of primitive Germans, and were known to the Romans as the Marcomanni—Men of the Mark. During the period of the Roman Empire the Marcomanni dwelt north of the Danube in what is now Bohemia; about the year 500 A.D. they emigrated as a nation to their present home, forgetting their ancient name and calling themselves Bajuvarii—men from the land of Baja (Bohemia). During the two hundred and fifty years which followed this migration the Bajuvarii struggled to assert themselves as an autonomous nation by the side of their stronger neighbours, the Franks and the Lombards. But their national aspirations were crushed by Charles the Great; Bavaria was incorporated into the Carolingian Empire, and from 788 until the latter part of the twelfth century led a chequered existence as one of the component duchies in the German Kingdom and Holy Roman Empire, administered by imperial officials bearing the title now of count, now of duke. During the twelfth

century the duchy was ruled by hereditary dukes of the house of Welf. The last of this line, Duke Henry the Lion, was at once the founder of Munich and the only prince associated with the city's history who did not bear the name of Wittelsbach.

Munich owes her existence to a deed of rapine. Since 903 the Isar village of Oberföhring had belonged to the rich and powerful Bishops of Freising, who fortified it, built a bridge over the river, and levied toll upon the convoys of salt from Reichenhall. Jealous of the lucrative income yielded by the toll station, Henry the Lion attacked Oberföhring, demolished bridge and fortification, and obliged the salt carriers to cross the Isar three miles further up the stream, at Muniha, which may have been a village, but was more probably a monastic hospice established by the wealthy monks of Tegernsee. Here the duke built a new bridge, established a toll station, market, and mint. In the State archives of Munich a fragment of parchment, dated June 14, 1158, records the imperial ratification of this act of violence.

The little community, born thus of salt and water, grew rapidly, but soon lost her truculent Welf master; in 1181 Henry the Lion was deposed by Frederick Barbarossa and the house of Wittelsbach set over the land which it has held from that day to this. The first of the line was Otto of Wittelsbach, who had long faithfully served the Emperor Barbarossa both as warrior and diplomat. His house claimed descent from an ancient Bajuvarian family which took its name from a castle near Aichach in the very heart of Old Bavaria. The earlier dukes of the line figured

as paladins of the Hohenstaufen emperors, consolidated their own local power in Bavaria, and aspired to no greater prominence. The emperors repaid their fidelity by declaring the duchy of Bavaria hereditary in the Wittelsbach family, and by bestowing upon them the additional power and title of Count Palatine of the Rhine.

From 1302 until 1347 Bavaria was ruled by the first of her two princes who, in the thousand and six years of the Holy Roman Empire, obtained the honour of the imperial crown—the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, to whom country and capital alike owe much. Ludwig was successively and simultaneously Duke of Bavaria, German King, and Roman Emperor. Although history knows him as "the Bavarian," his career and temperament were in direct antithesis to all that we associate with the national character: his life was stormy and eventful, his temper restless and aggressive, and he lived with his foot in the stirrup. His long reign was one ceaseless struggle to preserve the authority of the Empire against the papacy upon the one hand and his truculent vassals upon the other. He is said to have visited Munich one hundred and twenty-two times, and in the little village—for it was no more—was his favoured residence, the Alte Hof, built by his father, Duke Ludwig the Strict, of which one portion still survives, the oldest and only purely medieval building in modern Munich. At his death in 1347 the papal ban which had been laid upon him and his descendants to the fourth generation did not hinder the faithful Munich burgesses from receiving his body and burying it in the church of Our Lady—forerunner of the Frauenkirche where his dust still rests.



THE ALTE HOF.

Photograph by J. S. Van Nest.

To face p. 20.

After the death of her Emperor, Bavaria fell upon evil times. A period of wild confusion followed, in which brothers, uncles, and nephews fought with one another and brought ruin upon a land already devastated by the plague. The dukes of Bavaria adopted the fatal expedient of dividing the duchy between various members of the prolific ducal family. Rival duchies were established in the neighbouring towns of Landshut and Ingolstadt, and the succession becomes a confused tangle of meaningless names and reigns, without significance for the history of the capital. As we shall later see in reviewing her architectural history, Munich at this time enjoyed a brief outburst of that medieval town life whose evidence was the great Gothic church of Our Lady. But upon the whole the march of medieval culture, fostered in other communities either by the development of active commercial life in the free cities or by the solicitude of brilliant princes in their capitals, left Bavaria by the wayside. She was a land of farms and country life, her dukes dull of wit and absorbed in incessant domestic bickerings. It was only at the end of the reign of Albrecht the Wise, in 1506, that the ruinous custom of partitioning the duchy was abolished by the establishment of the law of primogeniture.

The first fifty years of the sixteenth century saw both the Reformation and the Peasant Wars. The Reformation took root in some quarters, notably in the free cities and in certain mountain districts, but Munich in particular and Bavaria as a whole remained true to the older faith. In the last half of the sixteenth century the art of the Renaissance was introduced into Bavaria and

encouraged by the patronage of the first of her humanistic dukes, Albrecht V. But in Germany the light of the new birth, already at high noon in the countries south of the Alps, was merged into the sombre glow which burst into flame with the fires of the Reformation. Bavaria wasted her intellectual resources and material substance in the attempts to check the progress of the Reformation and in the activities of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries she shared the calamity of all Germany, whose civilisation and development were retarded and set back by a succession of senseless and barbarous wars.

This period saw the reign of the great Elector, Maximilian I., whose consummate abilities might have brought his country to a high place had his lot been cast in happier times. He was eminent as statesman, general, and administrator, and during the early and peaceful years of his reign accomplished much for the well-being of his country and people. In 1609 he became the head of the Catholic League of the Empire, and in 1618 the Thirty Years' War broke out. The earlier campaigns were a series of victories for Bavarian arms under Maximilian's great general, Tilly. With the advent of Gustavus Adolphus upon the Protestant side the fortunes of war were reversed, and Bavaria, no longer victor, became victim; the Swedish king destroyed the Catholic army at Leipsic, marched south through Bavaria, and received the keys of Munich upon the heights of Gasteig in May, 1632. After the death of Gustavus Adolphus the aspect of the war again changed, but at its close Bavaria was a waste. The population was reduced one-half,

commerce and agriculture ruined, social and intellectual life lowered to a state of barbarism from which they did not recover until the nineteenth century.

The successor of Maximilian, Ferdinand Maria, engaged in a series of petty intrigues with France and the Empire, which came to no result; but the latter's son, Maximilian Emanuel, cherished ambitions of larger scope. His early successes in the campaigns against the Turks upon the banks of the Danube won for him the title "Conqueror of Belgrade," and at the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession he set out to win new glories on the banks of the Rhine. Max Emanuel's ambitions extended to the possession of the imperial crown for his own head; and the nomination of his infant son as heir to the Spanish domains in the Old and New Worlds opened glimpses of a future more glorious than any which had been disclosed to a Wittelsbach since Ludwig the Bavarian became emperor. But the death of this son and the victory of the Duke of Marlborough over the allied armies of France and Bavaria at Blenheim put an end to Max Emanuel's hopes. He was forced to fly for his life, leaving his capital and his children in the hands of the Austrians. In 1705 and 1706 the peasants of the mountains rose against the Austrian garrison and performed fabulous feats of strength and courage, which are preserved in the legends of their leader, the Smith of Kochel. But their devotion and courage were fruitless, and only the peace of Rastatt brought the war to a close, and restored Max Emanuel to his wasted duchy.

The next Elector, Karl Albert, laid claim to the

Hapsburg succession and the imperial crown. Aided by the kings of Spain, France, and Prussia, he successfully invaded Bohemia and proceeded to Frankfort, where he was elected and crowned Roman Emperor in 1741. It was an empty honour. During his absence the Austrians fell upon Bavaria, ravaged the land with frightful barbarity, and again occupied Munich. The Emperor who had forfeited his duchy sat idle with his imperial crown at Frankfort until his Prussian allies drew the Austrian forces to the defence of their Bohemian territory. He returned to his capital only to die, and was succeeded by Maximilian III. Joseph, who made peace with the Austrian Emperors and received again his Bavarian domain.

Maximilian III. Joseph was the first of a new type of princes who were fired by the humanitarian enthusiasm of the eighteenth century. He introduced social and economic reforms, and laid foundations upon which his successors were able to build with more result. With him the male line of Ludwig the Bavarian came to an end, and the succession went to Karl Theodor, the Elector Palatine, member of another branch of the Wittelsbach family. Karl Theodor came unwillingly from Mannheim to assume the government of Bavaria, notoriously preferred his Rhenish capital to Munich, and took but superficial interest in the reforms of his predecessor. Nevertheless, Munich benefited greatly at his hands.

It was during the reign of Karl Theodor that the city took on something of the aspect which is familiar to the modern visitor, and under his patronage that the American scientist, Benjamin

Thompson, Count Rumford,[1] instituted important civic and military reforms and laid out the green reaches of the English Garden. The last years of Karl Theodor were darkened by the persecutions which he set on foot against the secret order of the Illuminati, which introduced into Bavaria the principles which had brought about the Revolution in France. Thrown into abject fear by the excesses of the Terror, the Elector instituted a system of espionage which left no life or character safe. Bavaria was on the verge of revolution when the sudden death of Karl Theodor averted this danger. He was succeeded by his cousin, the Count Palatine of Zweibrücken, Maximilian IV. Joseph, in the significant year of Napoleon Bonaparte's return from Egypt.

[1] A brief account of the life and activities of Count Rumford will be found in the Appendix.

CHAPTER III

BAVARIA A KINGDOM

From first to last, Bavaria's geographical position has involved her in the shifting fortunes of imperial politics. The great figures of medieval and modern imperialism—Charles the Great, the Salian Otto, and the two Fredericks of Hohenstaufen, Napoleon and Bismarck—all were determining factors in her history. Among these Titans none played a more conspicuous part in Bavaria's destinies than the Corsican master of men and nations. For the independence which Charles took from her, Napoleon gave again. The new Empire of the French, in which Bonaparte's vanity chose to see a continuation of the Holy Roman Empire, first constrained Bavaria to its support by threats, then heaped lavish favours upon her and raised her elector-dukes to the style and state of kings. The key to Bavaria's importance in the Napoleonic wars lay in her fateful situation at the cross-roads of Europe. As formerly she had intercepted the passage from north to south, so now she blocked the road which runs from east to west, from France to France's enemy, Austria. Napoleon chose to be gracious toward the little German duchy because it offered him a base for opera-

tions against Austria and another gate into northern Italy. And at the Emperor's fall, Bavaria found means to retain the gifts with which he dowered her.

In the wars of the eighteenth century Bavaria and France had fought together as allies, and the dynastic change in the rulers of the duchy, from the extinct line of Bavarian Wittelsbachs to the Palatinate branch, brought them into still closer relations. The states of the Rhine were largely in the hands and wholly under the influence of France. Everywhere the French spirit dominated men's minds, in England and Spain as well as in Prussia, Austria, and Italy. Therefore, when the Revolution overturned the bases of French society all Europe was involved in the crash, for France was the pattern of the civilised world. The Palatine Wittelsbachs had enjoyed the capricious favour of the Bourbon kings; their sons had been educated at the French Court and served in the French army; their petty courts were tawdry imitations of the splendours of Versailles; the art and learning which they favoured were permeated by the influence of the French artists, of Voltaire, the Encyclopedists, Rousseau. But now the citizen armies of the Republic, led by men of the people, fell with ruthless savagery upon the Rhine lands, and the Counts Palatine, friends of the old *régime*, were forced to take refuge in the ancient Bavarian home of their house. Before the death of Karl Theodor the Palatine lands were practically lost to Bavaria. When Maximilian IV. Joseph succeeded, in 1799, the French were at the gates of Munich.

The condition of Bavaria in 1799 gave little promise of the good fortune which was so soon

to overtake her. The wars of the two preceding centuries had exhausted and barbarised the people. The inefficient administration of Karl Theodor, the unjust rigour of the criminal law, the decay of industry and prevailing mendicancy, the ignorant waste of the country's agricultural resources, the lack of schools, and the deplorable state of public morality, were offset only by the zealous intelligence of the American reformer who had transformed Munich and given efficiency to an army which had been a laughing-stock of Europe. The most colossal series of wars which have ever shaken Europe was at hand, and in them Bavaria was to acquit herself honourably, if not with glory. Yet despite the leonine emblems of the Wittelsbachs, despite Munich's Hall of the Fieldmarshals and Arch of Triumph, the Bavarians are not, have never been, a warlike people. The classical description of their character written by Aventinus, himself a Bavarian, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, remains true in its broad lines. "The Bavarian folk are thoughtful, simple, and upright: they go willingly upon church pilgrimages, for which they have abundant opportunity; care more for tilling the land and raising cattle than for making war. They have little respect for commerce, and since merchants seldom come to them, there are but few in the land who carry on any considerable business. Night and day the man of the people sits at his drink, shouts, sings, dances, gambles, observes weddings, funerals, and church days with extravagant festivities. But he is honest and unblameable, does not seek to get the better of his neighbour, does no one evil."

This is not the stuff of which the born soldier is made. Yet the Bavarian is brave, and, if need be, can fight, as both the Napoleonic and the Franco-Prussian wars have proved.

Over this homekeeping people broke the storm which followed in the path of Napoleon's insatiable ambitions. Austria and the rest of Germany were broken, bruised, and spat upon by the arrogant French. Bavaria alone sided voluntarily with Napoleon, and to her discretion rather than to her valour she owed both territorial aggrandisement and a considerable increment of dignity and political power. The royal crown was received at Napoleon's hands, and the compact between Emperor and King was sealed by the marriage of Napoleon's stepson, Eugene de Beauharnais, with Max Joseph's daughter, Auguste Amalie.

Naturally the modern Bavarians, German to the core, look back upon this crisis in their history with mixed feelings, in which, perhaps, a certain sense of shame predominates. For the most part their historians pass quickly over Max Joseph's assumption of the royal title, and leave its details to oblivion. Napoleon had ruined and humiliated Germany to the last point of endurance, and beyond; German Bavaria was his henchman, fought his battles, received his gifts, aped his customs. To the German national consciousness, so zealously fostered and so jealously defended, the plain fact is abhorrent, the crown tarnished, the 'scutcheon blotted. Yet there is much to be said in behalf of the Bavarian course of action. The law of self-preservation is supreme in political conduct. Bavaria was a small, weak State, and, as at the beginning of her history, she was forced to shelter herself behind a greater power. A German

national feeling did not exist; for hundreds of years the states had warred with one another, allied with foreign Powers. In the wars of the eighteenth century Bavaria had fought with the French against Austria, and now the conflict had taken the character of another Franco-Austrian war. She had suffered repeatedly at the hands of Austria; it was but sixty years since the Austrian Croats and Pandours had wasted Bavaria, occupied her capital, and treated her people with barbarous severity. "It is not in me to become an Austrian," said Max Joseph, as he struggled to reach his decision. There were many in those years who saw only the gleam of Napoleon's arms, not the cold and heartless face behind them, who were fascinated by the power of his personality and his vaunted plans for the eventual peace of a Europe which had been two hundred years at war. Nevertheless, when all is said, for every patriotic German a taint clings to the Bavarian crown. A pathetic evidence of this feeling is disclosed by the inscription upon the bronze obelisk in the Carolinenplatz at Munich, cast from metal of French cannon, but dedicated to the memory of the forty thousand Bavarians who perished in Napoleon's behalf upon the frozen steppes of Russia: "Auch sie starben für das Vaterland" (They, too, died for the Fatherland).

The Elector Maximilian IV. Joseph had been brought up at the Strassburg Court of his uncle, Duke Christian of Zweibrücken, where he had served France as colonel of the Royal Alsatian Regiment. A frequent visitor at the Versailles of Louis XVI., he was thoroughly at home with the French, yet in his own character essentially German—full of native South German wit, and

Gemüthlichkeit, kindly and familiar with the people. In the portrait of Max Joseph in the Old Pinakothek, his round, good-natured, bourgeois face emerges with droll humour from the gold and ermine sumptuousness of the regal paraphernalia. Driven from his Rhineland estates by the advancing armies of the Revolution, he took refuge in the fastnesses of the Odenwald until the death of Karl Theodor called him to Munich. The first greeting which he received in his capital, where he was well known, was from a brewer of enormous corpulence, who shook his hand and roared in broad dialect: "Well, thank God, Max'l, that you are here!" The new Elector overflowed with benevolence and the desire to spread contentment about him. "The history of Max Joseph's reign," wrote the Frenchman, Lavalette, in his Memoirs, "is the history of his heart." Of the five princes who ruled Bavaria during the nineteenth century, he was the most representative of his people and the most continuously and deservedly popular. No king ever had the welfare of his country more sincerely at heart. His policy was never dictated by personal ambition. For the good of his subjects he submitted, yet with dignity, to the caprice of Napoleon; he responded to their awakening patriotism when the opportunity came to escape, gave them a constitution when they asked it, encouraged every enterprise for their good, lived in the utmost simplicity, went each week with his Queen to taste the "Rumford" soup at his charitable kitchens, allowed his good nature and his purse to be imposed upon by a host of idle suppliants.

Yet with all this easy kindliness, Max Joseph was a wise and astute statesman, who carried

his burdens skilfully through many difficult situations to successful ends. When he took up the reins of government in February, 1799, he found the affairs of his duchy in a sorry state. There was neither money in the treasury nor *morale* among the people. The army was forgetting the discipline imparted by Rumford, and the civil administration was a crying scandal. The War of the Second Coalition was on foot. The armies of the French Directory were converging upon Bavaria from Switzerland and the Rhine, while the Austrians were close to the gates of Munich. An opportunist by temperament, Max Joseph quickly sided with the Austro-Russian coalition which held him momentarily at its mercy. In the campaign of 1799, the allies were successful; but by the next year Bonaparte had come to the fore as First Consul, an army of 100,000 under Moreau had crossed the Rhine and occupied Bavaria. The Elector's forces being insufficient for purposes of defence, he abandoned Munich to Moreau upon July 5, 1800. During the summer and autumn the Austrian Emperor and the Elector collected an army 130,000 strong, with which they hoped to surround the French. Upon December 1st the Austro-Bavarian Army, advancing toward Munich in a blinding snow-storm, came unexpectedly upon Moreau at Hohenlinden, a small village surrounded by forests, twenty miles north-east of the capital. Campbell's spirited lines have made the ensuing battle a household word among lovers of English poetry.

> "On Linden when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
> As dark as winter was the flow
> Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

The event was a crushing defeat for the German allies, who lost 17,000 men and ninety-four guns. But the peace of Lunéville soon followed this disaster. Napoleon astutely insisted upon treating with Austria alone, with the consequence that the other German powers were ruthlessly sacrificed to the Hapsburg interest. This short-sighted policy did much to detach them from the imperial cause, and to complete the final ruin of the Holy Roman Empire. Max Joseph, abandoned by his Emperor, had no alternative but to shelter himself behind France. Bavaria was rewarded for her submission when the redistribution of German territory took place at the dictation of Bonaparte in 1803, and indemnified for the lost Palatinate by the bishoprics of Würzburg, Bamberg, Augsburg, and Freising, portions of Eichstätt and Passau, thirteen abbeys and fifteen towns in Franconia and Swabia.

In 1804 Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor, and in the following year the war of the Third Coalition against France broke out, with Bavaria and the other South German states fighting for the French. Ulm and Austerlitz brought this war to a speedy close. At the Peace of Pressburg in the same year, Bavaria received further additions to her territory, notably, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, the free cities of Augsburg and Lindau, and the Margravate of Ansbach. Upon his way to France, Napoleon spent a month of relaxation in Munich, where with the Empress Josephine and his Court he was received with such festivities as the city had never known. Upon January 1, 1806, trumpeters and heralds proclaimed Max Joseph as King of Bavaria, and fourteen days later the marriage of Eugene de Beauharnais with Max Joseph's

votes out of a total of thirty-nine. The expedient was not satisfactory, and Germany, united in a patriotic self-consciousness against the foreign world, was more divided than ever in all that concerned the mutual relation of the several states. It was long since there had been a German king: there was now no Emperor, no central authority, only the interminable talk and chicanery of a convention.

Meanwhile the goal of Bavaria's long-deferred hope had been reached; from 1815 until 1871 she was a sovereign kingdom, and Munich one of the national capitals of Europe. The position to which the kingdom soon attained as an active centre of culture she owed chiefly to the intelligent rule of her kings. A paternal government, in the better sense of the word, did everything for Bavaria and for Munich. The Bavarians, left to themselves, had accomplished little throughout centuries of medieval and modern culture. As we have seen, they are pre-eminently an incurious and home-keeping people, set in their ways and lacking initiative. When the nineteenth century dawned, incessant war and continued misgovernment had removed the ancient landmarks and entailed such confusion as only a strong hand could set aright. The old patriarchal country life had disappeared, the nobles had lost their estates and their influence, and in 1803 the bishops and abbots, who had been almost as powerful as the nobles, were deprived of their property, which was secularised and sold to satisfy the needs of the State treasury. The people were become as sheep without a shepherd. Since agriculture does not thrive in a country continually ravaged by the passage of an army, large tracts of arable

land were left untilled, and the country people driven into the towns or into vagabondage, which had become a national curse. Further, as a result of Max Joseph's astuteness, the kingdom had nearly doubled in size, so that the whole administration demanded complete reorganisation. This was a more difficult task than an Englishman or an American might realise. Among a people utterly unused to self-government, accustomed only to obey, it was necessary that there should be a head to give orders, and efficient public servants to carry them out. Thus the most imperative need of the new kingdom was the creation and training of an army of civil officials.

To this task Max Joseph addressed himself with the efficient aid of his minister, Count von Montgelas, a statesman of the old school but a man of quick judgment, administrative genius, and force of will. Early in Max Joseph's reign the process of reorganisation was taken in hand; new and necessary laws enacted, new offices created, new enterprises inaugurated. In 1800 Protestants were for the first time given freedom of worship and equal rights with the Catholics. When the bigoted magistracy of Munich refused to obey this edict, and excluded from the rights of citizenship a Protestant merchant who had followed Max Joseph from the Palatinate capital of Mannheim, they received from the Elector himself notice that if his edict were not obeyed "by six o'clock to-morrow evening" they would be visited with the most rigorous punishment. And again, when no burgher of Munich could be found to receive into his house the private chaplain of Max Joseph's Protestant wife, the King offered him lodgings in the Residenz. In 1808 serfdom was abolished,

and in the same year the Academy of the Plastic Arts was founded. Systematic efforts were made to improve industrial conditions. To the universities at Landshut, Würzburg, and Erlangen, Max Joseph called scholars of national fame, and primary schools were developed to supply the education formerly given by the cloisters.

Montgelas, however, belonged to the French party and was influenced by the Napoleonic policy of centralisation. He was out of sympathy with the prevailing spirit of German patriotism, and opposed the growing agitation in behalf of a Constitution, to which his master lent a willing ear. As far back as 1808 the King had caused the draft of a Constitution to be drawn up, and on May 26, 1818, the Constitution was proclaimed. According to its terms the King, in whose person all civil authority was vested, delegated the power of legislation and taxation to the representatives of the people, divided into two Houses—an Upper Chamber, consisting of nobles, high officials, and other persons designated by the King, and a Lower House of Deputies, elected by the people. The royal preamble promised further that distinction of birth should henceforth be considered neither in the execution of the law nor in the service of the State. The Constitution was loyally and heartily received, and the sitting of the estates inaugurated with festal pomp.

In the same year was completed the Hoftheater (Court Theatre) adjoining the rococo Residenz Theater, built by Maximilian III. Joseph, and in 1824 the twenty-fifth anniversary of Max Joseph's reign was celebrated by the erection of the bronze monument which stands before the Hoftheater. As the Crown Prince laid the corner-

stone, "Father Max" was seen at the window of the palace, holding his three-year-old grandson, the present Prince Regent, upon his shoulder. A year later the King was found dead in his bed in the Schloss at Nymphenburg.

It has already been remarked that the Bavarians do scant justice to their first king. That he did not belong to the Young Germany which was born of the Napoleonic humiliation in no wise diminishes the debt his people owe him. Measured either by the difficulties which he surmounted, or by his material services to Bavaria Max Joseph stands above all his more famous successors. Were it not for the fatal French taint he would be hailed, as he deserves, as Pater Patriæ; but while the Bavarians hold him in kindly remembrance, they prefer to think and speak of themes which awaken less bitter memories.

Max Joseph's personal idiosyncrasies were characteristic both of his nation and of his house. He abhorred pomp and pretentiousness, choosing for himself the smallest and barest apartments in the palaces at Munich and Nymphenburg. He never forgot that he had been colonel of the Royal Alsatian Regiment, and brought with him to Munich the regimental cook, who long ministered to his Strassburg-nurtured palate with homely Rhenish dishes. In his own habits the simplest of men, he was too good-natured to enforce economy in his household, and one of the institutions of his time was the so-called "Apothecary's freedom," by which a host of officials and favoured persons obtained from the Court chemist not merely drugs and medicaments, but also tea, coffee, wine, spirits,

and even provisions. "Father Max" was a many-sided character: a South German burgher of the old school by association and training, an accomplished and far-seeing statesman by policy, a kindly father of his people by preference. He was typical of Bavaria's national character, and was the author of her prosperous estate in modern times.

CHAPTER IV

LUDWIG I. AND MAXIMILIAN II.

When Napoleon was planning his divorce from the mother of Eugène de Beauharnais, and unconsciously casting about in his mind for some means to indemnify her for this degradation, he said to General Bubna: "The children of Eugène are also the grandchildren of King Max, and Bavaria would make a pretty compensation. This prince [Ludwig] will never ascend the throne." Upon another occasion he said of Ludwig: "What prevents me from having this prince shot?"

Napoleon had sought by flattery and distinguished consideration to attach the Crown Prince of Bavaria to France and the Empire, but without success; for Ludwig was heart and soul with Young Germany, and barely concealed his aversion to the French during the difficult years of the Rhine Confederation. He had played the part of a silent remonstrant against the dishonour of his house, his opinions well known, and his consequent popularity great. His hatred of Napoleon and the French was natural and honourable to him. History justified his attitude and rewarded his inflexibility. The spirit which embittered his early years was the spirit

which transformed Germany into a nation, and in the transformation Ludwig was not one of the least factors. Moreover, being a German, he was a thoroughgoing idealist. He held exalted conceptions of his functions as ruler, of his duty toward his subjects and his country. His range of interests was wide and versatile—a poet, a patron of the arts, a philanthropist, a Philhellene, a Pan-German before his time, he was also a practical statesman. Unlike most idealist monarchs, he neither neglected nor minimised the importance of State business. If he built a Walhalla (the German Temple of Fame at Regensburg), he also inaugurated the first railroad in Germany. He was indefatigable in his attention to business—he notes himself that in the early morning his light was always the first to burn upon the Max-Joseph-platz; that when the officials of his bureaux were going to their desks he had already finished his daily portfolio of State papers. Even more remarkable in a thoroughgoing idealist, he was rigidly economical both in his personal expenditure and in public enterprises. Long after his abdication he remarked that he had never owned an easy chair nor a dressing-gown. The old overcoat which he wore for sixty years is one of the historic heirlooms of the Wittelsbach family. And the twenty-five public buildings, monuments, and restorations with which he transformed Munich and enriched other Bavarian towns were built for incredibly small sums, their total cost amounting to less than eighteen million marks. Yet together with Ludwig's idealism and his economies was coupled a strong and persistent will: what he planned to do, that he accomplished. The Walhalla, conceived in the bitter

years of Napoleon's dictatorship, was completed only in 1842. The first of the three public galleries which he built to house the Wittelsbach collections of art was begun in 1816, nine years before he came to the throne; the last was completed in 1853, five years after his abdication. At his accession he vowed somewhat grandiloquently that he would make his capital such a city that no one could know Germany who had not seen Munich. It is no small credit to his pertinacious strength of will that he carried through this undertaking and made his boast good. In the sphere of architecture and the other plastic arts Munich owes more to Ludwig I. than to the sum of all her other kings, electors, and dukes. Not only her fame as the German home of art, but also a full half of her public buildings, her finest street, and her most imposing open place, the Königsplatz, are evidence of this debt.

Born in his father's Alsatian days, Ludwig came to the throne in his fortieth year, full of generous hopes and ideals for his work and for the future of his people. At a time when the peace of Europe was but little disturbed, the energetic monarch might well have hoped to realise his patriotic and artistic ambitions. Ludwig was possessed of two enthusiasms—a deep and sincere love of his country, and a passion for the culture with which he hoped to inspire and enrich her. To be at once a *Teutscher* (an old German form of the word *Deutscher*—a German, invariably employed by Ludwig) and a *Künstler*—here was the sum of his ambitions. To re-create under the grey skies of Munich what he had seen and felt illumined by the light and warmth of classic lands—this was the Renais-

sance for which the son of *Teutschland* longed. A national consciousness and a national art were the ideals which he set himself to realise. Both were inspired by the circumstances and opportunities of his early days. Educated at Landshut and Göttingen, he had enjoyed the liberty and experiences of a student's life and came to manhood in the years which saw Bavaria humbled before the tyranny of a foreign usurper. The unreasoning and zealous patriotism of youth was fired by her humiliation and her helplessness: the future king rejoiced hotly at her final liberation and the downfall of her enemy. Bavaria was freed from foreign domination, *Teutsch* at last! "How can a German be the friend of France?" wrote the ex-King in his last years. Surely it was beyond the power of the monarch who, in his own humiliation, demanded from the successor of Bavaria's oppressor, Louis Napoleon, the recognition due to royalty, with the words, "I *was* a King and *am* a German—shall I allow myself to be belittled?"

Such was the national pride of Ludwig I. His honour as an artist was not less sensitive, nor his conscious glory as a patron and lover of the beautiful less highly prized. As Crown Prince of Bavaria he welcomed the necessity which illness laid upon him of spending a season in the villa on the slope of Monte Pincio with whose aspect the New Pinakothek and the Schack Gallery make us familiar. We see him pictured in a Roman osteria with his circle of chosen friends—the painters whom he patronised and praised, the sculptors to whom he gave his friendship and his commissions, the archæologists and architects who searched after the lost art

of Greece and created its forms anew for his pleasure. Among the laurels of the Villa Malta, Ludwig and his companions were not yet a Mæcenas king and his subjects, but a company of kindred spirits, fired by common enthusiasms and vowed to common tasks. He left Rome and his friends with the words, "*Aufwiedersehen in Teutschland!*"

As King no less than as Prince, Ludwig conscientiously and eagerly befriended the cause of art, and advanced the ambitions of his artists. His love for Italy did not preclude an equal enthusiasm for the art and culture of Greece, nor did his patriotism make him forgetful of the interests of that country which, like his own, had lately freed itself from the tyranny of an alien Power. The King who gave to Munich her classic temples and her Propylea, who sent his servants to discover and gain for him the relics of ancient Greece, must have felt it a happy stroke of fortune which called his son to rule over her people. In 1835, while Otto of Wittelsbach was still King of the Greeks, his father made a long wished-for journey to the country his son so gladly and so vainly tried to serve. Father and son alike had dedicated themselves with generous hopes and willing hearts to their high calling: both were destined in great measure to see the failure of their hopes and the rejection of their devotion.

The reign which was to end in pitiable fiasco opened with brilliant promise. In 1825 Bavaria's internal condition was settled and prosperous. The Constitution was popular and in working order, an army of officials had been trained and set to work, new industries were springing up

and the systematisation of education had begun to show results. On every hand reigned hopefulness and enthusiasm—for a German future, for Bavaria, for the new King. Yet there were clouds upon the horizon which foreboded trouble to come. Bavaria's relations with the other German states of the Confederacy were ill-defined and confused. Differences between Prussia and Austria were constantly occurring in the Bundestag; and Bavaria, as the third state in importance, was frequently obliged to preserve the peace between them. The Schleswig-Holstein problem was taking shape and threatening to disturb the balance of power; the social storms which broke over Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century were brewing; it was evident to all thoughtful men that German affairs would not long continue in the grooves established at Vienna in 1815.

Ludwig's first important act was to transfer the chief Bavarian university from Landshut to Munich, where it rapidly grew in strength and influence. In 1828 the civil administration was so reformed as to give the several districts greater autonomy in local affairs, and to lay the foundation of self-government. In 1830 work was begun upon the Walhalla at Regensburg. In 1832 Ludwig gave his consent to the choice of his second son, Otto, to be King of the Greeks. In 1834 a tariff league was formed between Bavaria, Prussia, and the lesser German States. In 1835 the first German railroad was opened by the King, between Nuremburg and Fürth. In 1838 the kingdom was divided into administrative districts, the King exercising great care to make the divisions along lines of ancient historical

and tribal differences, and to give the new districts names which emphasised the German past and made for local patriotism. In 1846 was opened the canal first planned a thousand years earlier by Charles the Great, connecting the Rhine with the Danube, the North with the Black Sea. In 1848 Ludwig abdicated in favour of his son Maximilian.

Throughout these years the King was in busy and untiring consultation with his architects, sculptors, and painters, planning and executing the embellishment of Munich and other Bavarian cities, the erection of new palaces and public buildings, the enrichment of old and the formation of new collections. Probably no other city is so visibly stamped with the mind of a single ruler; and while the architecture of Ludwig's reign does not always satisfy the principles of modern taste, it gives to the city's outward aspect that homogeneity of outline which distinguishes Munich from other modern towns. It is as permanent in character as the art of architecture permits, and has established traditions and methods which have borne abundant fruit in more recent times.

Ludwig's efforts to develop a Munich school of painting were hardly so successful. The masters whom he gathered about him in his Roman Wanderjahre belong to a transition school, whose interest is more historical than æsthetic. Cornelius, Overbeck, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Peter and Heinrich Hess, Rottmann, and Kaulbach are names of significance in the history of German art; but a study of their work leads us to wonder at the change which has taken place in our standards of painting. The

best that they accomplished was the establishment of a tradition, the development of a genuine love for form and colour, thoroughly congenial to the Bavarian temper. As artists, none of them advanced beyond respectable mediocrity—the time was not ripe: as pathfinders in the history of æsthetic culture they deserve a share in the respect and gratitude which we owe their royal patron—respect for the dignity of their ideals, gratitude for the foundations which they laid.

The later years of Ludwig's reign were prosperous and uneventful until the storm broke which drove him into private life. His ideas had begun to bear their fruit. The German national consciousness had asserted itself with increasing vigour, and the more ideal life of his people showed the effect of his zealous efforts in behalf of education and the arts. Munich, which he had found a maze of tortuous streets and lanes with here and there a palace, had become a city with broad, imposing streets and open places, dignified with stately buildings and monuments of the arts. Finally, the material prosperity of the kingdom had marched in step with that general development of industry and commerce which marked the second quarter of the nineteenth century throughout Northern Europe. All this Ludwig had accomplished chiefly by his own personal devotion and labour. His ministers were his executive servants, his rule personal, though scrupulously constitutional. The country was small enough for such exercise of a beneficent paternalism; and although Ludwig was troubled by an increasing bitterness of feeling between the Protestants and Ultramontanes, by the ill-success of his son Otto among his adopted subjects, and by the



THE SIEGESTOR.

Photograph by Reincke.

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friction between the confederate states of the German Bund, he might fairly have looked forward to long years of untroubled prosperity and a steady development of Bavaria's life along the lines which he had laid down. Suddenly an unforeseen crisis arose which exposed certain vital faults in his fine and harmonious character, and brought his splendid reign to an inglorious and ignoble end.

Three factors contributed to bring about the King's fall—the intolerance of the Ultramontane party, led by the King's minister of internal affairs, Abel; Ludwig's personal weakness for beautiful women; and the revolutionary spirit of the year 1848.

Abel was a bureaucrat of long experience, sharp-witted, indomitable, and bigoted. He aroused the discontent and opposition of the Protestants by measures which seemed to deprive them of the equal rights guaranteed them by the Constitution. Their recriminations aroused the slumbering intolerance of the Catholic majority, and the atmosphere of Munich grew dark with bitterness and suspicion. Although Ludwig expressly stated his dislike for religious fanaticism, and had even rejected a petition for the return of the Jesuits with the words, "The Jesuits know no fatherland and no patriotism," he was not free from responsibility for the discontent of the Protestants. In 1839, at his request, the Ministry issued a rescript ordering the army and the militia to kneel at the elevation of the Host, when Mass was celebrated in their presence. This the Protestants took as an infringement upon their freedom of conscience and their rights under the Constitution. The uproar caused by this "Genu-

flection Question" lasted until 1844, when the King found himself forced to issue the qualifying order, that Protestant members of the army and the militia should fall out of the ranks whenever the Host was to be elevated or carried in procession. But in spite of this and other troubles caused by Abel's unpopularity, the King valued him as an efficient servant, and paid no heed to the demands for his removal, refusing even to accept his resignation when it was tendered.

It was at this moment, when the embers of party passion had been fanned into a glow by the indiscretion of a too zealous minister, that the Spanish adventuress, Lola Montez, danced across the stage of Munich politics, and into the favour of the King, until the glow broke into a flame, fed by the revolutionary fires which shot up simultaneously in nearly every state and city upon the Continent.

This remarkable woman, whose real name was Elise Gilbert, was born in Seville, the daughter of an Irish soldier of fortune and a Spanish noblewoman. In her fifteenth year she had eloped with a captain in the English army, and subsequently wandered over half the earth, appearing on the stage as a Spanish dancer in Madrid, London, and Paris. Forced through meddling with revolutionary politics to leave France, she made a tour through Germany, and in the autumn of 1846 appeared at the Hof-theater in Munich, where she met with immediate success. The strict Catholics of the ministry had been warned of her pernicious political activities, and chose to be scandalised both by her reputation and the sensuous character of her art. To their amazement and disgust the King, then sixty

years old, fell under the spell both of her personal charm and of her art. He had always been deeply interested in Spain and things Spanish, and the clever adventuress took advantage of this interest to converse with him in Spanish, and to read to him from Calderon, Cervantes, and other Spanish classics. The King was soon completely in her power, bought and furnished for her use a house in the Barerstrasse, and permitted her to influence his political judgments, in particular with regard to her natural enemies, the Ultramontane ministry.

In the beginning of 1847 Lola Montez persuaded Ludwig to grant her a title of nobility in Bavaria. The assent of the Government and the ministry was essential; and this assent the ministry refused. But the refusal was accompanied by a memorandum addressed to the King, couched in language so frank, so disloyal, that a great historical scholar has characterised it as without parallel in German history. Through the carelessness of a minister the memorandum was made public, and the storm broke. Abel and the rest of the ministry resigned, and were replaced by their opponents, who acquiesced in the elevation of the Montez to the rank of Countess of Landsberg. Many of the most respected professors in the University took open sides against the King, one of their number proposing in the Senate a vote of thanks to the ministers who had sacrificed themselves in the cause of morality. This came to the King's ears, and the zealous apologist for Bavarian morality was dismissed from his post. The students, who in general played so astounding a rôle in the revolution of 1848, took part in the scandalous affair,

and mobbed the house of the Montez with cries of "Pereat!" Appearing at a window, she threatened the mob with a loaded pistol, which was torn out of her hand by one of her admirers, a young lieutenant, whom she straightway boxed upon the ears—a punishment which lost him his commission. Seizing a bottle in place of the lost pistol, the dancer-countess poured a glass of champagne and drank to the health of the mob, afterwards pelting them with bonbons. Suddenly the King himself appeared before the house, and the mob dissolved, but only to follow him later to the royal palace, with taunts and threats. Four more professors of the University were dismissed for their defence of Abel; and while the members of one student's duelling corps constituted themselves defenders of Montez and freedom, the students generally sided riotously with their professors. Ludwig at last took the extreme step of suspending lectures at the University, and ordering the students to their homes. More rioting followed, in which the voice of the Revolution proletariat rose higher and higher over the academic murmurings. Lola Montez had been first denounced as an emissary of the Freemasons and the instrument of a Protestant revolt against the Church; now, as Countess of Landsberg she became the symbol of aristocratic misgovernment and oppression. Ludwig reluctantly consented to send her out of Bavaria, but it was too late to quell the discontent of which she had been the immediate occasion. In the early months of 1848 the Revolution was already in full swing in France, Prussia, Austria, and Hungary, and the masses in every German city were deeply stirred. Street

riots and street barricading took place in Munich, and the King was constrained to give orders for the election of a new Parliament. The wiser spirits in the Government saw the necessity for concessions to the popular demand for a more democratic Constitution, and a petition, with signatures representing every class and rank, was presented to the King, who refused it. Ludwig was deeply hurt; the people for whom he had done so much had turned against him and scouted him. He had absolutely no sympathy with democratic principles, he was self-willed and incapable of such concessions to necessity as his father had made. He ordered troops into the city, in the hope of suppressing the new spirit by force. Urged by his family and his advisers, he brought himself to issue a proclamation upon March 6th, granting the more reasonable demands of the populace, and summoning the Landtag to meet upon March 16th. The excitement and confusion increased until the climax of March 20th, when, to the entire surprise of all classes, Ludwig issued a manifesto, abdicating the throne in these memorable words: "Bavaria has entered upon new paths, other than those laid down in the Constitution by which I have ruled for twenty-three years. I lay down the Crown in favour of my beloved son, the Crown Prince Maximilian. I have reigned in faith to the Constitution, and my life was consecrated to the good of the people: were I to become an official of a free State it would not be for its good. I can look every man openly in the face. And now my heartfelt thanks to those who supported me. Though I descend from the throne, my heart beats warm for Bavaria and the German land."

Two interpretations of Ludwig's abdication are possible. We may view it either as the petulant act of wounded self-pride, or we may see in it the unselfish renunciation of a far-seeing statesman, who realised that by throwing this bomb into the midst of an inflamed populace, public tension would temporarily be lessened, and the Government gain time to deal with a situation ominous to a generation which had not forgotten the Terror of '93. To the first interpretation colour is given by the King's unfortunate relations to the woman who had brought him into this *impasse*. Upon the other hand, there are several considerations which suggest the more favourable view: the years of faithfulness and profitable service which Ludwig had dedicated to his country, the significant fact that his abdication had precisely the effect indicated, and, finally, his firm abstention from interference with the policy of his son, Maximilian II., whom he outlived—an abstention which must have been extremely difficult for one of his temperament and habits. Probably both factors cited entered into Ludwig's sudden decision; but in view of the results of his abdication it is only fair that history should at least credit him with the worthier motive.

Ludwig lived for twenty years after his abdication, partly in Munich, partly in the southern lands which, as he himself said, "drew him secretly and held him captive for ever." A sympathetic historian has suggested that Ludwig found a compensation for the loss of his throne in the freedom which he might enjoy in his beloved Italy. He accepted his difficult position with dignity and with char-

acteristic humour. Still faithful to the ideals of his youth, he confessed that it had been a greater hardship to be no longer first in the artistic world than to lose his title as King of Bavaria: "I needed three hours to resign the throne, but three days to renounce the arts!" Dying under the Italian skies of the Riviera, he sent to the people of his former capital a message which both touched and shamed them: "To all in Munich my thanks!"

The new King, Maximilian II., entered upon his difficult task at the age of thirty-six. He had been strictly trained for his duties, both by his parents and his tutor, Dönniges, a remarkable man who shortly became the leading spirit among the group of idealists who surrounded the King. The philosopher, Schelling, and the father of modern history, von Ranke, also shared in the young prince's education, and to them he turned again and again for counsel. Physically delicate, nervous, high-strung, and painfully conscientious in the fulfilment of his duties, the difficulties with which he had to cope soon wore down his vitality. Few hereditary rulers, indeed, have faced their tasks with so exalted an ideal, few have struggled so faithfully to live up to its dictates. He shared his father's passionate Germanism, his determination to improve the ideal life of his people and to set Bavaria at the forefront of modern German culture; but he lacked Ludwig's vitality as well as his self-will. In our contemporary jargon, Maximilian was a neurasthenic subject. "My grandfather is my ideal," he was wont to say, but he was made of different stuff from the sturdy, easy-going Max Joseph. His was the day, the type, the temperament of

the Prince Consort of England, of Mendelssohn, of stocks and side-whiskers and Pendennis. There was in Maximilian more than a touch withal, of the melancholy Dane, probably inherited from his mother, and only too sadly realised in his children. Over the reign of Maximilian hangs a subtle atmosphere of pathetic incompetency to deal with tasks that needed the blood and iron of Bismarck. "That way madness lies," we think as we turn the pages of the history of this king, high-minded and wise, yet himself shadowed by the gathering darkness which enveloped and overwhelmed his son.

Yet there was a brighter side to Maximilian's character. He enjoyed and sought the outdoor life, was a skilful rider and gymnast, and passionately devoted to the traditional Wittelsbach pastime of shooting in the mountains. He bought the romantic old castle of Hohenschwangau, with its memories of the Hohenstaufen, the Welfs, and early Wittelsbachs, and found in the beauty of its Alpine world his happiest hours of relaxation. He was an indefatigable student of history and philosophy, especially of Schelling's system, which he sought hard to reconcile with the Catholic faith. His personal family life was simple and happy; no visible sign of the domestic tragedy which overhung his gentle, pensive Queen appeared before his death. His children were strictly, too strictly, brought up: Ludwig's insane extravagance and lack of self-control were a direct reaction from his early training. But Maximilian was a wise, good, and intelligent man. "A nobleman in the true sense of the word," wrote Fallmerayer, "a rare nobility of soul characterised all his actions, and he

possessed capacities which completely qualified him for the task of governing ; conscientiousness, an inalterable sense of justice, incomparable beneficence to all mankind, and perfect moral purity of life."

Many threads entered into the knot which Ludwig left his son to untangle. First of all, Bavaria was on the verge of revolution. Probably the danger was less than it seemed at the time, in so far as Munich and Bavaria proper were concerned. The Bavarians are sufficiently excitable when their *gemüthlichkeit* is ruffled, but not to the extent of overthrowing the political, much less the social, order. Ludwig's abdication had, as he expected, the effect of a cold bath upon a populace drunk with excitement. The Government acted with wise discretion ; firmly, yet with readiness to concede many of the reforms demanded. The responsibility of the King's ministers to the Landtag was defined, the suffrage granted to every male twenty-five years of age who paid direct taxes, and a number of usages surviving from feudal times were abrogated. The ferment artificially stimulated by the general Continental rising subsided more quickly than it arose. In the northern and industrial half of the kingdom the troubles were more serious, and in the summer of 1849 Maximilian and his Queen undertook a tour through Franconia, with happy results, for he knew how to appeal to his subjects, and was much loved. The distraction caused by the short war in 1849 between the German States and Denmark aided materially in quelling domestic disorder, and the Bavarian army won renown in the storming of the Danish trenches before Düppel. After all

unruliness was quieted, Maximilian set earnestly to work with his ministers to reform the land in a more democratic and conciliatory spirit. He was scrupulously faithful to the Constitution, and upon one occasion, having failed to gain his end after repeated dissolutions of the Chamber, he sacrificed his ministry, declaring in notable words, "I will have peace with my people." Minor reforms and improvements in the economic and social conditions were persistently effected, and Maximilian left his kingdom in every respect the better for his short reign.

Another problem more difficult than domestic conditions occupied Maximilian's thoughts and weighed upon his mind—the problem of German unity. We have seen how through the second quarter of the century Ludwig I. had identified himself with this cause and fostered its spirit. From the day upon which Napoleon set foot on German soil, until the Revolution of 1848, German feeling for a fatherland had been growing more and more irresistible. The wretched incompetency of the Frankfort Bundestag and the stirring events of the year 1848 brought it to a head. The people of Germany insisted that something be done, and their rulers, realising that their crowns and portfolios were in danger, attempted to do it. In May, 1848, a German National Assembly met at Frankfort, for the purpose of "harmonising" a Constitution for the German Empire with the governments of the several States. The Bundestag was dissolved, and in 1849 a Constitution was drawn up and the Imperial crown offered to King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who declined it because Austria had not shared in the movement. The

National Assembly came to nothing, and in 1851 the Bundestag was revived in its old form. The rivalry between Prussia and Austria was one insuperable obstacle to any practical solution of the problem ; the insistence of all the states upon the conservation of their several sovereignties was another. As Bismarck declared with brutal frankness and prophetic truth : "Not by oratory, nor by the votes of parliamentary majorities, will the great question of the time be settled, but by blood and iron."

Into this problem Maximilian threw himself with passionate but futile eagerness. Only one thing could bring about the peaceful unity of Germany—the voluntary sacrifice by each State of a measure of its own freedom. Maximilian desiderated two ends which were hopelessly incompatible : German unity and Bavarian sovereignty. He adopted, and even seriously propounded, a plan known as the Triad scheme, according to which, Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria as representative of the lesser States, were each in their turn to exercise the Imperial power for a short period of years. Maximilian and the Bavarians in general were unable to see that the centre of German unity lay in the north. They were unwilling to exclude Austria, partly because without her they saw the lesser South German states swallowed up by Prussia's preponderance. The problem had to await its solution, but it never ceased to lie heavily upon Maximilian's mind, and was a chief factor in the early decay of his health and in his death. Yet his efforts, though barren of direct result, were not unfruitful in the end. However impracticable may have been their plans to give it outward form, the comparative readi-

ness with which Bavaria accepted the inevitable sacrifice of her freedom in 1871 was not a little due to the efforts of Ludwig I. and Maximilian II. to foster the consciousness of an ideal unity among all Germans.

In other spheres the King's labours were more fruitful, Ludwig's reign had been marked by the service he did the plastic arts ; Maximilian carried on his father's activity in this direction, but his best rewarded efforts in behalf of Bavarian culture were in the sphere of knowledge. He surrounded himself with men of science and letters, called scholars of international fame to the University at Munich, and founded new institutions for the development and dissemination of learning. Among the men who lent the honour of their names to Maximilian's Munich and her University were Liebig and Pettenkofer, the scientists whose statues face one another in the Maximiliansplatz ; the historians von Sybel, Ranke, and Giesebrecht ; the poets Geibel, Heyse, and Pocci. The memorial of Maximilian which constitutes his most permanent claim upon the gratitude of the future is the Bavarian National Museum, dedicated to "My People, in their honour, and for their example"—to-day probably the most complete and admirably arranged museum of national antiquities in existence. And as Ludwig I. wrote himself upon one quarter of Munich, so Maximilian wrote himself upon another : the street, bridge, the riverside gardens, and the wide-winged Maximilianeum which crown them as an Acropolis.

The sixteen years of Maximilian's reign were years of peace, prosperity, and progress, in themselves uneventful, but tinged with augury of

events to come. The city grew in beauty and significance, the State in health and wealth, and the wider German land in the impulse toward union and power. It was an age of transition and promise, which held in solution those elements of a settled German civilisation which blood and iron alone could precipitate. The conscientious, intelligent, and beneficent King died in 1864, his slight frame worn out with his efforts to serve his people, his wrestling with problems that awaited other times, other manners.

CHAPTER V

LUDWIG II. AND THE UNION OF GERMANY

On the 12th of March, 1864, Ludwig II. took the oath to the Constitution in dignified words of self-consecration to the welfare of his subjects and the German people. He was a boy of eighteen, handsome, attractive, and intelligent, but his early education, though strict, had been injudicious. He had not come into that contact with men and the world which is secured for princes by university life and travel, and his dreamy and obstinate temperament did not promise well for the future. His father's sudden death, his own youth and inexperience, and the difficult position of Bavaria at the time—all served to attract unusual attention to the accession of the young King, and we possess numerous descriptions of his personality written by competent judges. Upon the Crown Prince's eighteenth birthday his personal tutor, Count dė la Rosée, had drawn up the following estimate of his pupil's character: "The Crown Prince is intelligent and highly gifted, already possessed of exceptional abilities. His imagination is so vivid that I have seldom seen its equal in so young a man; but he is hasty and exceedingly quick-tempered. His excessive wilfulness points

to a stubbornness of character perhaps inherited from his grandfather, which he will find difficult to control." Paul Heyse, the novelist and poet, thus described the impression given him by a conversation with the young King: "The eyes were dreamy, the glance always winning. His judgment of those in his proximity was unusually certain, and his knowledge of human nature wonderful, in view of his early education." Prince Hohenlohe, subsequently Ludwig's minister, wrote as follows to Queen Victoria in a letter of 1865: "We have the most amiable and engaging Sovereign I have ever beheld. His is a noble and poetic nature, and his manner is particularly attractive because one feels that his courtesy is the natural expression of a truly kind heart. He has plenty of brains and character to boot. I trust that the tasks before him will not be beyond his strength."

The tasks which confronted Ludwig were not less difficult than Hohenlohe had anticipated. The years 1864–71 were the crucial years of modern German history, throughout which Bavaria's destiny hung in the balance. "I am much concerned for the independence of my crown and the autonomy of the country," wrote Ludwig to Hohenlohe in 1867, and his words, well justified in their tenor, supply the key to Bavaria's position during these years. Every attempt to formulate a workable German Constitution having failed, the German Bund had been resumed in 1851, and was still in force—if that term may be applied to so feeble a compromise. The German people as a whole were utterly discontent with the disintegrated political condition of the country: all faith in the German

Bund as a cohesive instrument had disappeared and fear of the new Napoleon had begun to darken the horizon. The respective ambitions of the two great German states were hopelessly irreconcilable, and the position of the lesser states of Southern and Western Germany was perilous in the extreme. Bavaria as the first of these states owned responsibilities which did not end with her boundaries. She had duties to consider—first toward herself, second toward South Germany, and third toward Germany as a whole. She suspected Prussia, she had no confidence in Austria, and she dreaded France. Only in a measure did she share the spirit of that Young Germany which demanded the re-creation of a German nation: left to herself Bavaria would never have raised a finger to make an united Germany possible on any practicable terms. But the danger of her position forced her hand. As in the time of Charles the Great and of the first Napoleon, Bavaria was too weak to stand alone. It was necessary to choose between Prussia, Austria, and France.

The incessant dispute over Schleswig-Holstein had already reached an acute state before the death of Maximilian II. In 1864 Prussia and Austria fought hand in hand for the duchies and wrested them from Denmark, but the war was barely at an end before they were quarrelling over the booty. The result of the partition of Schleswig-Holstein was the practical incorporation of the duchies into Prussia. Austria began to realise that Bismarck had but used her in the matter to pull Prussia's chestnuts out of the fire, and she drew back to the former policy of the German Bund, which demanded that the two

duchies be reorganised as a constitutional state in the Bund. Bismarck saw that the time had come violently to break the deadlock involved in the principle of a federal State; he brusquely declined to accept these demands, and war quickly followed between Prussia and Austria. Bavaria, as one of the States of the Bund, and suspicious of Prussian designs, sided with Austria, together with the lesser Central and South German States. The Bavarian army, under Ludwig's great-uncle, Prince Karl, was dispatched to the Main, where it failed miserably to check the Prussians; while in the Bohemian campaign Moltke's needle-guns brought the war to a speedy end. In the peace negotiations at Prague Bismarck followed Napoleon's example by treating with Austria separately, and Bavaria was left at his mercy, friendless and helpless. But the Prussian Chancellor, whose humiliation of Austria was but a preliminary movement in his larger scheme for the reconstruction of Germany, treated Bavaria with discretion and far-seeing lenience: a small indemnity was demanded and an offensive-defensive alliance concluded between Prussia and the South German states, providing that in case of war with a foreign Power the armies of the latter should act under the command of Prussia. Otherwise the results of the war were the practical elimination of Austria and the German Bund from German politics and an accession of wholesome respect, not unmixed with dislike, for Prussia.

The four years between the war of 1866 and the war of '70 developed the final crisis in Bavarian history. For more than a thousand years she had floated here and there upon the troubled political sea of a federal Empire in which centrifugal forces

habitually triumphed over centripetal. The result of the independence she secured by the interference of Napoleon had only gone to reinforce the unwelcome truth that Bavaria could not stand alone. During these long four years she was forced to the attempt. There was no Empire, not even a Federal Bund. Austria had deserted her, Prussia was ready to annex her, and France looked with hungry eyes upon her Rhine province. In the attempt to steer Bavaria to a safe anchorage in this troubled sea the conflict between the Bavarian political parties became acute and bitter. The Liberals comprised first the few who were willing to sacrifice Bavaria's interests in the interest of German unity, and, second, those far-sighted patriots who, however unwillingly, realised that in order to save Bavaria it was necessary to unite with Prussia. The vision of the other party, variously known as Conservative, Patriot, or Ultramontane, hardly reached beyond the Bavarian frontier. They could only see that Bavaria, South German and Catholic, was threatened by a northern and Protestant Power. They cared little for the Germany of the idealist's fantasy and preferred to temporise with destiny by relying upon Austria or even France. The native obstinacy and suspicion of the Bavarian people, the provincialism of a small country which had preserved its entity throughout more than twelve centuries, and the latent fanaticism of a race which throughout the Reformation had held fast to the Catholic faith, now rallied to the support of the so-called Patriots. Blinded by their prejudices, they could not perceive the direction which their own interests must inevitably take. Had the Patriots dictated her policy in the crucial

year 1870, and set themselves across the path of Bismarck's will and Moltke's army, we may well doubt whether Bavaria would now appear upon the map of Europe.

With these issues a half-educated and dreamy boy was called upon to deal. The Bavarian King, unlike the King of Great Britain, is not merely a personification, a symbol. He not only reigns; he rules. His ministers are his advisers, not his masters, and their action is subject to his approval, directed by his will. The ultimate responsibility for Bavaria's policy during these three years rested upon Ludwig's young shoulders and inexperienced mind. He had to make his way not only through the maze of German politics, but also through the disputes of the Bavarian parties. To this task Ludwig brought the quick and intuitive judgment with which in his earlier years he was able to approach men and public affairs, and in nothing was this judgment so clearly displayed as in the choice and resolute support of his chief minister during this trying period. Shortly after the close of the war of 1866, when the incompetent and vacillating ministry of von Pfordten was tottering, Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst made in the Upper Chamber of the Bavarian Landtag one of the rare speeches which clear the political atmosphere and prepare the way for action. "After Austria withdrew from the German Confederacy," he said, "after that body had broken up, we were face to face with the question, 'What is to become of Bavaria?' Three ways lay open before us—the foundation of a South-West German Confederation, the isolation of Bavaria, and a falling back on Prussia. That the foundation of a South-German Confederation

was ever within the domain of practical politics, I suppose no one has at any time seriously maintained. At any rate, no real supporter of this parochial idea of Germany has come in my way. To place Bavaria in the centre of the great European Powers as an independent state seems to me equally impossible. No one will maintain that such a position can be maintained by any state of five million inhabitants without the support of a greater Power. Consequently there is only left to us to consider whether we will lean on France, as in the time of the Rhine Confederation, or on Prussia."

This speech made so deep an impression on the King that he immediately asked Hohenlohe to draw up a memorandum outlining plans for a constitutional alliance with Prussia. His appointment as Minister of the Royal House and of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council of Ministers, followed shortly, on December 31, 1866. Prince Hohenlohe was admirably fitted, by training and temperament, to serve Bavaria at this time. He was not a Bavarian, but the head of a family which had ruled Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, one of the pocket-principalities of the old Empire upon the north-west border of Franconia, but had long since been mediatised, *i.e.*, deprived of a place in the government of the Empire by the incorporation of their principality in the domain of another greater state. While a young man Hohenlohe had served the Prussian Government in a minor capacity; he had travelled much, was a man of wide culture, and, although a Catholic, liberal in his religious as well as his political ideas. This detachment from the prejudices of an old Bavarian was significant for his career: it

enabled him more clearly to judge the needs of Bavaria in her relation to a greater Germany; but it also resulted in the bitter opposition of the Patriots, who distrusted him as an outsider and eventually brought about his fall.

The steady purpose of Hohenlohe's ministry was twofold: the development of Bavaria's military and political resources and the formation of closer relations with Prussia. "The rose best beautifies the garden," a Bavarian historian quotes from a a German poet, "when she beautifies herself." Hohenlohe's aim, characteristic of a higher, far-seeing patriotism, was to prepare Bavaria to take a worthy place in a united Germany to come, whose head must necessarily be Prussia. The King, despite the opposition of his older relatives—including his grandfather, Ludwig I., who did not die until 1868—supported Hohenlohe faithfully, and would permit no interference with his plans. In this lay Ludwig's great service to Bavaria and to Germany, a service which ought not to be obscured by the misfortunes which darkened his life after his work was essentially done. It is usual to think of Ludwig as a fantastic enthusiast, absorbed in stage machinery, unseemly passions for actors and musicians, childish manias for swan-boats, grottoes, and wild midnight rides; these were the aberrations of a diseased brain, whose normal exercise had been directed to his country's good. Bavaria's indebtedness to Hohenlohe is very great, but it is an indebtedness in which the King may claim a part, not to be cancelled by the insane extravagances of other years.

One of the first acts of Hohenlohe's ministry was a treaty with the other South German states for

the consolidation of their military methods and the development of greater efficiency in their respective armies. Another was Bavaria's participation in the reconstruction of the German Tariff League, under Prussia's leadership, which opened the way for closer commercial relations and, as Bismarck said, strengthened the cords which bound together the German family of states. The Patriots described it as another link in the slave's chain which Prussia was forging for Bavaria. A Bill for a reform of the educational system, providing for the Government supervision of all schools, aroused the enmity of the Church and was thrown out. Hohenlohe's unpopularity with the dominant party in the Church was further increased by his resolute struggle to prevent the enactment of the decree of Papal infallibility by the Vatican Council of 1870. He caused Döllinger, leader of the Liberal wing of the Bavarian Catholics, to draw up a paper setting forth the undeniable truth that the proposed decree implicitly threatened the bases of all national governments; this document was sent to the other German Governments in the hope that sufficient political pressure would be brought to bear upon the Council to prevent its enactment. But no concerted effort was made, and the attempt failed.

Meanwhile, the Ultramontane Patriots were losing no opportunity to arouse the provincial and religious fanaticism of the people against the Government. Hohenlohe was attacked from every side: 'He is no Bavarian, but a Prussian; he is an enemy of the Church, he misleads the young King.' At the elections in November, 1869, after a deadlock had entailed a second election,

a small Ultramontane majority was returned, and the assault began. Among the deputies were the most fanatical "Prussian-eaters" and uncompromising particularists. During a debate upon relations with Prussia a deputy drew from his pocket the fragment of a shell which he had picked up upon one of the battlefields of 1866, and shouted: "This is the brotherly hand which the Prussians hold out to us!" Other patriots, it was scornfully said, were willing to surrender the Palatinate and the Franconian half of the kingdom, if only Old Bavaria and the Hofbräuhaus could remain independent. When the Chambers met in January the King's Speech was answered by the Upper House with an address censuring the ministry. Ostensibly the censure was directed against the ministry, but it was well understood to be aimed at the King himself. In both Chambers Hohenlohe defended his policies with incisive and irrefragable eloquence, but the violence of party passion lent no ear to reason. In the Upper House the censure carried every vote but twelve; with the honourable exception of the King's cousin, Duke Karl Theodor, every prince of the royal house, including the present King and Prince Regent, acceded, although the King, through his Master of Ceremonies, had requested them not to support it. In the Lower House the address was adopted by seventy-seven votes against sixty-two. The King was naturally incensed. He forbade his brother Otto the Court for some months, refused to receive a deputation appointed to present the address, wrote to Hohenlohe congratulating him upon his "masterly and unanswerable speech in the Lower House," and implored him not to resign. But it was impossible for Hohenlohe to continue in office under such

conditions, and the King was obliged to accept his resignation. Fortunately for Bavaria in this instance, her semi-parliamentary constitution does not make the support of a parliamentary majority a condition of ministerial office. What Hohenlohe had done in preparing Bavaria for the only course which could save her, the King did not propose to see undone by a wave of popular excitement; he immediately appointed to the portfolio of Foreign Affairs Count Bray, a cautious but colourless diplomat, who was in substantial sympathy with the policies of Hohenlohe. Thus Bavaria entered the crisis of 1870–71 without Hohenlohe at the helm, but governed by a ministry which carried out his ideas in the face of Ultramontane and Patriot fretfulness.

The occasion which Bismarck had prepared and Hohenlohe foreseen, came sooner than they could have expected. In July, 1870, Napoleon III. fell into the Iron Chancellor's trap, and war was declared between Prussia and France. Ludwig had started for the mountains when the news came, but a message recalled him to Schloss Berg, his favourite residence in the neighbourhood of Munich, and in the evening he received his personal secretary, Eisenhart, who has left his notes of the conference. Could Bavaria remain neutral? Or must she fight, in accordance with the treaty of 1866, upon the side of Prussia? The King would gladly have avoided war; his acute intelligence saw that it would force Bavaria once for all to declare for or against Prussia. Yet neutrality meant not only a breach of treaty with Prussia, but the isolation of Bavaria between two great Powers at war with one another, neither of which would fail to use her as might

seem most profitable. Four and one-half hours until day was breaking, the King paced the room, wrestling with the pregnant question. In the morning a messenger, Count Berchem, arrived from Count Bray. Eisenhart informed himself upon the wishes of the ministry and the state of public feeling in Munich, and returned to the King, who received him lying in his blue canopied bed. The following narrative is given in Eisenhart's words:—

"'Well, what do you bring?' The King raised himself on his pillows, allowed Bray's letter to be read to him, and inquired after Berchem's communication. I repeated what I had heard. Again the chief points of the great question were debated. 'Quick help is double help, your Majesty,' said I. There was a pause; then the King spoke: 'Bis dat qui cito dat. Issue my order for mobilisation and order Bray and Pranckh to me at four o'clock this afternoon. Inform the Press.' To his adjutant the King said afterward, 'I have the feeling that I have done a good deed.' The following day he returned to Munich, and was received with stormy enthusiasm."

The excitement in the capital was intense. Thousands thronged the galleries and the entrance of the Chamber of Deputies. There was no doubt as to the will of the people: they had at last forgotten the lesser patriotism in the greater. The Ultramontane deputies were roughly treated, but they stuck with true Bavarian obstinacy to their policy of Alt Bayern and the Hofbräuhaus. The Government's request for an extraordinary military credit was passed by the deputies amid thunders of applause and tumultuous excitement; yet out of a total of 148 votes, 47 were

cast against the fulfilment of Bavaria's treaty obligations and their duty to the German Fatherland. "Between yesterday and to-day lie ten years," said Professor Sepp; "to-day circumstances are mightier than men." Yet it was men who had moulded circumstances—Bismarck, the incarnate will, who brought to the birth a national impulse which had travailed for twelve centuries; Ludwig, the young king whose sane judgment rose superior to his prejudices and eccentricity; Hohenlohe, the sagacious statesman who skilfully bound Bavaria's destiny to Prussia's with bands that held fast when the crisis he foresaw had come.

With that stormy day in the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies the history of Bavaria as a national entity comes to an end. As Count Bray wrote, six months later: "It is useless to seek to deceive ourselves: this is the beginning of a new Germany and the end of Old Bavaria." The story of the war, of the German Congress at Versailles in the following winter, the assent of Bavaria and the other German States to the Imperial Constitution, the proclamation of the King of Prussia as Emperor, the meeting of the first Imperial Parliament at Frankfort—all belong to German rather than to Bavarian history. Ludwig's troops, under the command of his cousin, the Prussian Crown Prince, fought at Weissenburg, Wörth, and Orleans with notable courage and stubbornness. But when the tumult and the shouting died, and men stopped to think and plan, to ask and to make sacrifices, there came a harder task for Ludwig and Bavaria. The die was cast, but the debt to Germany not yet paid in full; the work was done, but the account yet unrendered. The King and his subjects remem-

bered the Old Bavaria and the lesser patriotism. It is not true that only the first step counts: the last is harder. Ludwig struggled against the destiny he had accepted, against the iron will which twisted men like reeds as it moulded the new Germany among the faded splendours of the palace of the Grand Monarque. The youthfulness and the feeble side of the King's character betrayed themselves. His uncles pressed him to demand the alternation of the Imperial crown between the houses of Hohenzollern and Wittelsbach. Bismarck dismissed the claim with brusque contempt—"The King of Bavaria lives in a world of dreams!" But Bismarck knew how to wake him from his dreams. Holnstein, Ludwig's Master of Horse, was dispatched from Versailles with two sealed envelopes, one containing Bismarck's peremptory request that Ludwig offer the imperial crown to the King of Prussia, the other Bismarck's own draft of such an offer. Ludwig complied with little delay, although it is said that Holnstein was obliged to use both threats and cajolements to arouse him from his morbid illusions. Copying Bismarck's draft with his own hand, Ludwig appended his signature, and Holnstein rode post-haste to Versailles, where the document was handed to the King of Prussia by Prince Luitpold. On January 18, 1871, King William of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, and on January 21st the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies acceded to the Empire by a vote of 102 to 48.

So the Old Bavaria ended and the German Empire began. What was the balance of loss and gain? Bavaria lost, probably for ever, those rights of an autonomous and sovereign State for which she had been struggling ever since the Bajuvarii

migrated across the Danube, found the Promised Land closed to them, and settled to guard the northern gate of the Alps. Under the Imperial Constitution of 1871 Bavaria lost the power of making war, of concluding treaties with foreign Powers, of following any line of action which might prejudice the welfare of the other German States, either severally or in combination. Upon the other side of the balance she gained a stronger place in the counsels of united Germany than she had ever before possessed. It is the firm opinion of contemporary German publicists that Bavaria's six votes in the Bundesrat, the ultimate source of Imperial authority, are more powerful than her single vote in the Electoral College of the older Empire. As touching international relations, she secured herself in an impregnable position which had never been possible to her as an autonomous State. The Kings of Saxony and Wurtemberg can no longer make war upon her from the north and west, while from attack upon the east or south she is protected by the armies of a united nation. Thus released from the anxieties involved in the country's insecurity of position, and her comparative weakness in numbers and strength, the Bavarian people have been free to develop their life and genius in those fields for which they are eminently fitted—agriculture, industry, and the arts. They have shared fully in all the material benefits resulting from the unification of Germany's laws, army, and commercial regulations. For the first time in history, the Germany in which Bavaria is an integral part has become free to live her own life, to make the most of the signal intellectual and material resources of her people. In short, what Bavaria resigned in 1871

was that which had ever clogged her inward freedom: what she gained was an honourable security in which that freedom might come to its own.

These permanent inalienable benefits accrued to Bavaria in the first instance as the result of a popular movement among the German peoples which their princes sought for the most part to suppress. The Kings of Bavaria were honourable exceptions to this rule. From the first days after the battle of Leipsic, the earlier Wittelsbach kings took up the cause of unity and held it close to their hearts, even though they could find no practical means to harmonise it with the more conservative convictions which prevailed in their kingdom. But when the time was ripe, and the great Prussian Chancellor had fortified the ideal longing for a German Fatherland with blood and iron, Ludwig II., young and a morbid dreamer, became the instrument through which the German ideals of his father and the broader patriotism of his people found realisation.

Another lesser yet notable service was rendered by Ludwig to Bavaria and to Germany as a whole. He lent a sustaining hand to the characteristic musical genius of the second half of the century. As Crown Prince he had heard "Lohengrin" with enthusiasm, and instantly became a convert to what was then the music of the future. Shortly after his accession the young King sent for Wagner, whom his messenger found with difficulty, for the composer was in his usual pecuniary straits and forced to fly from place to place to avoid his creditors. Wagner lost no time in seizing the opportunity of his life, and hurried to Munich, where the extravagant emotional

friendship between King and composer began. Ludwig heaped every imaginable favour upon the willing musician—personal, artistic, and practical. A house was given him, furnished with the luxury in which Wagner's sensuous temperament thrived, his debts were paid, and every facility supplied for the performance of his works. "Tristan und Isolde" was heard for the first time in the Hoftheater, on June 10, 1865. The earlier operas were given repeatedly, and three years later "Die Meistersinger" had its first performance. Thus Munich had the honour, which at the time she did not appreciate, of the first production of the master's two greatest works.

Until the papier mâché swan of "Lohengrin" first caught the fancy of the romantic prince whose childhood had been spent at the medieval castle of the knights of the swan, Wagner had been driven, like his Flying Dutchman, over land and sea; now he basked in the sun of a king's favour. His self-respect was in inverse proportion to his genius, and he did not hesitate to accept every gift which the emotional imagination of the young King could conceive. His mind teemed with plans for the propagation of his art—a royal school of music dedicated to his theories, and a festival theatre devoted to his dramas. The King entered eagerly into these enterprises: an architect was commissioned to draw up plans for a theatre which should make Munich the permanent home of the music of the future, and contribute to the architectural embellishment of the city. A broad street was to be cut eastward from the Hofgarten to the Isar, a bridge to be thrown across the river, and the theatre set to crown the heights of Gasteig upon the right bank. The

Crown officials were aghast when they heard of this plan, which would entail an expenditure of five million gulden—half the cost of the twenty-five architectural works of Ludwig I. in Munich and the rest of Bavaria. A storm of opposition broke over the devoted heads of the friends, and the King was obliged to postpone and subsequently to abandon the execution of the splendid adventure. The aristocracy already hated Wagner for his influence over their King, the clergy opposed him as a freethinker, and the thrifty middle class looked upon him as another Lola Montez. Even among the musicians Wagner and his henchman, von Bülow, were unpopular. Absurd stories were circulated of his oriental luxury, his unscrupulous abuse of Ludwig's kindness. Public opinion finally became so adverse that in December, 1866, the King found it necessary to request the master to leave Bavaria. Ludwig was bitterly wounded by the popular agitation against his elect friend, and never forgave the people of Munich. But neither Ludwig's friendship nor his services for Wagner ceased with the latter's banishment. He never lost his interest in the cause, and his efforts forced the Munich public to that familiarity with the new music which was necessary to its appreciation.

It is impossible not to feel that Wagner's banishment was salutary. His influence over this youth of twenty was, to say the least, undesirable: he absorbed the King's time and energies, played unscrupulously upon his sensitive emotions, and incited his imagination, already too active, to fantastic flights. After all is said, the chief business of a king, even in Bavaria, is to govern his country, not to plan theatres or propagate

schools of music. Yet the citizens of Munich learned to regret their unimaginative caution in opposing the erection of the Wagner theatre: of this regret the Prinzregenten Theater is visible proof. The artistic glories and the pecuniary rewards of Bayreuth might have been theirs had they shared Ludwig's enthusiasms and Wagner's faith in himself. Whatever may be the permanent value of Wagner's contribution to music and the drama, his art constitutes a necessary link in the history of German life. Politically considered, it was a considerable factor in developing the national self-consciousness of the German race, and it contributed materially to Germany's cosmopolitan reputation as a leader in the march of human culture. In view of these considerations, Wagner's royal patron has earned his meed of honour and gratitude from all who assign to the fine arts a high place among the factors of civilisation.

The tragedy of Ludwig's later life cast a dark shadow over the splendid accomplishment of his earlier years, and the popular imagination knows him as a fantastic dreamer whose vision grew ever more extravagant and insane. A man whose abnormal dislike of women bordered upon mania, his character has become peculiarly the victim of feminine romanticism, and a considerable literature of dubious scandal and gushing sentimentality has hidden the real man behind a mask of fiction parading as history, overlooking what was sane and admirable in him in the desire to weave a romantic melodrama out of pathological conditions. His own people know Ludwig better. They appreciate, in so far as their judgment is not clouded by Ultramontane bias against a

Liberal in religion, his vital service to Bavaria and his resolute support of the statesman who established those closer relations with Prussia which alone made possible the union of South and North. And the foreign student of Bavarian affairs and history, if he would understand the man and his deeds, must clear his mind of the fictitious romance of Ludwig II., before he can do justice to one whose deserts outweigh the extravagances caused by the hereditary insanity which darkened his later years.

It is a sad task to turn from the promise of Ludwig's earlier career to the disintegration of his mind and the degeneration of his character. The dualism of his personality was disclosed even in boyhood. He was at once a man of quick and intuitive judgment in dealing with affairs of State, and a dreamy idealist whose hyperactive imagination was overstimulated by the power he wielded as King. Numerous anecdotes of his youth indicate an impatience of control, an exaggerated sense of his personal importance, and a tendency towards morbid brooding which boded ill for his future. In 1867 an unfortunate incident occurred in the breach of his betrothal to his cousin, the Duchess Sophie Charlotte, a younger sister of the Empress of Austria, who subsequently became Duchesse d'Alençon and perished in the burning of a Charity Bazaar in Paris. The several romances of Ludwig II. abound in scandalous detail concerning this episode, much of which is palpably fictitious. It is, however, sufficiently evident that Ludwig viewed the necessity of marriage, often urged upon him, with extreme distaste, and that he welcomed any opportunity which presented itself to be freed from the

engagement. But the unpleasant publicity and general criticism of what he chose to consider his private affairs wounded his abnormal self-esteem and drove him for a time into a state of settled melancholy. Resentment against some of his ministers and the people of Munich for their cabal against Richard Wagner also contributed to the conviction that he was surrounded by enemies. He avoided his capital, neglected his royal duties, and sought that isolation in which, to the prejudice of his mental and moral health, he could brood over his injuries and dream of impossible compensations. The later cabal against the ministry of Hohenlohe, the open opposition and—Ludwig suspected—secret plots of his family, served to confirm his suspicions.

During the earlier years of Ludwig's reign the necessity for taking an active part in the political crisis, for leaving his world of dreams and dealing with practical problems, deprived him of time and opportunity for brooding over his imaginary troubles. But after the war was ended and the significant part of his work accomplished, the King's melancholia and morbid sensitiveness grew rapidly worse. The military success and great popularity of his cousin, the Prussian Crown Prince, who had commanded the Bavarian troops in the war, exercised an unfortunate effect upon Ludwig. He became sullenly jealous; he could not forget that the traditional place of the King of Bavaria had been at the head of his army; he knew his own incompetency and suspected that his people thought him a coward. In 1872 his only brother, Otto, was pronounced insane by his physicians. Otto's character had given little indication of his sad end. He was light-

hearted and simple, known as Otto the Happy (*der Fröhliche*), and resembled his brother as little in temperament as in physique. He had accompanied the army to Paris, but the scenes of violence which he witnessed had an unhappy effect upon his nervous system, and he was recalled to Munich in a state of mental collapse. His disease developed so rapidly that in 1872 it became necessary to place him under restraint. He never recovered, and for nearly forty years has been a prisoner in the royal castle at Fürstenried, near Munich.

What was the source of this frightful taint in the Wittelsbach's blood? For seven centuries their house had ruled Bavaria, a singularly phlegmatic and unromantic race. Just as few royal families have reigned so long in the male line, so probably none has developed less insanity among its members. The current popular impression that the Wittelsbachs were peculiarly subject to this curse is wholly without basis. Cases of insanity had occurred in this family, as they have occurred in virtually every reigning house in Europe; but it was not until the nervous, overstrung Maximilian II. married a princess of the Hohenzollern line, in which eccentricity and mania have existed for many generations, that the dark cloud enveloped the Bavarian house. Both Maximilian and his Hohenzollern Queen, moreover, were descended from the ducal house of Hesse-Darmstadt, in which cases of madness had been frequent, and were therefore related each to the other by a tainted strain of blood which was united in their children. With these antecedents it is not strange that the reason of the two brothers, Ludwig and Otto, educated with injudicious

severity and in extreme youth translated suddenly to the freedom and power of King and heir to the throne, should have completely broken down.

The effect of Otto's collapse upon his brother was palpably disastrous. It is reported that he said of the physician who was treating Otto: "Gudden looks at me in such a curious way: I hope he will not find something wrong with me too." More and more he gave himself to solitude and morbid brooding; the public duties of a King became intolerable to his suffering brain, and the eccentricities of his too-active imagination constantly more extravagant. Heredity showed itself in the prevailing tendency taken by his mania: both his grandfather and father had been indefatigable builders, and Ludwig inherited their honourable passion. But it was not for his capital city, which he had learned to detest, that he built, nor yet for his people, but for himself. Although the Maximilianeum, the Polytechnic School, and the former National Museum were completed during Ludwig's rule, the impetus toward their erection came from his father. The one great building which Munich owes wholly to his reign is the Academy of the Plastic Arts, erected out of Bavaria's share in the war indemnity paid by France, and, curiously enough, suggesting by its style of architecture the pseudo-Renaissance of the Second French Empire.

From the fabric of his diseased imagination Ludwig sought to create a fantastic dream-world —romantic castles, grottoes, cascades, theatrical devices to foster optical illusions, vast palaces through whose empty splendours, lighted by thousands of candles, his solitary feet paced the night long. At Hohenschwangau, the favourite

mountain home of his parents, Ludwig built the medieval castle of Neuschwanstein, perched upon an all but inaccessible cliff. At Linderhof, in the heart of the Ammer forest, the incongruous splendours of the Petit Trianon were re-created, with the Hut of Hunding, after Wagner's "Walküre," a few miles distant. Upon the lonely precipices of the Schachen the wildest aspects of nature were insulted by a shooting-box in the Moorish style, while a little island in the Chiemsee supported the dubious spectacle of an imitation, never completed, of the palace of Louis XIV. Unrealised plans for a Byzantine castle and a Chinese palace witness the indiscriminating catholicity of Ludwig's taste, and the impossible demands which he made of architects and landscape gardeners indicate the extent to which his mania had displaced his former discernment.

Bavaria is a small country, and not rich. The King's building enterprises, coupled with other extravagances, exhausted the savings of his economical grandfather and father. The Crown finances became more and more embarrassed, debts accumulated, and Ludwig's demands became impossible, preposterous. The attempts of the treasury officials to stop expenditures and to make some provision for the payment of the Crown debts only served to exasperate the King and to drive him to schemes for borrowing money which left no doubt of his madness and utter incapacity for reigning. The Courts of the older European monarchies keep their secrets well, and their people are accustomed to a dignified reticence upon subjects which bear upon the private life or the deficiencies of their sovereigns. Those

who might speak with authority disclaim all knowledge of the final catastrophe which brought about the decision of the ministry to depose their King. It has been suspected that some one of Ludwig's irresponsible negotiations for loans was discovered and laid before the Cabinet. Finally, supplied with irrefragable evidence of the King's incapacity, consultations were held between the ministry and the royal princes, physicians were brought to testify to Ludwig's insanity, a Commission appointed to bring the King under restraint, and his uncle, Prince Luitpold, proclaimed Prince Regent.

The tragic story of Ludwig's end is so familiar that it needs only to be briefly summarised. The King was at Hohenschwangau, suspicious and desperate. After clumsy and unsuccessful attempts to gain possession of his person, frustrated by the loyalty of the peasants of the surrounding country and the officials of the neighbouring town of Füssen, Ludwig, now thoroughly aroused, struggled against the net which was drawing around him. His friends adjured him to return to Munich and to show himself to the people. He issued a grandiloquent proclamation to his subjects, which was immediately suppressed. He telegraphed for aid to Bismarck, with whom his relations had been friendly. The Chancellor replied, with his usual discretion; "Your Majesty should return at once to Munich, and care for your interests in the presence of Parliament." Upon this message Bismarck afterwards made the characteristic comment: "I thought thus: either the King is well, in which case he will follow my advice, or else he is really mad."

A second attempt of the Commission, more carefully organised, succeeded in placing the King under restraint. He made no effort to force an escape, and under the care of Dr. Gudden, the first alienist in Bavaria, was driven to Schloss Berg, on the Lake of Starnberg, which for many years had been his favoured home. The first night of imprisonment passed without incident. In the morning he asked permission to walk in the grounds. Dr. Gudden consented, and was sanguine enough to accompany him without attendants. They were never again seen alive. Some hours later, after the neighbourhood had been frantically searched, the bodies of both King and physician were found in the lake, a short distance to the south of the Schloss. The water was shallow, but there were evidences of a hand-to-hand struggle, which had cost both lives. Many theories have been advanced in explanation of the tragedy. It has been surmised that the King attempted to escape by swimming over the lake, and that drowning resulted from Gudden's efforts to prevent him; that he tried desperately to end his miserable existence by suicide, sacrificing his physician's life as well as his own. Perhaps the most reasonable explanation is that Ludwig heard voices calling to him from over the water—hallucinations which summoned him to the freedom he was denied—towards which he rushed, dragging the companion who tried to restrain him to their common death.

CHAPTER VI

THE REGENCY

THE death of Ludwig shocked the whole world. His eccentricities had contributed more toward making Bavaria generally known than all the sane and admirable deeds of his predecessors. To-day, the casual visitor to Munich knows little of Bavaria save that it was the country of the mad king. Among his own subjects the tragic circumstances of his end caused great excitement, and made the task of the Government extremely difficult. The people of the capital were prepared for the catastrophe; but everywhere throughout the country districts the Ministry and the Prince Regent were denounced as agents of disloyalty, violence, and even murder. In order to quell the disturbance which arose in the Chamber of Deputies, and to convince the world of the honesty of their motives, the Government gave entire publicity to the history of Ludwig's disease, and to the necessity for their unprecedented course of action. Since Ludwig had died childless, his only brother, long hopelessly insane, succeeded to the throne as Otto I. The King's uncle Luitpold, who was next in succession, took over the supreme power, exercising the royal authority under the title of Prince Regent and Administrator of the Kingdom of Bavaria.

Prince Luitpold was born in 1821, the third son of King Ludwig I., and brother both of Maximilian II. and Otto, King of the Greeks. Son of one king, brother of two others, and uncle of yet another two, long experienced in politics as senior member of the Royal House and representative of Bavaria at the Council of German Princes at Versailles, no one could have been better fitted, both by birth and training, to administer the affairs of State. A typical Old Bavarian and Wittelsbach, a good Catholic of the older type, a mighty hunter and swimmer, a devoted patron of art, *gemüthlich*, simple in his ways, and a conscientious executor of his royal functions, the Prince Regent resembles the good-natured, astute Max Joseph rather than his father. He soon lived down the unpopularity which sprang from his unfortunate relation to Ludwig II., and gained the confidence of his people. Never an Ultramontane, he shook himself free from his former association with patriots of the Hofbräuhaus school, and cheerfully accepted Bavaria's modest subordination to Prussia in the Empire. The certain extinction of the line of Maximilian II. transfers Bavaria's crown to the line of Luitpold. Should he survive Otto, the style as well as the functions of the King of Bavaria will descend upon him; and the numerous male progeny of his eldest son and eventual successor, Prince Ludwig, indicate a long continuance of the royal office among his descendants. To Prince Luitpold has fallen the happy lot of a monarch whose reign has no annals; since his accession no shadow of disturbance has fallen upon Bavaria's external relations, and her domestic life has followed an even tenor of progress—political, economic, and artistic.

Politically, the single noteworthy development of these years has been the organisation of a Church party, known as the Centrum, from the position of the Catholic party in the Imperial Reichstag, where they hold the balance between the Radical factions and the Agrarian Conservatives. Through this party the Ultramontanes now hold Bavarian affairs firmly in their hands; and upon the whole, they have guided the country discreetly and in a progressive spirit. The Social Democrats and Liberals are in control of a majority of voters in the larger cities, but the country districts are almost invariably firm in their adherence to the Church party. Bavaria is, as ever, devotedly Catholic. The well-known protest which her scholars and statesmen made against the decrees of the last Vatican Council was fruitless. Ultramontanism is an imported growth, and it may be doubted whether the Bavarian Catholics wholly enjoy their complete subordination to Rome; but they are part of a vast system and obliged to accept its consequences. Indeed, the distinctly anti-religious bias of the Liberals and Social Democrats leaves them little choice. Yet the more thoughtful and intellectual class in Bavaria, as in the rest of Germany, are estranged from the Church and suspicious of her political power. Much of the unreasoning patriotism of the Particularist movement in the 'sixties has been skilfully diverted into Ultramontane channels. To those Bavarians who still dislike North Germany and are lukewarm towards the Empire, the Church offers a centre of allegiance and a cause to fight for. In this conflict between Catholicism and Liberalism lies the chief political problem which Bavaria has to solve.

It is unfortunate for both parties that the problem tends constantly to take the character of a conflict between the educated and the uneducated. It becomes increasingly difficult either for an intelligent Liberal to remain a faithful son of the Church, or for a Catholic to take the Liberal side in politics; and as a consequence the higher life of Bavaria is split into two hostile factions: the religious on the one side, the intellectual and artistic upon the other. The Church, despite her recent access of political power, no longer adequately represents Bavarian idealism, while the "intellectuals" are hurt by the exclusion of religious motives and inspirations from their thought and life.

Economic and industrial subjects do not fall within the limited scope of this book except as they affect the general life of Bavaria, yet it is necessary to touch upon the part which the kingdom is taking in the notable material development of Germany. It is a minor part. A few towns, Nuremberg and Augsburg in particular, have maintained their traditions as free commercial cities, and have become characteristic modern centres of industry and commerce. But the Bavarians as a whole cling to their old ways; agriculture is, as ever, their chief occupation. The smoke of factory chimneys which darkens the landscape in Westphalia and Rhenish Prussia is still spared the Bavarian plain. Farms and rustic villages still meet the eye on every hand. The capital, a city of 600,000 inhabitants, has few factories; works of art and beer are the only products which Munich exports in any considerable quantity. No northern city of Munich's size is so free from commercialism. A very large proportion

of her people are economically non-productive—students, artists, foreign residents, and members of the leisure class who live upon their incomes. The University and the Polytechnic Schools are attended by 11,000 students; the number of musicians, painters, and other artists is said to exceed 10,000; in one month of the summer of 1909 nearly 100,000 tourists visited Munich. Nevertheless, the kingdom shares in the prosperity of modern commercial Germany. Of the money earned in the more industrial part of the Empire, much is spent in Munich and Bavaria. Those industries which exist are successfully worked on scientific principles; Munich beer is good because it is carefully and scientifically brewed. The Government exercises a jealous and watchful care over all trades and occupations, and protects the interests of her people against competition from foreigners. It is difficult for a non-Bavarian to obtain work in Munich. In general, industrial Bavaria suffers from too many holidays, too many pauses for beer and sausage. The breathless rush of modern business life is only echoed from a distance; in the country of *gemüthlichkeit* the working man is content with little; he will not hurry; he cares more for a pleasant life on easy terms than for making money. Nevertheless, the strain of contemporary life is making itself felt. The sharp rise in the cost of all the necessities of existence does not stop at the boundaries of Bavaria, and the little with which the Munich artisan is content becomes increasingly harder to secure. The contented ease of Bavarian life will inevitably disappear: when it has gone, much of the country's charm will have vanished with it.

The development of art under the Regency has taken a pronounced turn in the direction of the handicrafts. It is neither in the museums nor in the picture-galleries that we see the most characteristic Munich art of the twentieth century; it is upon the streets, in the shops, within the houses. The gospel preached in England by William Morris has been long practised in Munich, to the notable improvement in the city's aspect and the development of more gracious surroundings in daily life. The royal influence and the initiative of the Government have done much to further these ends, by founding schools of art and handicraft, and by stimulating this healthy impulse toward a more organic relationship between art and the conditions of daily existence.

In concluding this simple outline of Munich's history, which has followed for so many centuries the fortunes of her Wittelsbach princes, we may properly dwell upon the part they have played in developing this, the most characteristic feature of Munich life. The arts occupy so large a place in the minds of the citizens of Munich—not from any irrepressible æsthetic instinct in the people themselves—but because the Bavarian kings of the nineteenth century consistently devoted themselves to the artistic education of their subjects. Munich is pre-eminently the art city of Germany because King Ludwig I. and his sons have made it so. What Pericles did for Athens, Lorenzo de' Medici for Florence, or the Renaissance popes for Rome, that the Wittelsbach princes, in their measure, have done for Munich: they have imbued the community with a deep love and appreciation of art. In outward aspect and inward ideals alike, no other city is so faithful an expression of the

mind of a single ruling family. Ludwig I. and Maximilian II. in the plastic arts, Ludwig II. in music, and the Prince Regent Luitpold in the application of æsthetic principle to the handicrafts, have contributed, each in his degree, towards the Munich which we know and love to-day. The comparative insignificance of the little country in the political world, and its remoteness from the strenuous industrial life of contemporary civilisation set into relief the cosmopolitan place of its capital in the world of the fine arts. It is an honourable place, made possible chiefly by the efforts of the Wittelsbach kings. Munich was theirs; they were content to make it fair and lovable, and so far as lay within their power to secure for their people the conditions of a fine contentment and pleasure. The stranger who enjoys the fruit of their labours, who finds in Munich the life of content and enjoyment, will not be blind to the services rendered by a wise paternalism, nor unwilling to acknowledge his own debt to the kindly and beneficent monarchs who have made the city by the Isar a home of the simpler pleasures and the higher joys of life.

MONUMENTS

CHAPTER VII

MEDIEVAL MUNICH

THE story of Munich's architectural development falls naturally into three divisions: the period of the medieval commune, when the initiative toward building proceeded from the citizens; the period of the Renaissance, when this municipal spontaneity was overshadowed by the activity of absolute and splendour-loving princes; and the modern period of the constitutional kingdom, when the predominant architectural impulse sprang from the national self-consciousness of a royal capital. The three most notable buildings in Munich—the Frauenkirche, the Residenz, and the National Museum—represent respectively, both in their architectural styles and in the motives which inspired them, these three epochs in the city's life. As always in the medieval communes, the Cathedral expressed at once the municipal consciousness and the spiritual ideals of its time. The Residenz is a permanent visible manifestation of the Wittelsbach's dynastic pride. The National Museum, as the inscription over its portal witnesses, is both an honourable memorial and a national inspiration of the Bavarian people.

The traditional monastic origin of Munich, perpetuated in the city's name, is formulated by the

armorial device of the Municipality—a child clad in an ecclesiastical garment roughly resembling a monk's habit, his hand raised as in blessing. In its origin this quaint symbol illustrated one of the many versions of the Christ-Child legend, and the child probably held in his hands a Bible and the keys of St. Peter. The popular fancy has worked a characteristic transformation in the genial figure, and replaced the religious symbols by a beer-mug and a radish—the traditional Munich means of provoking a craving for the contents of the mug. As a French writer has wittily remarked, the sentiment indicated by the raised hand has become *Prosit!* instead of *Pax Vobiscum!*

But the tradition which ascribes the beginnings of Munich to an eighth-century settlement of monks from Tegernsee has no other confirmation than the name of the city. Munich first appears in history, in the year 1158, as the offspring of a deed of violence. We have already seen how the last of the Welf dukes of Bavaria, Henry the Lion, established a fortified station for the salt traffic upon the site which from that day has borne the name of Munich. Of the first century of the town's history we know virtually nothing, and not a stone remains by which to recall the infancy of the Münchener Kindl. In 1170 one Heribert is named as dean of the parish of St. Peter, in 1172 Duke Henry is said to have built himself a residence in the town, and in 1181 Otto of Wittelsbach laid the foundation-stone of St. Peter's Church. The site of the primitive town, however, is established by the course of the old walls, which appears clearly upon the oldest maps, and particularly upon a wooden model of 1570 in the National Museum. It lay, perhaps, a half-

mile west of the Isar, upon a slight elevation which must have determined the line of the eastern wall. A circle described with a radius of two hundred yards from a point at the west side of the Marienplatz as a centre would roughly indicate the course of the walls, whose gates were left standing for centuries after the walls themselves had disappeared; and to-day the arch under the Old Rathaus marks the site of the gate toward the Isar. The Marienplatz, then known as the Market, and the Peterskirche were the respective centres of primitive commercial and ecclesiastical life.

It is evident that this walled town, less than a mile in circumference, was but a village—no larger, possibly, than its older neighbours, Schwabing, Pasing, or Giesing. But Munich possessed rights of toll, coinage, and market, and contained one of the ducal residences; moreover, her circlet of fortified walls was a patent of nobility. In 1253 we come upon an event which at once gave the village political significance, and left marks which may still be seen. Duke Ludwig the Strict, to whom Upper Bavaria had fallen at the first partition of the duchy, made Munich his seat and built himself a residence, known variously as the Alte Hof or Alte Feste, probably upon the site of Henry the Lion's castle. A fragment of his work still stands upon the south side of the quadrangle, the oldest building in Munich, constructed of stuccoed brick, weather-worn to a dun colour, with high-pitched roof, and relieved only by a Gothic oriel window. The most interesting monument of the Middle Ages in Munich, the Alte Hof is frequently overlooked by tourists, although it lies but a few steps to the south of the Hoftheater.

To what extent this fragment of the old castle has been rebuilt it is impossible to ascertain; but probably its walls and the general plan of the court belonged to the original structure. In any case, it is the only monument of thirteenth-century Munich that we possess. The use of brick covered with stucco in this early building should be observed, for from that day to this scarcely any other building material has served Munich—a rather curious fact when we consider the proximity of the Alps with their wealth of stone. But Munich has always been comparatively poor, and therefore of necessity thrifty, in the twentieth century as in the thirteenth. This enforced economy has given the city a certain homogeneity of aspect, if at times also a patched and shabby appearance, due to the peeling of the too-perishable stucco and the easy-going ways of Government and people.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries five churches were built: the Peterskirche, Heiliggeistkirche, Minoritenkirche, Augustinerkirche, and the Marienkapelle, which was the forerunner of the Cathedral. The two first still stand upon their old sites next one another; but repeated fires and rebuilding have not left a single stone above the ground which may be identified with the original buildings. The Franciscan Minorite church first stood without the walls near the Jacobsplatz; but at the end of the thirteenth century it was removed to the site now occupied by the Hoftheater, and to-day is only remembered by the name of a beer restaurant, the Franziskanerbräu, opposite the theatre. The church of the Augustinians, upon the Kaufingerstrasse, entirely rebuilt in the fourteenth and succeeding centuries, is now

a warehouse; while the chapel of St. Mary made way in the fifteenth century for the great Cathedral which covers its site.

With the beginning of the fourteenth century came the long and stirring reign of Duke Ludwig the Bavarian, later German King, and finally Emperor. To him Munich owed both her first appearance in international affairs and a notable acceleration in growth. It was said that Ludwig never remained for more than three weeks at a time in any one place; but Munich was his favourite home, and he spared no pains for the improvement of the town. Already the population had grown too great for the narrow limits of the old walls, and in 1319 work was begun at the newer fortifications, which stood until they too had become anachronistic and were torn down during the early nineteenth century. The "Markt" still remained the cerntre of the circuit, but the radius was tripled. The Isartor was pushed to the east, almost to the banks of the river; the other three extended proportionately—the Sendlingertor to the south, Karlstor to the west, and Schwabingertor to the north. All remain except the Schwabingertor, which stood near the site of the Feldherrnhalle and made way for the exigencies of the new quarter built by Ludwig's namesake, the second king; but they are only "the shade of that which once was great." The vicissitudes of warfare, time, and restoration have robbed them of their medieval aspect and destroyed almost every semblance of their military character. A second, outer wall, capped by more than one hundred turrets, ran parallel to the inner, separated from it by the usual moat, and added to the strength of fortifications which

throughout the five centuries of their history were never put to the test of a real siege. An excellent idea of the walls, gates, and general aspect of the medieval town may be gained from a study of the wooden model already mentioned.

The heart of the modern town still remains within the limits set by the walls of 1319. Munich has grown by circles, like the ripples caused by a stone thrown into still water. The old market, with its flamboyant New Rathaus, is still the centre of Münchener life, from which business radiates through the five streets which meet one another here. The city has grown by great leaps during the last one hundred years, but never in one direction; she has clustered around the old as though loth to lose sight of the ancient landmarks, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home"—the Peterskirche and the Marienplatz. The Marienplatz and the streets which lead to it are always crowded, the cafés and beer restaurants which border upon it always full to suffocation. No man is more conservative than the autochthonous *Alt Münchener:* he is bound to the old town by all the bonds of habit, conviction, and preference. Born with no yearning for the Outland, within sound of the bell of the old Peterskirche, he is content to live and die within its reach, hoping to be laid where the broad comfortable tower will meet his spiritual eyes upon the day of resurrection.

For this church of St. Peter—older even than the Wittelsbach dynasty of rulers—is the single link which connects us with the beginnings of the town. Mentioned twelve years after the foundation of Munich, it has passed through more vicissitude and change than any other church in



THE SENDLINGERTOR.

Photograph by J. S. Van Nest.

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the city, yet maintains its individuality as the original spiritual centre of Munich, like the temperament and the Catholic faith of the native Münchener, unchanged and unchanging. The building of the twelfth century was probably a Romanesque Basilica with a flat wooden roof and two west towers, enlarged one hundred years later, and burned to the ground in 1327. The rebuilding went slowly: Munich at the time was excommunicate, and it was 1368 before the new church, still uncompleted, could be consecrated. Of this fourteenth-century structure the walls of the choir still stand, Romanesque in style and massive in character. But the nave seems to have been Gothic, as well as the single heavily-buttressed tower which replaced the double towers of the old church, and still stands.

The means adopted to raise money for the work upon the tower are characteristic of church building methods in the Middle Ages. The times were hard—it was shortly after the Black Death—and the town was poor. In 1380 the Pope granted the parish an indulgence of one hundred days to all benefactors of the church. The income from this source proving insufficient, a wonderful event came to St. Peter's aid. In the chapel at Andechs, a rich cloister picturesquely situated upon a cliff overlooking the Ammersee, a Franciscan monk opportunely discovered precious relics—pieces of the Crown of Thorns and of the Lance of Longinus. These treasures were brought to Munich, and by a happy inspiration it was suggested that the occasion be celebrated by a year of jubilee. The Duke, Stephan III., interceded with the Pope, and in 1392 Boniface IX. decreed for Bavaria a Jubilee indulgence from March 7th

to August 2nd. "In all Bavaria," wrote the chronicler, "peace reigned, so that the pilgrims came and went and rode in safety, day and night, man or woman, and no one did any harm to another." The Duke furnished safe conduct to all pilgrims, and a great concourse, sometimes numbering forty thousand, visited the church daily. Half the money received was to go to the Pope, who was obliged some time later to threaten Munich with the ban in order to get his money. After this the work went merrily on, the tower was soon completed, and the interior of the church richly decorated. Unfortunately it fell a prey to the later architectural fashions. In 1630 the Elector Maximilian I. renovated the church in the High Renaissance style, and a century later the rococo period removed nearly every trace of Gothic in the interior.

The Peterskirche, however, still retains a few interesting examples of early sculpture. In the last chapel of the left aisle stands a Gothic altar-stone of the Schrenk family, a work of the last of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, representing in high relief Christ as Judge, the Last Judgment, and the Crucifixion. The style is pictorial rather than sculptural, and the single figures, especially in the lower section, are dramatic and realistic. The composition is primitive but the detail is managed with great skill and force. The Schrenk altar-piece is an excellent example of Gothic ecclesiastical sculpture, and repays careful study. Compared with Italian work of the same period it shows the backward state of the arts in Germany. The mortuary relief for the tomb of Ulrich Aresinger, of 1482, is the signed work of a more finished master,

Erasmus Grasser, and betrays traces of Early Renaissance influence in its decorative scheme, particularly in the charming angels climbing over the canopy. Grasser was the greatest master of the Munich school of woodcarving, and his work, whether in wood or stone, is graced by a beauty of line and composition which German sculpture commonly lacks; he understood his medium and did not attempt the impossible. Upon the pillar opposite a similar relief of Balthasar Kötschener, by an unknown hand, bears the date 1505, but reveals rather a painter's than a sculptor's vision. Beyond these reliefs there is little of interest in the Peterskirche. The organ was built by Abt Vogler, an eighteenth-century musician, who, through Browning's poem, is possibly a more familiar character to the English-speaking race than to his own.

The open space immediately east of the Peterskirche presents the most picturesque view in the old town, with the rambling projection of the Old Rathaus, the vaulted passages leading to the Marienplatz, the Romanesque apse of the church, and the flower market upon the sloping ground leading to the general market-place. Here, in the south wing of the Rathaus, is the Standesamt, where from time immemorial the Munich burghers have come to publish the banns of marriage and register the birth of their children.

Like St. Peter's, the Old Rathaus has undergone so many changes that its history is painfully obscure. But the Town Hall is always the centre of the civil life of a German commune, and its origin coeval with the foundation of the town. A Rathaus is first mentioned in the year 1315, and not long after, probably at the time when the old

walls were torn down, a Gothic building was erected where the older Isartor had stood. But repeated fires in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries entailed so much restoration that in 1470 a thorough reconstruction was taken in hand under the supervision of the town architect, Jörg Ganghofer. A great hall, designed for festal balls as well as for formal municipal functions, was enriched and adorned by the best painters and woodworkers of the time. Fortunately the frequent alterations of the exterior have left this hall virtually unchanged. Its essential feature is the vaulted ceiling of wood, relieved by a frieze bearing painted heraldic insignia. "With these simple means the civic self-consciousness of the old commune raised for itself a proud hall of honour under whose mighty vault the modern Münchener carries his head higher" (Weese). At intervals in the frieze, where the spandrels of the vaulting unite, stand small carved wooden figures of "Maruska" dancers (Maruska = Moresca, Morris, Moorish). Originally sixteen in number, but now reduced to ten, these figures were the work of that Erasmus Grasser whose sculpture relieves the tawdry interior of the Peterskirche. They were completed in 1480, when the artist was paid the considerable sum of one hundred and fifty pounds and forty-three pfennigs. These gay and sprightly dancers suggest that the stately life of the medieval burgesses had a lighter, less formal side. Nothing could be more free and animated than the action of the Maruska dancers. Here the sculptor is even more master of his medium than in the stone relief of the Peterskirche. Contortion, rapidity of movement, and grotesque gesture are united with the simplest grace. Yet Grasser,

while portraying the most violent movement, is careful to observe a vital canon of the sculptor's art, neglected with unhappy result by ancient as well as modern fellow-craftsmen seeking originality of effect: he makes no attempt to imprison and perpetuate a movement in action, but always selects the moment in which the dancer pauses, if only for the fraction of a second, before his spring or swift change of posture. The sculptor in wood occupies a humble place in the temple of art, and the genius of Erasmus Grasser has scarcely received due recognition; yet every intelligent critic must discover in these lithe figures qualities which raise them far above the bronze statues and fountains which the artists of the Renaissance left for the adornment of Munich, far above the marble groups and symbolic figures which the sculptors of modern Munich have scattered so profusely through the city's streets, bridges, and open places. And the Maruska dancers have a further value for the student of Munich life and history: they show the continuity and conservation of the national folk-life, the autochthonous character of popular Bavarian humour and its deep root in a remote past.

But while the interior of the Rathaus preserves for us unchanged the life of the fifteenth century, the exterior involves us in an inextricable tangle of architectural history. An engraving of 1701 shows us neither the fifteenth nor the fourteenth century, nor yet the twentieth, but a large three-story Renaissance palazzo, in which we seek vainly for the single story and low Gothic tower which modern restoration has re-created for us from the records of an earlier time. Only the general plan has remained constant through these changes:

the north wing with its great hall, the tower pierced by the vaulted archway, and the confused mass of offices almost hidden behind the high-roofed houses upon the Marienplatz. The pinnacles and tower of the New Rathaus have overshadowed and dwarfed the modest proportions of the Old. The modern building was a civic necessity, and intrinsically commends itself to our eyes by a wealth of picturesque effects; if it seem too self-assertive and flamboyant, we may at least be grateful that it did not attempt to replace what time has left us of its predecessor, that it was content to rise, even with an obvious air of patronage, at the side and not upon the site of the city's ancient civic hearth.

The last and greatest of the works of medieval Munich is the vast brick church whose twin towers—likened by George Eliot to gigantic pepper-pots, by local humorists to mugs of beer capped with foam—dominate the Bavarian plain for miles in every direction, and are visible even from advantageous view-points among the Alps. The Frauenkirche (*anglicé*, Church of Our Lady), now the cathedral of the archdiocese of München-Freising, was built as a parish church at a time when the city had not yet become the seat of a bishop; built not by a prince of the church, nor yet by the secular princes of Bavaria, but by the people, to be a worthy expression of their collective faith. Thus, while representative of a democracy rather than a hierarchy, it embodies the essential spirit and character of a cathedral. An interval of one hundred years separates the completion of the town parish church, the Peterskirche, from the consecration of this, the next considerable eccle-

siastical enterprise undertaken by the citizens. Yet these barren years form the very period in which the German towns developed their greatest civic self-consciousness and activity. The cathedrals of Augsburg, Regensburg, and Bamberg, the minster of Ulm, the parish churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald of Nuremberg were all actively building a century earlier. The Martinskirche at Landshut was begun in 1407, and the Frauenkirche at Ingolstadt in 1439. Why were the Munich builders so idle during these fruitful years, so tardy in their effort to compete with their fellow-communes in what was then the chief expression of a city's greatness and self pride?

The reason is twofold. In the first place, Munich took little part in that notable development of municipal life from which the cathedrals sprang. The distaste of the native-born Münchener for commerce and industry kept the Isar city far behind her companions; she did not compete with them, did not care to compete, was content with her own life and lot. It would not be fair to say that the people of Munich are lazy, but their contentment lacks initiative, and their pleasant, easy-going ways do not make for that material prosperity of which the cathedrals of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were the ideal expression. The city was poor, and moreover unprogressive. Had it not been for the stimulus given by the presence and patronage of the reigning Bavarian House, it is probable that Munich would never have risen beyond the comparatively insignificant state of the small but older towns in her vicinity.

In addition to the *vis inertiae* of temperamental

conservatism, the political confusion involved in repeated partitions of the duchy minimized the advantage which Munich enjoyed as the residence of the dukes. The Duke of Bavaria was a personage of importance and consideration; the duke of one-third of Bavaria had neither riches nor power. The Münchener of that day might, with some justice, have complained that the result of dividing the duchy among the three rival dukes of Munich, Landshut, and Ingolstadt was but robbing Peter to pay Paul. Munich wore her accustomed honours calmly—the distinction of a ducal residence had too long been hers to act as a stimulus to civic pride. But Ingolstadt and Landshut, conscious of their new dignities, felt impelled to carry themselves with suitable importance before the eyes of their late superior: hence the erection of their two civic churches, expressions of a short-lived glory, lost when it was barely won. Moreover, the inevitable result of the partition was civil anarchy, a state of lawless disorder among the citizens of the belittled capital, who realised that their ruler had lost two-thirds of his power and importance. In such times the thrifty burgher thought more of barring his doors against the violence of street factions, than of building churches to the glory of God and the honour of his city. Not until the middle of the fifteenth century, when the wise and far-sighted Duke Albrecht IV. devoted himself to the culture of his own garden instead of plotting to get possession of his cousin's, did Munich gain breathing space and leisure to undertake new municipal enterprises, and to enter, tardily enough, the lists of competitive cathedral building.

Nevertheless, no one who has seen the wealth of medieval architecture in the other South German cities can fail to wonder at Munich's comparative poverty in monuments of the golden age of municipal Gothic, a poverty accentuated in the grim bareness of her one great church. And while political conditions served to keep the city back from the activity which flourished all about her, the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the Old Bavarian temperament, its humorous self-content and lack of initiative, must be held chiefly responsible for a retarded development which never caught up with the general movement of German civilisation until the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries violently set the rest of Germany back to Bavaria's level.

Thus Munich did not begin building her great monument of medieval Gothic until the Middle Ages were past and the Gothic style had already become antiquated and despised in those cities which gave the law for the art and learning of Europe. But late as Munich began her citizen church, she pushed it through to completion with an energy almost unparalleled in the history of Christian architecture. Twenty years of building saw the completion of roof and towers. Only the characteristic copper cupolas were added later.

The Frauenkirche was built upon the site of an older parish church dedicated to Our Lady. When at last the church-building passion of the medieval communes laid hold upon Munich, and the new enterprise was taken in hand in 1468, this older church fared ill at the hands of its parishioners, and was razed to the ground to make way for the new. On February 9,

1468, the corner-stone was laid by Duke Sigmund, who had resigned the cares of government in the preceding year to his brother, Albrecht IV., but retained such ecclesiastical functions as pertained to the head of the State. But beyond this official act, neither the duke nor his more energetic and crafty brother had any direct share in the undertaking. The Frauenkirche is almost alone among the greater buildings in Munich in owing little either to the Church or the State. The citizens built it themselves, collected the means therefor, appointed their own architect, and laid down the lines for him to follow. The municipal consciousness of the citizens, developed so tardily, sank back exhausted after this one supreme effort. In a city which is peculiarly the expression of the mind of a single dynasty of princes, the Frauenkirche stood four hundred years in staid and solitary dignity as the self-expression of the citizen middle class, its grim solidity and decorative parsimony in characteristic contrast to the florid Renaissance and rococo of duke and elector, until in the nineteenth century the modern commune awoke to a new life.

A certain unity of plan and consistency of detail which distinguishes the Frauenkirche from the other greater medieval churches is directly due to the fact that it was built by one architect. In 1468, the year in which the corner-stone was laid, Jörg Ganghofer, known as the Mason of Pölling, was appointed town architect (Baumeister), and under his supervision were built both the Frauenkirche and the great hall of the Rathaus. Ganghofer's origin and schooling are enveloped in complete darkness; he had no



THE FRAUENKIRCHE.

Photograph by Würthle & Sohn.

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known connection with any of the contemporary guilds of cathedral architects, and from several facts we conclude that as a builder of churches he was self taught. The journey which he took at the expense of the town to inspect the churches at Ulm and Augsburg, the technical difficulties and set-backs which he encountered, the professional consultations called with famous builders of Regensburg, Ulm, and Vienna before the vaulting was undertaken, the obvious differences between his methods and established Gothic precedent—all these argue his lack of experience and architectural training.

Ganghofer was no imaginative genius, but a practical builder of modest ideals, who knew what he wanted and with indigenous Bavarian persistency succeeded in having his way. The Frauenkirche is no miracle of frozen music, but an embodiment of solidity and strength. The Mason of Pölling set himself to realise three ideals—size, massiveness, and height. The town was poor, stone expensive, and his employers intolerant of delay: the church was to go up quickly and it must be larger than its more forehanded rivals at Augsburg, Landshut, and Ingolstadt, so that the Münchener need not be ashamed when he spoke with his enemies in the gate. Accordingly, every other consideration was put aside, and the Church of Our Lady and of Munich's self pride rose quickly—bare, sombre, and clumsy, but always to be reckoned with, unbeautiful but overwhelming, like the granite buttresses of the Bavarian mountains.

The Frauenkirche is built of red brick, is 320 feet long, 118 feet wide, and 108 feet high to the clusters of the vaulting. The towers, 318

feet high, are square until level with the roof gable, then octagonal, and finally surmounted with round caps of copper, which were added at some time between 1492 and 1530. The interior shows a simple nave with single aisles, without transepts. The roof is supported by twenty-two bare octagonal columns, which join the groining of the vaults without capitals—a singular expedient which robs the eye of the relief afforded by a single horizontal line, and gives the church an appearance of incompletion. The columns are so numerous and so close together that no view discloses the whole interior; while from a point near the west portal twenty-nine of the thirty great windows are hidden. Every appearance of decoration is scrupulously avoided. All the usual Gothic detail of flying buttresses, finials, and window tracery is absent; there is no sculpture, no stone to be sculptured. Great, massive, and high, as Jörg the Mason intended, the Frauenkirche is mistress of the Bavarian plain, riveting the attention by sheer bulk rather than by soaring lines, yet, despite its grim reserve, unmistakably symbolic of Old Bavaria—comfortable, genial, *gemüthlich*.

The first impression of the interior is unfortunate, since, by the closing of the west portal we are forced to enter at the side. Standing in the nave itself, chilled and isolated by its gloom and unapproachable height, the beauty of the windows alone relieves the oppression and the rebuke of a religious atmosphere purely medieval and purely northern. Yet, rich and deep in colour as they are, the beauty of these great windows burns with a subdued and quiet radiance. Theirs is not the sunlit glory of

Chartres, pouring through the branching and lavish tracery of her great transept windows, nor the concentrated and fiery passion of Ghiberti's glass in the Duomo at Florence. They are more nearly akin—though their colour is far deeper and more intense—to those five dim sisters of another northern church, the Minster of York. The painted windows of the medieval cathedrals illustrate for us the outlook upon life which belonged to their time : they are the richness and glory of human existence seen with the eyes of the Middle Ages ; glass through which they saw but darkly, light shining in darkness.

The windows of the Frauenkirche are intrinsically the most beautiful relics of the older Munich. With few exceptions the lower part of each is filled with glass saved from the older church, which must have been singularly rich in windows for so small a building. The glazing of the upper portions was added at the completion of the church, and is far inferior.

The carved woodwork of the choir illustrates the best period of this peculiarly Bavarian art, and the prophetic figures over the stalls are commonly ascribed to Grasser.

But with the exception of the older glass and woodcarving the interior of the Frauenkirche contains few interesting memorials or decorative details. The largest and most imposing object is the bronze monument of the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, which occupies the mortuary place of honour in the citizen church of the town which he served so well. The restless, unwearied Emperor died, as we have seen, in the ban of the church, and his body was secretly buried in one of the chapels of the older Frauenkirche.

When this was torn down, a worthier resting-place in the great new church was devised by the citizen builders, in memory of the Emperor who had raised their city from insignificance to the state of a favoured imperial residence. When the church was consecrated in 1494, the tomb of the Emperor Ludwig stood before the high altar. This was not the florid Renaissance monument of dynastic pride which seems so out of place in the Gothic citizen-church—that came more than a century later—but the simple stone tablet which it covers and hides. This tablet is divided into two sections. The upper shows the Emperor crowned, and sitting upon his throne, the sceptre in his right hand, the symbolic apple of the Empire in his left. Below are two knightly figures representing the Emperor's descendants, Duke Albrecht III. and his father Duke Ernst. The design alludes to the most romantic episode in the Wittelsbach family history. Albrecht had secretly married Agnes Bernauer, the beautiful daughter of an Augsburg barber. When the *mésalliance* was discovered, his father caused the unfortunate girl to be drowned in the Danube, and Albrecht, later surnamed the Pious, had need of all his piety to forgive his father. The tablet commemorates this forgiveness. Between father and son is the Wittelsbach lion in an attitude of dog-like faithfulness. The inscription relates that Duke Albrecht IV. erected this monument to the Emperor Ludwig and his descendants. Resemblances in style and character to the signed memorial tablet to Ulrich Aresinger in the Church of St. Peter, coupled with the indubitable fact of his reputation as the first sculptor of

the time, point to Erasmus Grasser as the artist. The relief is dignified and thoughtful in design, and masterly in workmanship, worthy of its high dynastic theme, yet touching a simpler human note by its tacit reference to the domestic tragedy of the Augsburg barber's daughter. One can only regret that the pompous pride of the Elector Maximilian I. saw fit to hide it under the incongruous bronze structure, so that our eyes strain painfully in the gloom of the nave to trace the lines of the older and more sincere work.

A kindred note is struck by the mortuary tablet of red marble in low relief, let into the wall of the church upon the west side of the south-east portal of the Frauenkirche. A blind musician is seated with a small portable organ in his hands, a lute and a harp hang by his head, and he listens with an expression of quiet joy as he fingers the keys. Nothing could be more touching, nor can stone render more faithfully a passing phase of human emotion: the pomp and circumstance of death are put aside, the man disclosed to us as he lived and felt. The musician's name was Conrad Paumann, the date of his death 1473. The other tablets upon the outer walls of the church were taken from the old churchyard which lay at the north of the Frauenkirche before the press of building crowded the houses close about the church. For the most part they date from later periods, and few have any artistic value.

Two lesser churches sprang from the building impulse which created the Frauenkirche and restored the old Rathaus, when Jörg Ganghofer was town architect: the Allerheiligenkirche am

Kreuz, now the Kreuzkirche on the Kreuz strasse, and the Salvatorkirche directly back of the Theatinerkirche and convent. The first, through rebuilding and abuse, has lost all evidence of an origin contemporaneous with the Frauenkirche; but the Salvatorkirche, with its slender tower, its bit of ruined wall and verdurous setting, is still a picturesque reminder of the medieval city. When King Ludwig I. began to interest himself in the Greek struggle for independence, the Salvatorkirche was given over to the Greek community in Munich, to whom it still belongs.

The walls and towers of the Frauenkirche rose over a town which belonged rather to its citizen builders than to their ancient house of rulers. The new Munich of the electors was yet unborn. The Wittelsbachs were weakened and impoverished by their divisions, and content with the narrow quarters of the old castle; the new fortress which they had begun to build beyond the walls embodied their fear of the commune's growing power, and served chiefly military ends. The citizen churches of St. Peter and St. Mary, with their civic counterpart, the older Rathaus, still dominated the city. The brief notices of contemporary travellers dwell upon the sumptuous dignity of the burgher's houses, the unostentatious luxury of their lives, the abundance of gold, the wealth of mural painting, the towers and churches. But the curious eyes of these same outlanders were drawn to another spectacle whose memory is preserved for us in the name of the narrow street which lies at the north-west of the Frauenkirche—the Löwengrube (Lion's Den). Here the

Wittelsbach princes kept the beasts emblematic of their house. The living emblems have long since disappeared, but the power which they symbolised augured ill for the liberties of the medieval commune. The claws of the Wittelsbach lions were growing longer, and the days of the older Munich, which built great churches and decorated the houses of her burgesses with gold and fair colours, were numbered. The time of the splendour-loving princes of the Renaissance was close at hand. The civic spirit was curbed and suppressed by the waxing power of the dukes, who had learned at last that partition of their patrimony spelt ruin. Munich became the property of her ducal rulers, first Italianised, then Gallicised, then classical; the arts perished among her people, and survived only as a privilege of the Court, until the birth of a new Germany in the nineteenth century brought a new commune in its train, the embodiment of modern constitutional ideals in which the civic impulse and the royal love of building alike were merged.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RENAISSANCE AND THE RESIDENZ

BETWEEN the completion of the Frauenkirche and the beginning of the Renaissance lay a period during which the builders of Munich were inactive. It was the half century which witnessed the transformation of medieval into modern Europe, pregnant alike for the social, the religious, and the artistic ideals of civilisation. The medieval monarchies which had been limited by feudalism became absolute personal despotisms; the old Catholicism disappeared among the fires of the Reformation; medieval Gothic art was forgotten in the new ideals and forms of the Renaissance. In this triple process Bavaria took little part. The rule of her dukes had always been personal; the innate conservatism of the people left few points at which the Reformation could drive an opening wedge; the arts came to a complete standstill before the full-blown Renaissance entered Munich as a triumphant army into an exhausted and defenceless city.

No process of organic development accompanied the sudden transition from medieval Gothic to High Renaissance. The passion for Gothic building, which had developed late in

Munich, as it were out of due time, spent itself quickly. The mortar was hardly dry upon the bricks, laid by the medieval guild of masons, when the new style arose in full panoply, at the bidding of a duke who had crossed the mountains and returned fired with enthusiasm for the new art. Less than a century of time separates the Frauenkirche from the Church of St. Michael; but between them lies an artistic as well as a spiritual millennium. The transition was accelerated by two factors—one political, the other religious. The Gothic of the fifteenth century German communes sprang from the soil, was essentially an art of the people. The very character of its design was typical of its origin—the multitude of lines springing from below, converging upon one soaring point. It expressed the unity founded upon multiplicity, a thousand details contributing to one collective whole. The medieval Gothic cathedrals and municipal buildings were built not by individuals but by the community. With the imperial spirit, upon the other hand, the pointed style never found favour. The architecture proper to Cæsarism is based upon the Roman triumphal arch—simple, levelling all differences, dominated by one thought. Such was the style evolved in Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century: it found instant favour with the spirit which began to triumph over democracies and oligarchies at the same moment. So the German princes, feeling their way toward absolute power, would have none of the burgher Gothic, irretrievably associated with the democracy of the Free Cities which had been so sore a thorn in their flesh. Architecture thus followed the lines

of political change, sensitive to a new spirit and a new type of master.

So, also, the triumph of the Jesuit Reformation in Bavaria and the southern lands sounded the knell of an architectural style which was popular and national. The principle of the Reformed Catholicism of the Jesuits was cosmopolitan, and its methods involved the subordination of all national and racial differences. The citizen Gothic of France and Germany stood in the way of this levelling process, symbolised a national spirit in religion, gave free play to the individual in the execution of detail. So we find that wherever the Jesuits went they carried with them the round arch, the dome, the barrel vault; wherever the Catholic Reaction triumphed, the prosaic architectural forms of the High Renaissance triumphed in its wake, in Germany as in Italy, in Munich as in Rome. Political absolutism, the Counter Reformation, and the Renaissance style in architecture went hand in hand, each stimulating and aiding the other, waging a common war against the democracy of the medieval commune, the national spirit in religion, the Gothic style in building.

For Munich, the Renaissance began with the reign of Duke Albrecht V., in the year 1550. This prince had absorbed the spirit of the art-loving princes of Italy, a true forerunner of King Ludwig I., who spent his *Wanderjahre* over the Alps and returned to write the notes of his travels upon the streets of Munich. In Italy and Germany alike the arts had forsaken the market-place and favoured churches of the people for the palaces and court chapels of their rulers. To patronise and stimulate art seemed not merely

the privilege of the autocratic power, but also its highest duty. No ruling dynasty has accepted this gospel more eagerly or persistently than the Wittelsbachs, since Albrecht returned from Italy and began to erect buildings in the new style, to summon foreign painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and scholars to Munich, to amass collections and to found museums. The new style of building from over the Alps brought with it builders from the Outland, and for two hundred years the architecture of Munich was in foreign hands.

But the beginnings of the Renaissance found in Wilhelm Egkl a Bavarian architect who had learned the new methods in Italy. Shortly before the year 1570 he completed two buildings which were the first in the Renaissance style—the Münzhof and the Antiquarium. The Münzhof, which lies directly east of the Post Office, is hidden on the exterior by a nineteenth-century façade and modern dwellings. The entrance is at No. 4, Hofgraben. All that remains of Egkl's building is a quadrangular court, surrounded by a columnar arcade in three stories. Now serving as the royal mint, it was originally the ducal mews, and, according to tradition, was used by the knights of the sixteenth century as a court for tourneys. To the student of architecture it is the most interesting building in Munich, as showing the fresh impact of the earlier Renaissance upon the German mind. Thoroughly Italian in its forms, the Münzhof is as thoroughly German in spirit and execution; the voice is Jacob's but the hand is Esau's. Italian grace is united with German massiveness; the short, sturdy columns of the two lower courses support wide, low arches,

yet the proportions are so skilfully contrived that the result combines grace with strength. In Germany, as in Italy, the history of the Renaissance is the story of a descent from the beautiful, through the prosaic, to the vicious. Thus the Münzhof, hidden away and almost forgotten, is not only the earliest, but also the best example of Renaissance architecture in Munich. To the eye of the sightseer, jaded with the incessant repetition of pseudo-classic and Italian themes, this quiet court brings the refreshment and solace of a thing of pure beauty; here at last, he feels, was a Munich builder who could serve himself with an idiom foreign to his race and tradition, yet use it to express his own thought and national idiosyncrasy.

The other surviving work of Egkl, embedded in the complicated mass of the Residenz, is the long, vaulted hall at the south of the Brunnenhof, variously known as the Antiquarium or Kaiserzimmer. Completed in 1569, it is the oldest portion of the palace which remains intact. It lies at a considerable distance from the site of the older fortified Residenz, and the history of its immediate surroundings and exterior remains obscure. The Antiquarium was designed by Duke Albrecht V. to hold his collection of antiquities: thus it was the first museum in the city of museums. The architectural lines of the hall are somewhat disguised by the elaborate mural decorations executed in fresco a few years later, but the same characteristics are disclosed which we observed in the Münzhof—the use of an Italian theme in a German spirit, a certain freshness and simplicity, strength without the loss of grace.

Albrecht V. did not long survive the completion of his works, and was succeeded, in 1576, by Wilhelm V., a religious devotee under the influence of the Jesuits, who utilised the zeal of their august disciple for the erection of a suitable church and convent for their Order. The Church of St. Michael, which stands almost at the door of the great Gothic cathedral, marks the end of the transition from the medieval to the modern world. The municipal democracy, the old, comfortable Catholicism of the Middle Ages, and the freedom of Gothic art were gone. The Michaelskirche is the sign and symbol of their death. Absolutism in government, the dogmatic inflexibility of the Catholic Reformation, and the "grand style" of the Renaissance, joined hands to build it. A Court church, a Jesuit church, a High Renaissance church—it is little wonder that the modern spirit finds it unlovely and oppressive. Yet St. Michael's may interest us as a faithful outward expression of a phase of history. It has the virtues of its defects—orderliness, clarity, certitude. Here is no romantic maze of column, ambulatory and apse, but the single unobstructed hall with one great altar; no dim religious light of many hues and tones, but the clear day, streaming through unpainted windows; no "branching roof scooped into ten thousand cells," but the round, clear-cut, precise vault. St. Michael's is architectural prose, the home of a hard autocracy in religion and the State alike.

The corner-stone of St. Michael's was laid in 1583, the vaulting completed in 1587; in 1590 the tower which crowned the right transept collapsed, and the plans for the choir and transepts required a radical change, delaying the completion until

1597. The architect of a church representing denationalised religion was, as one might expect, not a Bavarian but an Outlander, born in Holland and trained in Italy under Vasari, Friedrich Sustris by name. Patently, the Church of the Gesù in Rome served as model for the interior, as it was, generally, the archetype of all Jesuit churches. The façade, however, is so little congruous with the carefully thought-out interior, that we may doubt whether it was not the work of another hand. Its contravention of the canons of the High Renaissance, so carefully observed in the interior, coupled with a certain resemblance to other German Renaissance façades, lend probability to the theory that it is the work of a German. Weese finds indication of a cabinet-maker's design, and ascribes it to one Wendel Dietrich, who designed the high altar, and was noted for the beauty of the wooden furniture which he made for King Philip II. of Spain and the Emperor Rudolf II.

The adjoining college of the Jesuits was erected by Sustris simultaneously with this church. It is the model of a building devoted to practical uses of a severe and dignified character; simple, stately, and conformable to its end. No other building in Munich has served such a variety of purposes. After the expulsion of the Jesuits it was used successively by the police, the Knights of Malta, and the cadet corps; for the State Archives and the State Library; as Academy of the Plastic Arts and University; as the seat of various ministries, the Parliament, and, finally, of the Academy of the Natural Sciences.

From the windows of the Augustinerbräu upon the south side of the Neuhauserstrasse one obtains

a rich and varied architectural view: the Renaissance façades of the Jesuit college and church, the weatherworn remnant of the Church of the Augustinians, with Gothic arches half concealed by incongruous rococo restoration, and in the background the giant towers and roof of the Frauenkirche. Only the total absence of the nobler building material detracts from its charm; stucco and brick are poor substitutes for stone, and no city suffers from the substitution more sadly than Munich.

Directly back of the Michaelskirche, and connected with it by an enclosed bridge over the narrow street, is the fine and stately mass of the Herzog-Maxburg, built by Duke Wilhelm V. after the fire of 1580 had made the Residenz temporarily uninhabitable, and named after his son, Maximilian. This large yet simple palace is one of the most noteworthy works of the German Renaissance. Wholly unpretentious, the decorative scheme of yellow and black stucco was unobtrusive before its restoration was undertaken, and the two long, low façades broken only by small unvarying windows are so skilfully contrived that the eye receives no impression of monotony. The Herzog-Maxburg gains by contrast with the tawdry modern Renaissance buildings opposite, and, together with its neighbours, the Künstlerhaus, the Jewish Synagogue, the Wittelsbach fountain and the gardens of the Maximiliansplatz, contributes to one of the most attractive architectural landscapes in Munich.

The Residenz.

The chief artistic preoccupation of the Bavarian dukes of the Renaissance was the erection and

embellishment of a palace which should worthily house their ancient line, and form an example for the emulation of other German princes. The history of the Wittelsbach Residenz is long and difficult, as complex as the maze of courts and passages in which one so easily loses himself to-day. Begun in 1834, additions were made at intervals until 1842. The earlier builders followed no orderly plan in the successive additions, and our information concerning the several building periods is scant; the older portions have entirely disappeared, while others have lost their identity in later renovations. The heart of the building, however, dates from the earlier Renaissance, and therefore the story of the whole complex pile may, for the greater convenience of the reader, be profitably followed in this chapter.

In the last quarter of the fourteenth century the power of the dukes was feeble, and they were hard pressed to preserve the peace of their land not only against the encroachments of the country nobles, but also against the turbulence of the populace in the town. Accordingly, in 1384 Duke Stephan III. began to build a new fortress outside the walls, as a defence against the savage and frequent uprisings of the townspeople. This was the first phase of the Residenz. Called the Neue Feste (new fortress), in contradistinction to the old, whose site now bears the name Alte Hof, it was a typical medieval castle, designed first and last for military ends. The Neue Feste stood at the north-east angle of the modern palace, and was flanked by massive turrets, from which the attacks of the town rabble could be repelled. Albrecht the Wise, more concerned for attack from without than

within, extended the town walls in such form as to include the new fortress. In order to retain its defensive character upon the town side, a wide moat was dug upon all sides, so that the castle stood surrounded by water, much as the Castello of the Este, at Ferrara. In the first half of the fifteenth century a quadrangular court was thrown out to the west, and the castle took the place of the Alte Hof as the official residence of the dukes. Whether, as an historian jocosely suggests, the Müncheners' dread of water served to keep them at a discreet distance, or whether the habits of the citizens grew more orderly and peaceful, no serious attempt was ever made upon the castle from the town side, and one hundred years later Albrecht V. filled up the moat upon the south-west side and began building at some distance from the Neue Feste. The earliest of these new buildings of which we have any record was the ducal Antiquarium, already described. Parallel with his museum, and toward the castle, Albrecht also built a covered passage, called the Hirschgang, and at right-angles to this a large ball-room, which probably joined the new structures with the old castle.

Between the years 1580 and 1590, Albrecht's son, Wilhelm V., carried operations still further to the west, and built a small house with high-pitched roof, for his mother, the dowager duchess. This was the "Witwenstock" (widow's apartments, literally *story*), the curious section at the south end of the long façade upon the Residenzstrasse. Between this and the Antiquarium a small chapel and the court called the Grottenhof were added during the closing years of the sixteenth century.

The architect of the Grottenhof was Sustris,

who at the same moment was building the Jesuit church and college. It is by far the most beautiful portion of the Residenz, and might have been translated bodily from sixteenth-century Florence. The characteristic motive of Ionic pilasters upon the lower course and the statued niches upon the upper is worked out with elegance and symmetrical effect: the purling fountain with its bronze Perseus, the magnolias and velvety turf, all contribute to the charm of this restful idyl of an Italianate Renaissance.

Wilhelm V. was succeeded by his son, Maximilian, under whom Bavaria reached her highest pitch of influence and wealth; and the Wittelsbachs became for a moment the most powerful House in the Empire. Of this increased dignity the Wittelsbach Residenz became the outward symbol. Maximilian was not only the single great statesman of his long line, but an indefatigable builder, and the Residenz to-day is substantially what he made it. His building activity falls into two periods. In his earlier years, between 1597 and 1611, he carried out plans which had probably been laid down by his father for the completion of the smaller group of buildings which surround the Grottenhof. Thus, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the palace consisted of a rambling group of courts which had been successfully built from north-east to south-west: first, the medieval castle, then the Antiquarium and the irregular passages connecting it with the older building, and lastly, the court of the grotto.

In 1611 Maximilian entered upon larger enterprise than any which the unpretentious palace had yet experienced; and when the first campaign of the Thirty Years' War had ended, with

Maximilian as leader of the triumphant Catholic League, the Wittelsbachs could boast a dynastic residence worthy of their fame and power, unequalled in extent by any princely residence in the Germany of that period. From the "Witwenstock" at the south-west angle of the existing palace, a new wing was extended in one unbroken line for two hundred yards to the north, along the course of the modern Residenzstrasse, until the city wall was reached; here the extension turned to the east, and back of the angle thus formed, the Kaiserhof, a great court nearly one hundred yards square, was built. Finally, from the eastern side of the Kaiserhof, covered passages with arcades and loggias joined it with the medieval castle at the north-east. Hitherto the dukes had built without plan as their caprice had guided them, and their home was characteristic of the casual fortunes of their duchy, shaped by no consistent policy; but now a master-mind, teeming with plans for the unification of Germany under the one faith, directed by his ancient House, had turned for a space to the completion of the palace which should be the outward emblem of Bavarian and Wittelsbach greatness. Unity as well as grandeur was achieved.

Thus the Residenz of Munich is the work of Duke Maximilian I. It was scarcely completed, and Maximilian invested with the electoral dignity, when the adverse fortunes of war drove him from his duchy and gave his capital into the hands of his rival, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and head of the Protestant party in the middle period of the long war. The great-hearted Swede was amazed at the extent and beauty of the Elector's palace, and inquired of

his cicerone the name of its builder, to be told that the Elector himself had been his own architect. Doubtless there was truth in this reply: the stamp of a great creative personality is revealed in the simple unity to which the chaotic disorder of the older architectural group had been bent, and this was none other than Maximilian himself. The very obscurity which envelopes the names of the professional executants of his ideas argues their comparative insignificance and their patron's dominance. Warm controversy is still waged over the identity of the leading architect. Tradition asserts that he was the Fleming, Peter Candid; certain documents mention Hans Reiffenstuel, of whom little is known; others point to Hans Krumper, a Bavarian trained in Italy and son-in-law of the Sustris who had been so active at an earlier period; still another rival appears in one Heinrich Schön. This alone is certain—that while each of these men bore an important part in the work, it is impossible to establish the claim of any one individual to be regarded as the master builder.

The work of Duke Maximilian upon the Residenz was completed in 1619. The general lines remain substantially the same to-day, although repeated fires in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries entailed extensive restorations, and the north and south façades, the Allerheiligenkirche, and the two theatres were added in later times. A particularly disastrous fire in 1750 totally destroyed the older medieval portion, whose battlements terminated the long line of Maximilian's north front with picturesque effect, and lent to the Residenz an historical interest which it has since lacked. An interesting engraving of 1701

shows the Residenz as the Elector Maximilian had left it: the older fortress at the north-east angle, the moat running along the north front, gardens far more extensive than the modern Hofgarten, and a miniature lake where the Army Museum now stands. Whether from the architect's point of view or the sentimentalist's, the pretentious new Festsaalbau of King Ludwig I. is a sorry offset for the loss of this memorial of an older age.

The blackened ruins of the fortress remained untouched for nearly one hundred years. When King Maximilian I. was asked why he did not rebuild or replace them he answered, "That is not for me; that is for my Ludwig."

Both the constructive character of Maximilian's mind and the temper of the early seventeenth century are revealed in the severe yet ornate simplicity of the long west façade and the great north-west court, with its chain of stately, uncomfortable apartments. As in the Jesuit church built by his father, authority and clarity are the qualities most in evidence. One studies the Elector's portrait in the anteroom of the Old Pinakothek and realises that thus would this severe and dignified autocrat build. The great cost of stone prevented the Bavarian Wittelsbachs from attaining to the massive sobriety of the Heidelberg Castle of his Palatinate cousin, whom for a time Maximilian deprived of land and title. Following the honoured Munich tradition, frescoed decoration became an enforced substitute. The strenuous Alpine climate of Munich has wreaked its will upon all these attempts to make paint offset the lack of stone, and Maximilian's frescoes have disappeared. Under the

present Regency the decoration of the west façade has been restored with approximate success, and we are able to form some conception of its character. Opinions vary as to its beauty. The impression of a makeshift is unavoidable, but it is a makeshift which lends variety and plastic character to what would else have been intolerable monotony. The prevailing theme used upon the façade is the pilaster of one order upon the second course. Whoever Maximilian's architect may have been, this façade was the creation of one who deftly contrived to make the technique of Renaissance Italy serve to express the ideals of a northern vision. There can be little doubt that this was Peter Candid, the Flemish architect, painter, and sculptor, who had been summoned to Munich in 1586 by Wilhelm V., and later became the most notable of the artists employed by Maximilian I.

Following Sustris and a host of other fellow-countrymen, Candid had found his way to Italy, where he worked in the studio of Giorgio Vasari and absorbed the principles of the "grand style." Like his master, Candid was impartial in his attention to the delineative arts; painting, sculpture, or architecture occupied his powers as circumstance might demand. The unity of these arts was the fundamental dogma of the school; their practice was reduced to a code of general laws of the beautiful, specialisation being held necessary only in matters of technique. Any artist who had mastered these laws was considered competent to design either a church, a bronze monument, or a painted altar-piece. Accordingly circumstance directed Candid's first efforts to the field of painting—altar-pieces for the churches of

Our Lady, St. Michael's, and the Capuchins. The mural decoration of the Antiquarium, the Grottenhof, and the other newer portions of the Residenz, cartoons for the Gobelin tapestries commissioned by Maximilian—all passed rapidly from his hands.

As Candid dominated the Munich painting of the period in the spirit of Vasari and the other Schoolmen of Michael Angelo and Raphael, so he exercised no less an influence upon the bronze sculpture with which Maximilian permanently enriched his capital. Sculpture in wood had passed with the Gothic of the medieval communes and the art fell into abeyance during the century of transition. Under the patronage of Wilhelm V. and Maximilian I. the new birth of sculpture manifested itself almost invariably in bronze. Possibly the neglect of stone for metal was due to a personal idiosyncrasy of Candid's, but it is more probable that it was determined both by the cost of marble and by contemporary conditions in the Munich crafts. The skill of the Munich bronze-workers had become very great, and they were employed both by the rich city of Augsburg and by the Emperor Maximilian for his elaborate mausoleum at Innsbruck. Their proficiency may have been derived from the necessity of casting cannon for a warlike duke in a war-ridden age. In any case the bronze monuments of Munich are permanently associated with the names of Bavaria's first Elector and his Court artist, Candid. The works which belong to their period and reflect Candid's mind, if they did not proceed from his hand, are the Wittelsbach fountain in the Brunnenhof, the Perseus of the Grottenhof, the nude statue of Bavaria over the round temple in the Hofgarten, Maria Patrona Bavariæ in the

niche upon the west front of the Residenz with the Wittelsbach lions which guard the portals, the column bearing the Virgin and Child which gives its name to the Marienplatz, the statue of St. Michael and the Dragon upon the façade of the Jesuit Church, and the monument of Ludwig the Bavarian in the Frauenkirche. One style and temper characterises these works: the names of the artists who actually constructed the models from which they were cast are as immaterial as they are difficult to ascertain, for the mind of Peter Candid informs one and all, much as the mind of Bernini dominates the sculpture of baroque Rome. In general, they betray affinity with the work of Giovanni da Bologna. Decorative, monumental, as is proper to their end, they lack the finer feeling and repose of great art. The loving care which Erasmus Grasser bestowed upon his wooden dancers, the instinctive grasp of the significant moment which reveals the coming action, are wanting. It is all too adroit, too easily and quickly done; it verges upon cheapness and does not always successfully avoid the commonplace—the work of a clever man who knows the showy tricks of his medium, but has not mastered its difficulties; always self-conscious, never inevitable, never conclusive.

Perhaps the best of these Candidean bronzes is the nude Bavaria-Diana of the Hofgarten, which we can heartily admire for its supple modelling and easy grace of poise. Maria Patrona Bavariæ is badly seen in the dark monotony of her setting, but she presides over her warlike environment with suave and gentle dignity. The more elaborate bronzes are less satisfactory. St. Michael's death-stroke to the dragon over the portal of the Jesuit

Michaelskirche is effective, but theatrical and unconvincing. The fountain of the Brunnenhof is conventional in design and incongruous in its theme — classic river-gods symbolising the four Bavarian rivers, surmounted by the figure of a feudal hero, the first of the Wittelsbachs. Moreover, this incongruity is accentuated by a disparity in proportion: the medieval hero towers like a giant over pagan deities reduced to the measure of dwarfs. The Perseus fountain in the Grottenhof is simpler, and its frank reminiscence of Benvenuto Cellini is in keeping with the Florentine character of the court. The Mariensäule in the Marienplatz has pretty cherubs at the corners, clad in helmet, shield, and armour, waging destruction upon dragons and basilisks which allegorise the plague, war, famine, and—heresy! But cherubs as accessories of serious monumental art are only tolerable in the naïve work of an early date; after the year 1600 they become self-conscious children and lose their charm. The lanterns at the four outer corners are exquisite in detail and the statue of the Virgin is conventionally gracious. The monument as a whole is beautiful, the composition good, and the detail well executed, if the decoration be too trivial for its high theme. The Wittelsbach emblems are much in evidence, since the occasion of the erection of the Mariensäule was Maximilian's victory over the Protestants at the Battle of the White Mountain in 1620. As such the monument is hardly a grateful reminder to the Bavarian Protestants. Indeed, as a Wittelsbach memorial it is out of place in the heart of the town's civic life. But the changes of time have given the commune the last word: the great Rathaus which the modern burgesses

have built upon the Marienplatz completely dwarfs the column and robs it of consideration and significance.

A similar historical objection may be made to the site of the pompous tomb of Ludwig the Bavarian in the Frauenkirche. The cathedral was built by the citizens of Munich for their spiritual home; should not this dynastic memorial have found its place in the court church of St. Michael? Possibly this was one of the motives which led the ecclesiastical authorities to remove the monument from its place before the high altar to the dark end of the nave, where it may with difficulty be seen. Here again we observe the immoderate glorification of the ruling House. The simple and beautiful stone tablet on the sarcophagus with its touching allusion to a family tragedy was not sufficient: the pomp and circumstance which pertained to the head of the Catholic League demanded a more pretentious memorial of the Wittelsbach Emperor, and Maximilian hid the work of an earlier and more artistic age beneath the unreal funereal magnificence of a characteristic seventeenth-century tomb overlaid with inevitable *putti* and armorial bearings, mortuary emblems and volutes. The four kneeling warders at the corners are effectively planned but poorly executed, their attitudes stiff and the modelling hard.

Upon the whole, the bronze sculpture of the Renaissance is thoroughly characteristic of Munich's monumental art. It shares the artistic mediocrity which pertains to the city's public works when viewed separately and out of relation to their environment. But it contributes effectively to the general effect of genial charm

and decorative homogeneity which characterises her outward aspect. There are few master-works of art to be seen in the streets or open places of Munich; there are few buildings or other monuments which, however open to criticism in themselves, do not play their part in the harmonious whole which constitutes her chief claim upon our springs of appreciation and affection.

CHAPTER IX

ELECTORAL MUNICH

THE new Munich of the Elector Maximilian I. was a monumental glorification of the Wittelsbach dynasty and the Jesuit religion, in whose service art had become a servile minister. The State, religion, and art were caught in the toils of an abstract theory which was pushed to its logical ends—the theory of an ideal unity which permeated every phase of life, political, theological, and æsthetic: one ruler in the State, one faith and order in the Church, one law of the beautiful which was believed derivable from the proportions of classic architecture and sculpture, and authoritative for every form of art. Unfortunately this abstract ideal of unity had its roots neither in the constitution of society, the fundamental inspirations of religion, nor the native spontaneity of the arts; and it effected a partial paralysis in each. Yet this artificial culture enjoyed a brief moment of fruition and self-realisation. The successes of Maximilian in the first campaigns of the Thirty Years' War were followed by nearly two centuries of warfare and almost uninterrupted deterioration—social, spiritual, and æsthetic. The spirit of absolutism which had dried up the spontaneous springs of life found itself impotent

and bankrupt. All Europe shared in the degeneration of this era. The civic art of the burgher communes was dead, while both the princes and the Church were too deeply involved in strife to retain either the inward impulse or the outward means for a stimulative patronage of the fine arts.

During this period no country suffered more than Bavaria. Power, prestige, and wealth were gone, the people brutalised, and their higher life set back for centuries. Of the Munich of such an epoch we expect little. She was at the mercy of a succession of Electors who regarded their powers as a birthright rather than an opportunity to serve their subjects. The arts were completely in their hands, and their exercise was deputed to Italians and Frenchmen, Court architects, Court painters, Court musicians and poets. Munich owes to these Electors and their Court artists many of her churches, palaces, and gardens, distant reflections of papal Rome and Bourbon Versailles. Of the arts of this period architectural decoration shows the brightest side. Baroque and rococo are not terms which connote structural beauty to the modern mind. At their worst, these styles evolved structures which are as bad as building can be; their best examples, on the other hand, are not without interest for a catholic taste. Curiously enough, under the patronage of German princes they frequently thrived better than in their native lands, and Munich, as well as other German "residences"—to Anglicise the German term for Court cities—possesses several buildings which show baroque and rococo at their best.

The thirty years after Maximilian's disaster are a blank. But his son, Ferdinand Maria, married

a princess of the House of Savoy, Henrietta Adelaide, and for the first time a woman writes herself upon the monuments of Munich. This Italian Electress was a woman of luxurious habit and imperious character, a daughter of the South, homesick and utterly contemptuous towards all things German. Her personal apartments in the south-west court of the Residenz, now known as the Papal Chambers, from a visit of Pope Pius VI. in 1782, were redecorated in the Italian style of the period by Agostino Barelli. Three of these rooms remain unchanged, gorgeous, ornate, and not without florid beauty, but over-wrought and oppressive. Relics of a theatre for Italian opera, built by the Savoyard princess near the Salvatorplatz, have been found in the stalls of the modern Court stables. But no trace remains of the hippodrome erected by her order on the site of the present Odeonsplatz, accommodating, according to contemporary tradition, nine to ten thousand persons.

Having thus cared for her personal comforts and pleasures, the fertile mind of Henrietta Adelaide occupied itself with plans concerning the well-being of her soul. In fulfilment of a vow made by herself and her husband, should their long barren marriage result in the birth of an heir, she built the great church opposite the west front of the Residenz, designed by Barelli, but executed by Enrico Zuccali and several other foreign architects. This church was assigned to the Order of Theatines, much affected by the aristocratic clergy, and named in honour of St. Cajetan, the founder of the Order. Built with extreme rapidity, it was consecrated in 1675, the Church of the Theatines in Rome, S. Andrea della



THE THEATINERKIRCHE AND FELDHERRNHALLE.

Photograph by Reincke.

To face p. 142.

Valle, serving as a model, just as the Gesù in Rome had served the Jesuit St. Michael's. The Theatinerkirche stands at the heart of modern cosmopolitan Munich, and is therefore the most familiar ecclesiastical edifice in the city. It possesses both the defects and qualities of its style; the wide façade, with its flanking towers, is structurally faithful and massive in effect, and the dome an excellent example of the type established by the mother-church of Roman Christendom. The flagrant and tawdry over-decoration of the interior does not wholly conceal the symmetry and admirable proportions of the ground plan. The convent garden, entered through the first doorway to the south of the church portal, is one of the loveliest bits of Munich. Aristocratic monks no longer pace its walks, for their cells and refectory are occupied by official bureaus of the Government, and the gardens have become a convenient passage from the Odeonsplatz to the Maximiliansplatz. But the slender medieval spire of the Salvatorkirche lifts itself over the gable of the convent, the dun-coloured mass of the Theatinerkirche with grey-green dome and florid towers looks through the leaves of the spacious court, and a touch of old-world quiet rests upon us. No one trained in the modern conception of architectural beauty can wholly admire the Theatinerkirche as a work of art: no one who has sojourned for a time in Munich and learned to be at home upon her peaceful and pleasant streets can fail to remember it with affectionate kindliness. It is a landmark of the city of the plain, speaking to us of the land which lies over the mountain passes; its towers and dome add an essentially picturesque touch, both to the

streets and the distant silhouette of Munich, which would be sadly missed. To the northern city the Church of the Theatines is what the Church of Santa Trinità de' Monti is to Rome—the presiding genius of the stranger's quarter, a silent companion of pleasant days and months, never to be forgotten while these are remembered.

An interesting pendant to the Theatinerkirche is the Dreifaltigkeitskirche (Church of the Holy Trinity) in the Pfandhausstrasse. Built in 1711 by Viscardi, an Italian who had been employed upon the Theatinerkirche, it presents the same study of a dome resting upon four massive piers, but without the nave of the larger church. The façade is cut from the same baroque cloth, and solves the problem offered by a slightly projecting corner with excellent effect. The projection is utilised to the full without causing an awkward break in the line of the street. The interior is as direct and simple as the style permits, the dome prevailing at every angle and recess. Granted the site and style, nothing could be better done, and he who is able to acquire the difficult taste for baroque building will find that this little chapel fulfils all the canons of its style, with an unwonted sobriety and dignity. Another minor church, the Bürgersaal, in the Neuhauserstrasse, built at the same time, marks the transition to rococo forms of decoration in its unusual interior. The portal opens direct upon the crypt, and the church proper is reached by stairs at either side.

These two churches take us out of the reign of Ferdinand Maria and his Savoyard wife into the disastrous times of their son, when Italian

baroque gave way before French rococo, and Versailles supplanted Rome as the pattern of Bavarian Court architects. The Elector Max Emanuel was a fiery and egotistic boy who married an Emperor's daughter, fought vainly to win the crown of Spain for his child, and aimed at the imperial dignity for himself. The buildings with which he enriched his House and eventually the city of Munich, are emblematic of his dynastic ambition and express the dominance which the Roi Soleil exercised over the ideals and manners, as well as the political affairs, of Germany. Max Emanuel, man of war and political schemer, was also patron and lover of the arts. During his reign the process of re-decorating the interior of the Residenz was actively carried on, first in the Italian style introduced by his mother, and later in the modish French manner. These decorations were destroyed by fire in 1729, but we can face their loss with less regret than the destruction of several works of Albrecht Dürer and a famous Raphael Madonna, the pride of the Wittelsbach collection. Nothing, however, caused so much regret to Max Emanuel's son and successor, Karl Albert, as the loss, noted in his diary, of an ivory chest, "carved by my sainted father, the blessed Max Emanuel, with his own hand."

Max Emanuel returned from the storming of Belgrade in 1688, covered with military glory, likened by Court sycophants to his favourite hero, Alexander the Great, and inspired with ambitious plans for the embellishment of his capital in a style conformable to the hopes he nursed for the future. Confident that he was to wear the crown of the Empire, he resolved

that a palace rivalling the splendours of Versailles should rest the imperial head. To this determination we owe the château of Schleissheim, its amazing façade, nearly 350 yards in length, and the bosky arcades and vistas of its formal garden. But if Max Emanuel's ambition was imperial, his inspiration was royal: the suburban palace of the Roi Soleil furnished him with both suggestion and model.

The little village of Schleissheim, seven miles north of Munich, lies at the conjunction of the Würm and the Moisach, in the midst of a flat, boggy plain, with vistas unbroken in every direction save by the faint line of the Alps, thirty miles distant. Here Max Emanuel determined to build his imperial German Versailles. The history of Schleissheim is extremely curious. In 1685 the Elector built the modest *villa in campagna*, Lustheim, upon the site of an ancient hermitage where his grandfather, Wilhelm V., had been wont to sojourn and meditate upon his sins. Max Emanuel's pavilion stands at the extreme end of the gardens laid out at a later date, and supplies a charming focus for the long avenues and wooded glades which lead from the château itself. Here the young conqueror of Belgrade entertained the Emperor Leopold I. as he passed through Munich in 1690. Prisoners taken in the Turkish wars were employed at the extensive task of reclaiming the marsh lands in the vicinity, and a moment's lull in Max Emanuel's incessant wars enabled him to begin the château itself, in the spring of 1700. The Court architect, Zuccali, drew the original plans, which were modified by the impatient Elector. The actual work had barely begun when the War

of the Spanish Succession broke out. Orders were given to push the building at the greatest possible speed; hasty and slipshod work was allowed to pass, and the bare shell of the palace was completed just soon enough to see the disaster of Blenheim and Max Emanuel in full flight over the Rhine. Shortly after this miscarriage of the Wittelsbach ambition the Austrians entered Munich, and the unfortunate Zuccali was obliged to deliver the keys of the unfinished building to the Austrian officials. More than ten years elapsed before the Elector found opportunity to proceed upon his enterprise, and decorate the interior. So vicissitudinous a career naturally made for architectural and decorative confusion. During the process of building, the French style had supplanted the Italian, and Schleissheim shows plain traces of the transition. The son of a Dachau gardener, Joseph Effner, who had been educated in Paris at the Elector's expense, was the determining spirit in the decoration of the interminable chain of ornate and uncomfortable apartments. Italian, French, and Germans worked side by side, and their work was still unfinished when the stormy life of Max Emanuel ended.

The château of Schleissheim is the emblem of a dynastic tragedy, the Hamlet of Bavaria's public monuments. Vast ambitions and pitiable failure are buried in its empty corridors. Destined expressly for a pleasure palace, no human soul ever took pleasure therein: Max Emanuel himself must have learned to detest it. To his successors, unable to support this imperial magnificence from the petty treasury of an exhausted territorial duchy, it became an intolerable burden. Essentially uninhabitable, it lay also at a considerable

distance from the capital, and they preferred the convenience and greater comforts of Nymphenburg. Hastily and cheaply built, it fell into ruinous dilapidation, from which the dynastic piety of King Ludwig I., whose mantle of æsthetic charity covered a multitude of architectural sins, attempted to rescue it with indifferent results. To-day it serves as a Wittelsbach museum. Fresh plaster and whitewash cover the stucco ornamentation with garish newness, and the walls look upon what—taking quality and quantity both into account—is probably the dullest collection of pictures in existence. Great names are represented by their worst work, and a single so-called Velasquez, whose authenticity is more than dubious, is its chief glory. Not content with the accumulation of seventeenth and eighteenth century rubbish in the form of canvas and paint, the director of the royal art collections has devoted the south pavilion to a collection of pictures by a modern Munich painter, Hans von Mareés, which afford a curious study in distorted drawing, muddy colouring, and bad composition, serving to convey the impressions of a fecund but unhealthy imagination; works which a French critic describes as "tragic alike in their inspiration and in the desperate futility of their gauche and incompetent execution."

Yet Schleissheim, melancholy and tawdry in all that concerns architecture, painting, and sculpture, is an unfailing joy by virtue of its wealth in the one branch of art in which Munich is pre-eminent: landscape gardening. Nearly as large as the English Garden of the capital, the garden of Schleissheim is as exquisite an example of the formal as the urban park of the informal

art. Nothing is lovelier than a sunny October day among its deserted alleés, grassy roundels, and shaded canals. What the suites of Bach and the water music of Handel are to music, the gardens of Schleissheim are to outdoor scenery; in them dwells the genius of the eighteenth century, its stately grace and courtly tenderness, its delight in the orderly and fruitful aspect of nature.

It would possibly have fared better with Schleissheim had not the reckless Max Emanuel simultaneously undertaken a similar project nearer the city, at Nymphenburg. Here, before 1670, his Savoyard mother had already built the Italian villa after Barelli's designs, which still forms the central portion of the château. In 1702 Max Emanuel began to extend both house and garden, in a style similar to Schleissheim, but upon a more modest scale. This work was carried on by his son and grandson, and virtually completed before 1760. The château itself is rambling, but simple and unpretentious, and the gardens, representing rather the comfortable prose of landscape gardening, have none of Schleissheim's vistaed poetry. From its beginning a favourite residence of the Electors and Kings, Nymphenburg, although still the home of one branch of the royal family, is now a place of popular resort, crowded upon Sundays and holidays. Hidden away among the shaded walks of the gardens are two exquisite examples of the rococo style of building. The bathing pavilion (Badenburg), designed by Effner in 1716, shows, like the Bürgersaal in the city, the transition between baroque and rococo. The stucco decoration has something of the formal dignity proper to the older style, and lacks the light and airy grace of the younger.

But the jewel of Nymphenburg is the charming pavilion, named after the Emperor's daughter who had become the wife of Karl Albert, the Amalienburg. In the opinion of competent critics, the Amalienburg is the crown of rococo art, unrivalled even in the land and city in which the style was born, "conjured up by a benevolent magician for the fairy prince, when it pleased the good genius to prepare an unusual delectation for his favourite." A little pavilion of one story with a round entrance hall and seven small rooms, it is a masterpiece of grace, delicacy, and the light touch. The gay simplicity of the exterior is free from every trace of the bad taste which disfigures so many buildings in this style, and the interior displays an airy imagination dancing over the walls, ceilings, and doorways, without restraint but equally without excess. The Amalienburg might well be the home of the delicate nymphs and kindly sprites of popular folk-lore, of the dainty brocaded shepherdesses and gentle swains of Mozart's Bastien and Bastienne; here is revealed the very spirit of the Court life of the eighteenth century, treading its delicate way through graceful minuets; a life barren to all generous enthusiasm, heedless of the hungry, sodden populace at the palace doors, solicitous for nothing save the observation of good taste.

The creator of this miniature fairy palace was a French Netherlander, Cuvilliés by name, whom Max Emanuel had attached to his Court at Brussels, sent to Paris to be taught the rules of his art, and afterwards brought to Munich. The Amalienburg was built during the years 1734–40. For some years previous Cuvilliés had been engaged upon the sumptuous decoration of the

Reiche Zimmer of the Residenz, which disclose his genius for ornamentation almost equally with the pavilion in the woods. His other masterpiece was the earlier and smaller of the two Court theatres of Munich, built in 1751–3. Among the historic playhouses of Europe, the Residenz-theater stands in a class by itself. Hardly exceeding the dimensions of a private theatre—seating but eight hundred spectators—it embodies the perfect adaptation of decoration to a definite theatrical end. What the Amalienburg is to garden pavilions, the Residenztheater is to Court theatres. Both its small size and its peculiar plan are explained by the fact that it was designed expressly for the Court society of a small capital. The great loge of the Elector was intended to be of equal importance with the stage, its occupant equally the object of the spectator's attention. The balcony loges were designed for the members of the princely houses and the greater dignitaries of the Court, the boxes of the two galleries and the parquet for the lesser nobility. The general public had part neither in the plan of the builder nor in the enjoyment of the performances. The decorative scheme, in gold, red, and white, in spite of its elaborate opulence is admirably harmonious. The theatre was designed for the older Italian opera, and the first performance on October 12, 1753, was an opera by a forgotten composer, Michael Rudhard, "Catone in Utica." Restored in 1857 and a revolving stage installed, it is now devoted to comedy and drama of the intimate type and to the operas of Mozart. Nothing in the art of modern Munich is so perfect in its way as the Mozart performances in the Residenztheater. In this courtly toy playhouse

for which the composer wrote "Idomeneo," his first opera in the grand style, eye and ear alike are captivated by the charm of the *ancien régime*. To see and hear Bastien and Bastienne or Cosi fan tutti in the Residenztheater, the recitativo secco accompanied upon a tinkling harpsichord, is to breathe the very atmosphere of rococo art, to realise what the *emigrés* of the Revolution stood for, and, withal, to comprehend some of the springs of the Terror itself, the grim vengeance of the common people, excluded from these charming pastoral idyls for which they paid in hunger and sweat and blood.

Another aspect of the genius of Robert Cuvilliés is presented by the façade of the Königsfeld Palace, now the residence of the Archbishop of Munich, No. 7, Promenadestrasse. Munich is rich in palaces of the nobility built at this period; adjoining the episcopal residence is the baroque Porcia Palace, while directly south of the Feldherrnhalle is the house of the Counts of Preysing, an admirable example of the rococo style, which gains over its competitors by its detachment from other buildings.

But rococo art was not confined to the homes and pleasure palaces of the Court and aristocracy. The middle of the eighteenth century witnessed a revival of the burgher life in Munich, which gave birth to a peculiar type of rococo still generally retained in village and cloister churches throughout Bavaria. The redecoration of the old Gothic churches of St. Peter and of the Holy Spirit was due to this impulse; many houses of the well-to-do burghers aped the stucco spirals and grotesques of the palaces, and above all, the Church of St. John Nepomuk rose, to confound all the

principles and traditions of æsthetic taste. This church was erected by two artist brothers, famous in their time, and loaded with commissions by the Church, Caspar Damian and Quirin Egidius Asam. Hand in hand, as painter and worker in stucco, they went through Bavaria with their plebeian version of Cuvilliés's art. The Asam house in the Sendlingerstrasse is the work of their fraternal hands; adjoining, at their own expense, they built the astounding sanctuary which is popularly known as the Asamkirchlein. This torture of the Court idiom in the broad Münchener dialect of the middle class, quite beggars description and brings criticism to a standstill. Literally a nightmare of the plastic imagination it should be seen by those who care to plumb the depths of the movement which began with Michael Angelo and Bramante. Yet St. John Nepomuk is a favoured devotional sanctuary of the citizens of the old town and a characteristic landmark of the older Munich.

The building impulse of the eighteenth century spent itself in the first six decades. Between the completion of the Residenztheater and the proclamation of the kingdom in 1806, the distracted and impoverished state of the country was reflected in the sordid conditions of the city. The autocracy born of the Renaissance was reaping the harvest of its selfish extravagance, and the greatest of social cataclysms was at hand.

CHAPTER X

ROYAL MUNICH

THE first impulse toward the modernisation of Munich came neither from Italy nor France, but from the shores of New England and the sober brick walls of Harvard College. The modern city began when Benjamin Thompson, of Woburn, Massachusetts, obtained the consent of the Elector Karl Theodor to the public enterprises whose successful issue won for him the title Count of Rumford. The philanthropic and civic reforms which Rumford carried out strike the modern note in the relationship of the State to its citizens; the transformation of the morass north-east of the old walls into an English deer park established the path which the modern city's aspect was to follow—broad open spaces and shaded green sward. But the period of the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars allowed neither time, energy, nor money for building, and Munich remained a medieval walled city, touched here and there with the lightness of Renaissance and rococo monuments, until, by favour of the French Emperor, it acquired the dignity pertaining to the royal capital of a kingdom which stretched from the Alps beyond the Main, from Ulm to Passau. The years of peace which succeeded Waterloo wit-

nessed the retarded growth of modern democracy, and the State with its wealth and power was compelled to look upon itself as existing for the good and by the will of the people. The era in which princes built and amassed precious collections of art for their own pleasure was past. They had become, some willingly, others with sorry grimaces, the servants of the people. It is to the enduring credit of the Wittelsbach kings that they accepted their changed lot cheerfully, even eagerly; and modern Munich is in great part the result of their sense of duty toward their people.

During the reign of the first king, Max Joseph, the country was too much occupied in repairing the ravages of long years of war and in laying the foundations of the future State to accomplish much toward the embellishment of the capital. Max Joseph's chief public work was the demolition of the walls, which had become useless in modern warfare, and seriously cramped the city's increased population, numbering 60,000 in 1816. New quarters were laid out upon their site; the chain of wide streets beautified by gardens which stretch in a semicircle from the Sendlingertor to the Odeonsplatz—the Sonnenstrasse, Karlsplatz, Lenbachplatz, Maximiliansplatz, and Briennerstrasse, all occupy the site of the walls and moat. In the quarter flanking the Briennerstrasse a new Faubourg St. Germain quickly sprang up; here the nobility and the richer burghers built new dwellings, which still dignify what has become the foreigners' quarter of Munich. The rococo style of building had lost its interest and grown old-fashioned, and the classicism of the First Empire took its place. The one notable architect of this

period was Karl von Fischer, a native of the Bavarian Palatinate, who had been trained in the best schools of the day. In 1803 he built for the Abbé von Salabert the yellow house, then a suburban villa, which stands to-day at the west end of the modern Prinzregentenstrasse, later the property of the brother of Ludwig I., Prince Karl, and still known by his name, although the residence of the Austrian ambassador. Seen through the trees from the meadows of the English Garden, and framed by its own garden, this simple but imposing palace offers perhaps the most beautiful architectural landscape in the city. The success of Fischer's first essay in Munich resulted in numerous commissions. In the Briennerstrasse and the Karolinenplatz he built no fewer than fourteen houses, and to him this attractive quarter owes its physiognomy. Among the more noteworthy of these houses of the aristocracy are the former palace of the Crown Prince, afterwards Ludwig I., now the residence of Graf Törring, Karolinenplatz 4, the adjoining Asbek Palace, and the Papal Nunciature, Briennerstrasse 15. These houses are simple in the extreme, but dignified; they have the aristocratic bearing, differentiating themselves clearly from the houses of the middle class which belong to a later date. Their lack of decoration suited both the taste and the short pockets of the time, but their beauty of form and structural grace reveal the great talent of their builder. Fischer's most pretentious work was the new opera house (Hoftheater), built 1811–18, burned in 1823 and rebuilt on the old lines after 1825 by Klenze. Here Fischer was hardly so successful, although practical demands were adequately satisfied.

Opera is essentially decorative and sensuous in character, whether it be regarded from the musical or the dramatic side; bare simplicity is foreign to its genius, as the course of modern operatic music from Glück to Richard Strauss abundantly proves. The too assertive plainness of Fischer's opera house is not conformable to the end it serves, although its atmosphere is more congenial to the classic drama. Moreover, the Hoftheater suffers by contrast with its small but exquisite companion, the Residenztheater, and the strident mosaics of the pediment cheapen it to a degree undeserved by its architecture.

The style of architectural decoration known as Biedermaier (a humorous German equivalent for bourgeois) forms a burgher pendant to the aristocratic classicism of the Empire, and may best be seen in certain streets of the old town, southwest of the Marienplatz, the Altheimereck, the Josefspitalstrasse, and the Herzogspitalstrasse. It is characterised by straight lines and flat mouldings, and furnished the motive for a homely but often charming style in household furniture known by the same name, usually carried out in light brown or yellow woods relieved by simple ebonised mouldings.

But a new spirit was knocking at the door——the self-conscious, national passion of young Germany, democratic, patriotic, and insistent, before which the aristocratic spirit of the Empire and the old middle-class self-contentment of the "Biedermaier Zeit" quickly gave way. Upon its artistic side this movement took the form of a demand for a popular national German art. Art had long been the perquisite of autocratic princes, kings, and electors, reserved for the embellishment

of their dwellings and memorials, shut up behind the doors of their cabinets, the portals of their Court theatres. But now the people, inspired by a literary movement which had glorified art as the *summum bonum* of existence, began to demand that the doors be flung wide open, architecture, sculpture, music, and the drama made as free to them as poetry had become, opportunities afforded their children for treading the paths of this Earthly Paradise. Nothing is more striking to an Outlander, more typical of the modern German, than his obsession by the term *Kunst*. The Latins and Anglo-Saxons respect and enjoy the arts after their various ways and capacities, but regard them as accessories to the serious business of life. To the modern secularised German, even to the newest class of practical merchant princes, the magic word *Kunst* connotes all that is highest and worthiest in life. Anything that may claim sanctuary under the word is inviolable, however dubious its claim to a high consideration as a work of art. "Kunst" is the secularised Bavarian's sign, symbol, and sacrament of the divine. In the recent sensational prosecution of a theatre in the Munich courts for flagrant indecency, the plea of the lawyers for the defence hinged upon the inevitable question: Is it art? 'If these theatrical representations were not art, they deserved suppression; if they could properly lay legitimate claim to the sacred term, that fact should protect them, whatever their moral character.'

This immoderate esteem for art was born in Germany of her literature, and developed synchronously with the popular movement succeeding the Napoleonic age. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Winckelmann had rediscovered the antique,

and advanced a philosophy of art as the chief end of life, which their disciples eagerly proclaimed to willing ears. All educated Germany took up its burden. It would not, perhaps, occur to the children of other races to think of the Germans as peculiarly and pre-eminently an artistic race; yet one hears the word "art" uttered, with varying degrees of reverence, ten times in Germany for once that he hears it among other peoples. And this is not because there are more or better artists in Germany, but because of her peculiar literary history. To this day, though holding a secondary position in the artistic world, Germany has virtually a monopoly in the production of æsthetic theories and enthusiasms. Moreover, the nationalist feeling of Young Germany took deep root among precisely those classes which had absorbed this profound reverence for the Muses. The two went hand in hand: the love of the beautiful and the love of Germany. The young King Ludwig instantly put himself at the head both of the æsthetic and the patriotic movements, and was not without some sympathy with their democratic tone. He contrived to harmonise his dynastic consciousness and his personal passion for Hellenism with these incongruous elements, and the result was the Munich which we know to-day.

The modern city experienced three distinct periods of building activity, each falling under the reign of a single king, each displaying architectural idiosyncrasy, and each in turn developing a new quarter of the city. Thus for the purpose of the sightseer Munich may roughly be divided into four quarters: the old town, the quarter of Ludwig I., the quarter of Maximilian II., and the quarter of the Regency.

The quarter which owes both its origin and character to Ludwig I. is marked by the two great streets which run respectively west and north from the Residenz—the Briennerstrasse and the Ludwigstrasse. The Briennerstrasse was laid out during the reign of Ludwig's father and then marked the extreme north-west limits of the town. At what was then its terminus, Ludwig began his building activity as Crown Prince with the sculpture gallery designed to house the Greek antiquities which he had collected. As early as 1815 he authorised a competition for the building, and chose the plan designed by a young architect from Hildesheim, Leo Klenze. Thus originated that close association between the builder-king and his chief architect which was to have such notable results for the new Munich. Klenze was gifted in his art and well trained in its technique, although hampered by too servile an adherence to Greek forms. Under his influence the new architecture proved more successful than the new painting and sculpture. The Glyptothek formed the nucleus and established the architectural style of the splendid piazza known as the Königsplatz. The Exhibition Building, over against the Glyptothek, erected in 1838–48 by Ziebland, offers adequate contrast to its low-lying companions, while preserving the general stylistic character of the group; and the Propylæa, built 1846–60 by Klenze, complete the picture with massive dignity and a touch of true Hellenic feeling. It may be said that the monuments of the Königsplatz are imitations and in no wise notable in themselves; yet the general effect of the plastic group, with the broad stretches of lawn, the enveloping foliage and distant glimpses

of the bronze Obelisk, is admirable—spacious, self-restrained, Hellenic in its dignified repose. As always in Munich, mediocrity of detail is glorified by the mass; the grandeur of the conception remains to impress us after we have examined severally its component parts and found them wanting. The Königsplatz, moreover, is historically significant as a record of Bavaria's intimate association with Hellenic liberties, a memorial of the first King of the Greeks since Alexander the Great, that Wittelsbach Otto who returned to Munich, an exile from his kingdom, upon the day after the unveiling of the Propylæa. Indeed, the Propylæa might be styled the gates of ingratitude, for Ludwig signed the contract for their erection upon the day after his abdication of the Bavarian throne.

Adjoining the north-east angle of the Königsplatz is the equally spacious Place of the Pinakotheks. In 1826, before the scaffoldings were removed from the Glyptothek, Ludwig began the great gallery which was to unveil the beauties of the Wittelsbach collection of paintings to his subjects and to the curious world. Klenze again executed the King's plan, which departed from the modest economy of the sculpture gallery and demanded a vast palace of art, designed and decorated upon a scale commensurate with the royal dignity which had newly fallen upon Ludwig's shoulders. But structural necessity and historical fitness forced Klenze to forsake the forms of Greek architecture and to adopt those which are associated with the land of painting. Reminiscences of Roman and Venetian palaces of the Renaissance haunt the long, monotonous façade of the Pinakothek, and

Klenze felt himself less fully in sympathy with these forms than with the Greek. The building as an architectural whole was ruined by the pedantry of the internal plan, which permitted a single entrance at the extreme end in order that the visitor should be obliged to see the pictures in chronological order. However unsatisfactory the Old Pinakothek may be as a building, its completion in 1833 marked a significant point in the history of Munich—the beginning of the city's fame as the German home of art. Among artists and lovers of art alike, Munich is first and last the city of the Pinakothek. From that day to this, the long, gaunt building of Ludwig I. has been the Pierian spring of the chosen Münchener muse, the magnet which draws the Outlander, and the norm by which new schools and developments in contemporary painting are judged.

As the Greek exhibition building stands over against the Greek Glyptothek, so the New Pinakothek—Italian Renaissance in style, and suffering from the same faulty plan—faces the Old. It was begun in 1846, after designs by Voit, but not completed until after Ludwig's abdication; serving as a repository for contemporary painting, related to the Old Pinakothek as the Luxembourg to the Louvre. The new gallery was designed as a monument of Ludovician painting, upon its exterior as well as by its contents. It is a lamentable failure as a work of architecture, the only complete and undeniable failure among Ludwig's twenty-five public monuments. The vast bare spaces of wall, which give the building the desolate character of a barracks, were to have displayed the glories of his mural painters.

Whatever merits may have attached to the grandiose designs of Wilhelm Kaulbach, executed by a pupil, they have utterly vanished before the ravages of the Munich climate. Such value as the New Pinakothek possesses as a monument of the painting of Ludwig's era depends wholly upon the pictures which it contains, and with these, it must be admitted, modern criticism deals severely.

In addition to the wide spaces and classic repose of the Königsplatz, with its less satisfactory pendant of the Pinakotheks, Ludwig gave to Munich her most imposing street. Through the suburban villas and gardens which lay between the Residenz and the picturesque village of Schwabing, a broad, straight street was projected to the north, lined with the long, low façades of massive buildings, terminated by Gärtner's Siegesthor (Arch of Triumph) at the north, and his Hall of the Field-marshals at the south. The memorial of a peaceful monarch and an age notably free from warlike alarms, devoted to homes of religion, science, charity, and art, the Ludwigstrasse is sealed at either end by monuments of war. This inconsistency of purpose is further pointed by architectural contrasts, a Florentine Loggia and an ornate Roman triumphal arch completing the two lines of quiet and unobtrusive façades almost destitute of ornament. Yet despite these incongruities, despite the personal rivalry between the architects and the difference between their sources of inspiration, the transition is smoothly made from the south end, designed mainly by Klenze, to the northern end of Gärtner. Few, if any, modern streets present so homogeneous an aspect.

The open loggia of the Feldherrnhalle was an afterthought upon Ludwig's part, and not built

until the Ludwigstrasse was virtually complete. The character of the southern end of the street was established by the older forms of the Residenz and the Theatinerkirche; it fell to Klenze's lot to carry on their lines and fill up the gaps. The Palladian north façade of the Residenz, the Odeon (a Royal School of Music), the palaces upon the Odeonsplatz, the War Ministry, and the palace of Duke Max were his work, as well as the stately residences which reach to the north to meet Gärtner's more sombre lines.

Klenze's talents, however, are not seen at their best in the Odeonsplatz. He was only thoroughly happy in dealing with Hellenic motives, and necessity here constrained him to other less congenial forms. His younger rival had a freer hand in dealing with the upper reaches of the Ludwigstrasse, and was able to develop a style more in accord with his personal predilections. As the Königsplatz and the southern part of the Ludwigstrasse are the memorials of one of King Ludwig's great architects, so the northern half of the street is the monument of the other. Friedrich Gärtner had been recommended to the King by the painter Cornelius, and soon rivalled Klenze in the royal favour. His first building in the new quarter was the Ludwigskirche, built 1824–44, which is almost unique among the monuments of Munich in being built of white stone. Reminiscences of the German Romanesque of the Rhine country formed the architect's motive. The Ludwigskirche, unfortunately, is unsatisfactory in almost every respect; it was a work of Gärtner's youth, and he was feeling his way among forms as yet unadapted to modern building. The west front is hard and mechanical,

the awkward spires so far apart, that, seen from the English Garden, it is difficult to believe that they belong to the same building. The interior is destitute of perspective and its prosaic lines are emphasised by the rectangular apse of the choir with Cornelius's garish fresco of the Last Judgment. The pompous pretence of this picture is only equalled by its ugliness, but it served one good purpose : it freed Munich permanently from the authoritative influence of Cornelius over her decorative art. When the fresco was completed the King came suddenly and unannounced to inspect it. Word was brought to Cornelius, who rushed to the church to act as cicerone to his royal patron, only to be turned back by the doorkeeper : the King wished to form his own impression. The nature of this impression is suggested by the fact that Cornelius received no more commissions and soon found it convenient to leave Munich.

In 1832 Ludwig entrusted Gärtner with designs for the Royal Library, whose long façade dominates the Ludwigstrasse. By a happy conjunction of Florentine massiveness with the early German round arch, the architect evolved a style peculiarly sympathetic to the scholarly purposes of the group of buildings which soon grew about the library: the theological seminary, the university, and the endowed school for indigent daughters of the aristocracy—Faith, Hope, and Charity, as they are called in the popular phrase. Simplicity, sobriety, even austerity, characterise this felicitous manipulation of ancient German forms, carried out in the other institutions of learning and public utility which line the northern half of the street ; too sober, too austere to make the pursuit of

learning attractive or many coloured. A cloistral sadness reigns along the bare, unlovely hallways hidden by these long walls. One feels the want of imagination, of spontaneity, charm. Education is a serious matter, above all in Germany ; need it be clothed in so severe a guise ?

The Hall of the Fieldmarshals, imitated from Orcagna's Loggia in Florence, is one of the most interesting among Gärtner's works: it is happily placed and gives character both to the street and to the painted façade of the Residenz. But it was easier to build a memorial to Bavarian arms than to find her military heroes to memorialise. The Bavarians are not a warlike race, and neither of the two generals whose statues furnish both the name and the historical occasion for the Loggia were Bavarians. Count Tilly, the redoubtable figure of the Thirty Years' War, was a Flemish soldier of fortune, while Wrede, who commanded the Bavarian army in the Napoleonic wars with moderate success, was a Franconian prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

But Ludwig I.'s indefatigability was by no means confined to the new quarter which he gave to Munich. The incomplete state of the Residenz offered obvious opportunity for the embellishment of his capital and the furtherance of his dynastic pride. The ruins of the medieval castle at the north-east corner, the blackened remains of the Hoftheater, and the casual character of the southern and eastern fronts of the palace were incentives hardly needed. He found the Residenz a rambling, uneven pile, complete only upon the west side: he would give it unity and completion. The work was entrusted to Klenze. After the theatre had been rebuilt upon the old lines, the

Königsbau at the south, the Court Church of All Saints at the north, the Festsaalbau at the north, and the north-eastern court, the so-called Küchenhof, were successively begun and carried on simultaneously.

The Königsbau was designed for the King's personal residence, and embodied his ideas rather than his architect's. Ludwig wished for a palace in the Florentine style, and Klenze took his theme mainly from the Palazzo Pitti in Florence. His genius, as we have seen, lay in other fields, and the Königsbau is a monument of misdirected effort, devoid of imagination and painfully out of keeping with the simple high-roofed line of Maximilian's long west front. The King's architectural reminiscences were discarded in behalf of his literary taste in the interior, which was covered with frescoes of scenes from his favourite poets. "Goethe and Wieland, Pindar and Theocritus, romantic love lyrics, and anacreontic erotics, idylls and drama, the German epics and old Homer: everything that the King enjoyed reading was painted by his artists upon the walls and ceilings of his writing- and reception-rooms, even his bedroom." As works of art these decorations have only historical value: their painters were not moved by a true pictorial imagination. They had read in Goethe and Winckelmann that classic art is the highest achievement of human culture, they had learned to appreciate the beauty of their own medieval legends and myths, and they had felt the contagion of the early Italian Renaissance; and, despite an insufficient technical equipment, they straightway began to paint what they had read and seen. It is magnificent—a marvel of German

industry and fidelity to the ideals of culture—but it is not art. Ludwig's painters mistook literary appreciation for the artist's vision. They might have been respectable historians of art, but they had neither the plastic eye nor the masterly hand to create it.

With the Allerheiligen Court Church Klenze and his decorators fared better. Here they dealt with another phase of Ludwig's reminiscences of historical art—the Byzantine-Venetian church building. The Capella Palatina in Palermo supplied the first inspiration, but St. Mark's in Venice contributed its share in the development of the work. The simple flat façade is a good version of early Italian themes, and the interior not without a certain glow of colour. But the light-miracle of the Venetian and Byzantine glassmakers, the jewelled radiance suffused and yet retained by the mosaic surface—that could not be recaptured. Nevertheless the Allerheiligen chapel has a beauty of its own, which best reveals itself in the high morning of a cloudless day.

In the pretentious northern wing of the Residenz, its pompous façade and meaningless Loggia, its chain of empty ceremonial apartments, it is difficult to find points of contact with the more exacting taste of our time. The same unimaginative monotony of line, the same painful incongruity with the more genuine and German work of Maximilian I., place it in the same category with the Königsbau. These two vast wings complete the ground-plan of the Residenz, but they violate its architectural, structural, and decorative unity. The Festsaalbau in particular sins against the canon which demands that mag-

nificence in design shall employ magnificence of material. Ludwig wished to embody royal splendour in this palace of formal festivity, but he could not pay the piper. His accounts tell the tale: with its decoration the Festsaalbau cost 725,000 florins. It was not possible, even for so careful an economist as Ludwig, to build a palace three hundred yards long upon a scale of royal magnificence for this sum. And the Festsaalbau is cheap both without and within. Klenze's economy of structural ideas is more than matched by his economy of material: three hundred yards of plaster palace, unrelieved by any ornament save a few worthless statues over the Loggia, and scorings of the plaster to imitate hewn stone. On every hand are evidences of that thriftiness which should be banished by the lavish hand of royalty when it seeks to impress by display. The Festsaalbau is a silent witness to the futility of the particularism which strove to set among the great nations a state which had been elevated to a fictitious grandeur by the politic favour of a foreign Emperor, and was to be reduced to her normal level by the threat of that blood and iron upon which a united Germany stands. The quaint and modest west façade of the Residenz is proper to Bavaria's place in history: the Festsaalbau is the monument of a futile attempt to assert for her a rank she could not maintain. The tragedy of her long struggle for independence is re-echoed through its ornate empty corridors. The service which Bavaria was destined to accomplish for civilisation lay neither in the field of politics nor of material progress, but in the more ideal realms of art and culture.

It is impossible to leave the subject of Ludwig's

work upon the Residenz without mentioning the arcaded garden which yields so many pleasant hours to citizen and visitor alike. The Hofgarten was laid out in the reign of the Elector Maximilian I. but has suffered frequent alterations. To Ludwig I. the arcades upon the west and north of the garden suggested still another opportunity for conveying to his subjects the beauty of the classic lands which lay so close to his heart. Upon the west side Rottmann was commissioned to paint a series of Italian landscapes in fresco. Though exposure has ruined these pictures, which can never have faithfully resembled the scenes depicted, they are a thrice familiar and characteristic feature of outdoor Munich, endeared to lovers of Italy by the piety of their intention if not by its result. Rottman's Greek landscapes in the New Pinakothek were originally designed for the north side of the arcades, but were spared destruction as a result of Ludwig's experience with the earlier frescoes of the west side. Thirty-nine small paintings of historical scenes in the Greek War for Independence, from sketches by Peter Hess, were substituted, but placed so high under the vault that they are rarely seen.

The tale of Ludwig's other works is soon told. The Benedictine Church of St. Boniface in the Karlstrasse, commonly called the Basilica, is another note of the King's travels, recording his impression of St. Paul's outside the Walls in Rome, and the Basilicas of Ravenna. It was designed by Ziebland, and decorated by H. Hess, whose frescoes, representing the life and labours of St. Boniface, the English Winfrid, first missionary to the Germans, are neither better nor worse than other mural painting commissioned by Ludwig.

Here rest the bodies of King Ludwig and his Queen, in a sarcophagus of grey marble imitated from the tombs of the Norman kings in the Cathedral of Palermo. The Gothic church of St. Mary (Mariahilfskirche) in the Au suburb was built for Ludwig by Ohlmüller. The Protestant Church in the Karlsplatz is a curious architectural experiment by Pertsch. The red Gothic Wittelsbach palace, in the Briennerstrasse, designed by Gärtner in the closing years of Ludwig's reign, was still another experiment in archæological architecture, and became the ex-King's home after the abdication of 1848. Klenze's Greek predilections came once more into play with the Monopteros, the round Ionic temple in the English Garden, and found a congenial task in the colonnade of the Hall of Fame (Ruhmeshalle), which supplies the setting for Schwanthaler's colossal Bavaria and overlooks the Theresienwiese. This really beautiful work is lowered by the commonplace sculpture which it contains: in sculpture as in painting Ludwig's influence was less fortunate than in building. With the single exception of Thorwaldsen's fine equestrian statue of the Elector Maximilian I., which stands in the Wittelsbacherplatz, the sculpture of his reign may be dismissed as inconsiderable.

Ludwig fulfilled the end which he laid down for himself. No one can know Germany who has not seen Munich, and the city which the hasty tourist sees is chiefly of Ludwig's making. He accomplished two notable works—the Königsplatz and the Ludwigstrasse; for these we may forgive him his confusion of archæology with architecture, of literature with painting. If the monuments of his reign are too reminiscent of

other lands, other ages, nevertheless they adorn his Munich; if his thrift prevented the use of stone and marble, we may remember that in contenting himself with brick and plaster he was in accord with the oldest traditions of Munich building; if no one of his buildings is intrinsically an architectural masterpiece, each does good service as a component part in the beautiful whole.

When Maximilian II. assumed the responsibilities which Ludwig laid down in 1848, he did not neglect the art which his father had loved so well, and a new quarter which bears his name grew up at the east of the old town. From the Max Josephplatz a wide street was carried through the suburb of Graggenau to the Isar, a bridge thrown over the river, and the grandiloquent winged structure, which designedly suggests a temple of fame but is actually a school for royal pages, set upon the heights of Gasteig to conclude and crown both street and bridge. All these works bear the name of Ludwig's son—Maximilianstrasse, Maximiliansbrücke, and Maximilianéum. The new King had his own architectural preference which stamps his quarter with a consistent character. Ludwig's taste was classic, Maximilian's romantic. Perpendicular lines and Gothic tracery take the place of long, low façades accentuated by horizontal lines and round arches.

The Maximilianstrasse is virtually the work of a single architect, Bürklein, and even more homogeneous in style than the Ludwigstrasse. Noble in conception, it is indifferently executed. The street begins unpretentiously between the Hoftheater and the Royal Mint, which had been remodelled by Gärtner and flanked by a Gothic arcade. Monotonous buildings of the Perpendicular order

succeed each other until halfway to the river, when the street expands into the so-called Forum, a long, rectangular place embellished by gardens and statuary and terminating in a roundel with a colossal statue of Maximilian by Zumbusch. On either side of the Forum are public structures—the former National Museum, now used by the Deutsches Museum, at the south, and the Administration Building at the north. Beyond the roundel is the Maximiliansbrücke, broken by a small island prettily laid out and enveloped by the tumultuous green waters of the Isar. The bridge forms the approach to what a classic enthusiast describes as the Maximilianian Acropolis, at once the most commanding and perplexing of Munich's public monuments.

The Maximilianéum, though an architectural curiosity, has undeniable value as a factor in the picturesque whole of Maximilian's quarter. The enormous projecting wings with open arcades serve no function save as adjuncts of landscape. The style, politely termed Transitional, is a hybrid: the perpendicular lines which carry out the architecture of the Maximilianstrasse are concluded by the definite round arches which the monumental site seems to demand. Every portion of the building which serves a practical purpose is masked behind the spectacular façade. Architecturally considered, the Maximilianéum is all façade; it belongs rather to the realm of landscape gardening than of architecture proper. It surmounts and terminates a monumental street with imposing dignity, a companion piece to the Hall of the Fieldmarshals which completes the Ludwigstrasse.

The mural decorations of the Maximilianéum

carry on the traditions of the preceding generation. The mosaics of the façade were executed in 1902, from designs by Karl Piloty, and illustrate notable events in Bavaria's scholastic history. The thirty large paintings of the interior follow the course of the world's history, and offer a study of the generation of historical painters which succeeded Cornelius. Technical skill has increased, but literary motives persist: what we behold is a series of polychrome illustrations of universal history, rather than a work of decorative art.

The faults of Maximilian's Munich are the faults of his age—the middle of the nineteenth century. Architectural motives are imitative, unimaginative, and decoration is confused with literary illustration. But the King and his architects made the most of the opportunities neglected by earlier builders: they saw the city which they would beautify as Nature had made her—first and last as the city of the Isar; of streets following its course and overlooking its turbulent waters; of paths winding above its banks through deep shade and "wide grass meadows." The gardens of the east bank of the Isar were the work of Maximilian, although extended during the reign of his brother, the Prince Regent Luitpold. So skilfully laid out that their limited boundaries are forgotten, the varied ways of the Maximilian's Anlagen afford an unfailing source of refreshment and satisfaction to those lovers of the country who dwell in this, the least urban of cities. From their heights, from the terrace of the Peace Monument, or best of all from the higher arcades of the Maximilianéum, we obtain the most com-

prehensive and interesting view of Munich. Beneath the high bank at our feet the river hurries from under the ample bridge which completes the broad lines of the Maximilianstrasse. The city stretches away before us toward the sunset—the old town with its spires and high-pitched roofs, and the twin guardians of the citizen Church of Our Lady; the confused mass of the Residenz and the Italian dome of the Theatinerkirche—Munich of ducal Renaissance and Electoral baroque; the white spires of the Ludwigskirche; the wide, straight street and the green banks of Maximilian's quarter; the pinnacles of the New Rathaus, the massive tower of the Annakirche, and the clock-tower of the National Museum—the last outburst of municipal activity in building. It is the best of all views of Munich, since it shows us both the whole course of the city's history and the river which was the initial spring of her being and is the permanent crown of her beauty.

CHAPTER XI

MUNICH UNDER THE REGENCY

A NEW spirit entered every phase of German life with the establishment of the Empire in 1871. Like other modern States, modern Germany is essentially an industrial democracy. The personal rule of hereditary princes had become impossible, and that impersonal entity, the modern State, took its place. The control of those artistic enterprises which the princes had managed to keep in their hands, even after their former autocratic powers had disappeared, passed to the representatives of the people. There was no cessation of public works; but the buildings, monuments, and collections which continued to enrich Munich were not the creation of Electors or Kings, but of the people, who voted them through their representatives and paid for them by direct taxation. Side by side with the constitutional change in the State, came a new birth of the old municipal life which had been dormant since the Thirty Years' War. The cities began to build as they had built before the Reformation buried their art, in the sixteenth century. Each of these changes was an important factor in the development of contemporary Munich. Both the Government

of Bavaria and the Municipality worked hand in hand for the improvement and adornment of the capital. This division of authority and power exists in all modern capitals; but in Munich the lines are somewhat less sharply drawn than elsewhere, because the history and the interests of State and city are peculiarly identified with one another.

Thus, by a gradual process, architecture and the kindred arts have been taken out of the hand of dynastic rulers and entrusted to the care of the people—in one word, democratised. The House of Wittelsbach still maintains a patronage of the arts both official and sincere. But it is the people of Bavaria and of Munich who supply both initiative and financial support for all new enterprises. When the State assumed the burden of debt which Ludwig II. had accumulated by his fantastic extravagances, the Mæcenas *rôle* of the Kings of Bavaria was played to its end. From that day the patronage of the art of Munich became a function of her people. However far this cause may have determined the course which the other arts have taken during the past quarter of a century, it is undeniable that it has served to develop a popular characteristic German style of architecture. Whether the forms of this new art be approved or rejected by æsthetic criticism, they are at least German, proper to the soil of Bavaria and to Munich.

Two divergent tendencies, however, disclose themselves in the architecture of modern democratic Munich. The first and earlier of these has no characteristics that are peculiarly Germanic: it is academic and eclectic, making

use of the traditional forms of Renaissance and baroque, and striving for decorative elaboration. The buildings which illustrate this tendency in Munich are similar to others with which we are familiar in every modern city—London, Paris, Vienna—in no respect distinctively German, much less Bavarian, but denationalised and cosmopolitan. The original home of the style was the France of the Second Empire; and the Grand Opéra of Paris or the Palace of Justice in Brussels may be cited as familiar examples. It is represented in Munich by two works of the architect Neureuther—the Polytechnic School and the Academy of the Plastic Arts, built respectively in the seventh and eighth decades of the nineteenth century; by the Palace of Justice designed by Thiersch in the tenth decade, and the Army Museum by Mellinger, completed in 1905. Many of the more pretentious business edifices and dwelling-houses in Munich follow the same lines, giving an effect of inartistic opulence to certain modern streets hardly in keeping with the city's character. Had this school of architecture monopolised the field of contemporary building, the city would bid fair to become a provincial copy of Vienna; as it is, the prevalence of this style in the last two decades of the nineteenth century has done much to disfigure several of the finest streets—the Prinzregentenstrasse, for example, and the neighbourhood of the Bavaria Ring. But fortunately, before the century came to a close, a wholly different tendency began to show itself. The completion of three buildings, the Annakirche, the Künstlerhaus, and the National Museum—all the work of one man, Gabriel von

Seidl—marked the beginning of a new and pregnant era in Bavarian building. Gärtner's earliest work, the Ludwigskirche, had already pointed out a possible development of Bavarian architecture along purely German lines. Going back of all foreign influences, the Italian forms of the Renaissance and the late medieval Gothic which was French in its origin and genius, Gärtner sought his inspiration in the earlier and essentially German churches of Speyer, Worms, and Mainz, in the round arch and the perspective of clustering masses, rather than the pointed arch and the perspective of vanishing vistas belonging to a later time. But Ludwig's architect did no more than imitate forms: he neither mastered them as a medium nor worked freely in their spirit. His great white church is destitute of imagination or feeling, but it pointed the way to a style German both in historical origin and in sturdy solidity.

The Jewish Synagogue near the Lenbachplatz, built in 1884–87 from A. Schmidt's designs, was the earliest of the contemporary building in this neo-German Romanesque. Others followed quickly, notably the Church of St. Anna, by Seidl. This is the most beautiful parish church in Munich, and should be seen by every visitor. It is situated in the midst of a confused network of streets north of the Maximilianstrasse, and may most easily be reached by passing under the arch of the long Administration Building at the north side of that street. The architect of the Anna-kirche has mastered the new idiom, thinks in its terms, expresses himself with perfect freedom through its medium. As in the work of the best periods, form and idea are so completely

fused that one learns with surprise the modern date of the church. Nothing in Munich is more intrinsically beautiful than the exterior of the east end of this church, with clustering chapels and turrets rising to the colonnade of the cupola over the crossing, than the square west tower, massive yet graceful, with truncated corners and aerial galleries. Strictures may be made against the separation of the choir and west front by a long, bare nave, and the yet unfinished interior chills the enthusiasm aroused by the exterior. Nevertheless, the Annakirche, establishing a new note in German church building, is one of the few modern works which may be classed with good medieval building. Soidl's brother architects were not slow in following in his paths, and the Bennokirche in the north-west quarter of the city, and the Maximilianskirche by the upper reach of the Isar are interesting examples of the new school of church building. Other contemporary churches, the Protestant Lukaskirche and the Pauluskirche near the Bavaria Ring, in the traditional Pointed style, are measurably less successful. Where they depart from conventional lines they fall either into extravagance or fantasticism. The Middle Ages said the last word upon Gothic construction, and exhausted all its possible combinations : the German Romanesque which it suddenly displaced was arrested in the midst of its development, its resources not realised nor its possibilities fully explored. In this still unexhausted treasury the modern builders of Munich have found both material and inspiration, things old and new.

Yet another arrested architectural development offered a rich field for the genius of Gabriel von

Seidl: the short-lived secular style of the early German Renaissance, which produced such masterpieces as the Münzhof in Munich and the Otto-Heinrich-Bau at Heidelberg, only to disappear before the wave of Late Italian and baroque forms which flooded Germany in the seventeenth century. Here was another national German style with unexplored possibilities awaiting the architect of the twentieth century. Seidl had already shown his mastery over the better forms of the Italian Reaaissance in the villa which he built for the painter Lenbach, immediately without the Propylæa: a luxurious home for the mason's son who became the greatest painter of modern Germany. In the Künstlerhaus (an artist's clubhouse) he turned his attention to that early German Renaissance for which the free cities, Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Rothenburg, offered more material than Munich. In his use of these forms their slight tinge of classic formality disappears, and a picturesque freedom takes its place. Arcaded courts and unexpected outworks give variety to a composition which nevertheless successfully avoids confusion. With an unusual perception of the value of architectural environment, Seidl utilised the fine Romanesque mass of the Jewish Synagogue to relieve and emphasise the picturesque effect of his own structure. The sumptuousness of the great festival hall of the Künstlerhaus reproduces both the form and the spirit of those official splendours with which the burgesses of the German free cities loved to surround themselves.

Meanwhile, the Lenbach villa and the Künstlerhaus were but preparatory studies for Seidl's greatest work, and his opportunity came when

he was commissioned to build the National Museum. Every condition favoured his work: a spacious site upon a broad and noble street looking into the foliage of the English Garden, a rich and suggestive collection of architectural antiquities to incorporate into his structure, and the consciousness of a keenly national artistic sense at his back. He rose nobly to the opportunity. The Bavarian National Museum, quite apart from the treasures it contains, is a national monument in itself, a worthy embodiment of the dreams of Ludwig I., a complete justification of the schools he founded and the efforts he expended for the development of an art at once German and Bavarian.

Like the Residenz, the National Museum is an irregular group of buildings rather than a single edifice, and the designer's genius is shown by the picturesque composition which gives unity to the whole. Walled gardens, courtyards, and arcades join the component parts and establish for the group a romantic character, accentuated by medieval turrets and grotesque sculpture. The keynote is set by the façade of the central building, which is a free yet faithful version of Early German Renaissance, while the broad tower has evident affinity with the clock-tower of the Residenz. In general, the forms of the German Renaissance predominate, although suggestions of other styles indicate the historical character of the museum without detracting from the general harmony. Moreover the interior is treated with ingenious originality. Each room is designed, both in structure and decoration, in accordance with the forms of the period which its contents illustrate: Roman, Romanesque,

Gothic, Early and Late Renaissance, Baroque, and Rococo—all are freely used, and the transitions skilfully harmonised. In many of the historical rooms the ceilings have been inserted intact from buildings of the period represented, and the forms of the rooms adapted to their lines. Yet the National Museum is no archæological study, but essentially original, making use of traditional themes and forms, but always to express the nature of the collection it houses, the builder's own thoughts, and the spirit of our own time. It is at once a treatise upon the history of German architecture and the first monument of modern Munich.

From the National Museum, erected by the State, we pass by way of natural contrast to consider its antitype, the most conspicuous monument of the modern city, the new Rathaus. Designed by George Hauberisser and built by the Municipality, the Rathaus was begun more than twenty years before and completed several years later than the National Museum. It represents the survival of the older tradition of imitative architecture; conceived under the influence of the romanticism of Ludwig II. and the music dramas of Richard Wagner, it embodies the spirit of a generation which awakens little response among the plastic ideals of our own. The Gothic revival of this period was a passing phase of German nationalism, in which Old German and Gothic were regarded as synonymous. The more recent study of this architectural style indicates clearly that its home and inspiration were French rather than German, and the patriotic insight of the neo-German architects has visibly taught us that the Romanesque, driven

from the field of medieval art by the Gothic construction, was more faithfully German both in history and in character. The most cursory comparison of the new Rathaus with every relic of the Gothic period of building in Munich reveals the mistake under which its architect laboured in thinking this flamboyant work of finials, pinnacles, and tracery peculiarly German, much less Bavarian. There is good fifteenth-century Gothic in the neighbourhood of the Marienplatz, but it has nothing in common with the new Rathaus, save the use of the pointed arch. Moreover, the Rathaus does not only fail in its attempt to embody the spirit of the medieval communes ; it is also hopelessly incongruous with its environment. The Greek colonnades of Klenze are hardly less in keeping with the medieval town than the pinnacles of Hauberisser. For five centuries and more the simple tower of St. Peter's had kept watch over the hearth of Old Munich; one hundred years later the twin giants of the Frauenkirche joined in the task. The intolerant mania for baroque and rococo churches passed this neighbourhood without asserting itself too stridently, and the classicism of Ludwig I. left it untouched. It was reserved for our generation, so solicitous for the preservation of the old, to destroy the traditional character of the heart of Old Munich by the erection of a new municipal home out of keeping with its environment in material, in colour, in style, and in spirit. And long before its completion, the more discreet among the art-loving burghers of Munich began to realise that they had done their city a dubious service, that the New Rathaus harmonised neither with its environ-



MARIENPLATZ AND NEW RATHAUS.

Photograph by Neue Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.

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ment nor with the healthier tendencies of contemporary art.

Touching the intrinsic beauty of the building, opinions differ. It has the soaring lines, the bold thrust into the air, the perspective of buttress, arch, and pinnacle which never fail to enkindle the romantic temperament. Upon those whose enthusiasm for Gothic lines is tempered by an appreciation of different styles, the New Rathaus fails to effect an impression of dignity, of sincerity. They feel that the luxuriant ornamentation is carried to excess, that the detail is executed without the free grace of the medieval work, that it suggests a piece of operatic scenery transferred bodily from the theatre. Whatever one's impression of the building itself, there can be no question that it is misplaced, incongruous with its environment. These new conspicuous splendours completely overshadow the old landmarks in the heart of the medieval town. And, finally, the architectural forms employed do not represent a logical development from the forms of Munich's honourable past. Such a legitimate evolution of these as the National Museum presents might stand upon the Marienplatz without grating upon our sense for historical or architectural fitness. The New Rathaus, like the cosmopolitan baroque of the Palace of Justice, is a reactive aberration from the paths of German architectural progress. And the fact that the newer builders are following the lines laid down by Seidl in the National Museum and the Annakirche speaks as well for their artistic discretion as for the future of the streets of Munich.

For the National Museum and the Annakirche are only the most signal of many works of the

school of neo-German architecture. The new Hofbräuhaus and the interior of the Schauspielhaus, both designed by Heilmann and Littmann, the great halls of the breweries (beer-cellars they are called, regardless of the fact that they are well above the ground), and the Exhibition Buildings erected in 1908, illustrate the free use of old German themes in a modern spirit. A cognate path is struck out by the Chamber of Commerce (Neue Börse) in the Maximiliansplatz, by Thiersch, the Protestant Church of the Redeemer (Erlöserkirche) in Schwabing and the schoolhouses in Haimhauserstrasse and Elizabethplatz, designed by T. Fischer, which present a new and interesting type of exterior decoration by the use of colour and stucco figures in relief. All these buildings are expressions of a common tendency toward a national spirit in architecture. Rejecting all foreign influences—French, Italian, and cosmopolitan—the designers of this school seek a medium of expression in those forms of the past which are most characteristic of German life, handling the traditional motives freely and attempting to recapture the spirit rather than the letter of the older style. They have realised the value of sincerity, and consistently avoided the faults which mar the architecture of the era of Ludwig I. They treat brick as brick, stucco as stucco; when stone or marble are used they are honestly used, and not as a shell masking a baser medium. This tendency in Munich art is but one stream in a general movement of contemporary life toward directness, unpretentiousness, and simplicity. It is a German counterpart of the school of decorative art in England and America associated with the name of William

Morris, and working through the societies of arts and crafts. But in Germany, and particularly in Munich, this spirit has influenced public architecture far more thoroughly than in England or America; a self-conscious nationalism is more consistently developed among modern Germans, and her national past has supplied German designers with those forms and traditions in which England and America are far from rich.

Upon the other hand, the domestic architecture of Germany is poor both in historical models and in adaptability to practical needs. The dwelling-houses of Munich are necessarily, as upon the Continent in general, far inferior to her public buildings. Human ingenuity has yet to solve the problem of making the modern apartment-house a thing of beauty. The modern suburban villa, however, has offered a field new to the architects of a people whose country houses have been hitherto mainly castles or farmhouses. With virtually no precedents or traditions, the neo-German architects are feeling their way in this problem, using the forms of the old Bavarian peasant houses for the more pretentious homes of the middle class, or tempering German Renaissance themes to the modest proportion of a family dwelling. A dignified and graceful example of the latter type is offered by the dwelling-house at No. 3, Georgenstrasse; and the residence of Professor Emanuel von Seidl, No. 10, Bavaria Ring, possesses the interest which always attaches to the homes which great architects build for themselves.

Many of the newer buildings, however, follow neo-classic lines in the same spirit of freedom, but with less satisfactory results. Two public edifices

designed by Littmann, the Schack Gallery and the Prinzregententheater—which as a home of the national German drama might more fitly have exemplified a German architectural style—make use of the ancient forms of pediment, pilaster, and columnar portico. The villa of the painter Stuck, in the outer Prinzregentenstrasse, companion piece of the Lenbach villa as the luxurious home of a popular artist, was designed and carried out in all its sculptural detail after Roman models. This house imposes itself upon our attention by its bold lines and restrained strength; it is a new solution of the old problem of satisfying both æsthetic and practical demands.

But the most salient feature in the development of Munich under the Regency is seen in the open spaces of the city. The parks and gardens were for the most part laid out in older times; their embellishment belongs rather to our own period. The gardens which border upon the east bank of the Isar have been extended and beautified by lavish appropriations of land and by the exercise of impeccable taste. The five stone bridges are each graceful in design and ornament. Fountains have sprung up to refresh the ear as well as the eye, and to display the talents of Munich's foremost sculptors. The colossal stone groups which Adolf von Hildebrand designed for the Wittelsbach Fountain on the Maximiliansplatz are precisely what aquatic sculpture should be: massive, emblematic of elemental forces, bold and rapid in movement, as gods who preside over the gushing forth of mighty waters. The Fountain of St. Hubert in the formal garden before the National Museum, also by Hildebrand, figures a quieter theme, closely associated in Bavarian tradition

with the Wittelsbach House of hunters. Surmounting the graceful stone pavilion is the bronze figure of the hunter-saint; within, erect in the midst of a marble basin of limpid water, stands a bronze stag, a cross between his antlers.

This Fountain of St. Hubert, unveiled in 1908, is the latest monument of Munich. With the courtly flattery of its theme it adds the last touch of a dignified art to the street identified by name and origin with the venerable Prince Regent Luitpold. Few streets possess an individual character more distinctly defined, or a charm more readily felt. It is spacious, dignified, and—if for the sake of the connotation the term may be permitted—princely. At one end the vista is closed by the classical palace of the Regent's uncle, Prince Karl; at the other by the fountain and formal gardens surmounted by the single column of the Peace Monument, erected at the close of the war which unified Germany and called Bavaria to sacrifice her independence for the good of the German fatherland. The broad meadows of the English Garden, rich with the scent of lilacs in the spring and picturesque with haymakers in the summer, the rushing green brooks and stately trees, sing their song of nature; the red-roofed turrets, walls and courts of the National Museum tell their story of Bavaria's long and troubled past. Country and city, nature and art, are here at one with one another. Prince and beggar pass; soldiers march to their drill; visitors of many lands and tongues drive by; the pleasant humour of the people reigns. This new Munich, grounded in an honourable past is theirs; her future is in their hands.

ART

CHAPTER XII

THE BAVARIAN NATIONAL MUSEUM

The National Museum was founded by King Maximilian II., in 1853–55, to be an honourable memorial of Bavaria's past and an instrument of education for her future people. Few foundations of princes have deserved so well of their subjects, and few have proved so fertile in subsequent growth. The kernel of the collection was that portion of the Wittelsbach cabinet of antiquities which bore upon the past history of Bavaria. To this Maximilian added objects of artistic and historical interest from the Residenz, Schleissheim, and other royal castles; the cities of Bavaria and many corporations contributed freely from their store of antiquities; a number of public spirited individuals gave generous financial support to the popular institution, bequeathed or loaned it their treasures; and the State zealously furthered its progress by the purchase of many minor collections.

First housed in a portion of the Herzog-Maxburg, the foundation soon outgrew these quarters, and the King, justly proud of this child of his solicitude, commissioned the erection of a new museum in the street which bears his name. Three

years after Maximilian's death the collection was transferred to its new home, the Gothic structure whose long and monotonous façade forms the south side of the Forum in the Maximilian-strasse, and now serves as temporary quarters for the Deutsches Museum. But the new building in its turn soon proved as cramped and inadequate as its predecessor, and finally the State of Bavaria assumed the patriotic task of providing a building which should at once prove adequate to any possible demand for space, and worthily express the national self-consciousness of her people. In honour of the governing Prince of the Wittelsbach House, and in recognition of his services both to his country and to the arts, the Government designated for the site of the new museum the street which bears his venerated title as its name; and in 1900 the Prince Regent Luitpold formally reopened to the public the institution which his brother had founded nearly half a century earlier.

The notable beauty of Gabriel von Seidl's design and its significance for German architecture have already been touched upon. The variety and scope of the museum are figured by its architecture: it is an outward and visible symbol of the national life. If it be said that after a thousand years of struggle toward this end the Bavarian people have finally failed in the attempt to win recognition as a nation, we may rejoin that their history discloses almost every characteristic of distinct nationality, save the numbers and the physical power to enforce their racial self-consciousness upon the political map of Europe. The contents of the National Museum witness this fact both by their homo-

geneity of development and their scope. It is the history of a distinct idiosyncratic culture which they tell, and they tell it with a fulness of detail which leaves little to be desired. Among conditions which seem destined slowly and peacefully to merge Bavarian particularism into the larger whole of Imperial Germany, the National Museum stands as a permanent witness to a characteristic national civilisation in Bavaria's past.

The scope of the museum involves a division into two departments: the general collection of antiquities, illustrating the history of Bavarian culture from its beginnings down to the present day, and the classified collections dealing with various industrial arts. Supplementary to these are several smaller collections which do not fall under either of these general divisions. It is obviously impossible to describe or enumerate here the vast treasures of the National Museum: even to indicate the more noteworthy would be a vain task. The museum contains more than one hundred rooms filled with objects of art and industry whose number reaches far into the thousands, and requires a catalogue comprising eleven volumes. The most general appeal is presented by the Historical Collection, in which each room is a chapter in the history of Bavarian culture; indeed, the collection is best viewed as an objective running commentary upon Bavarian history. The visitor who has no special end to pursue is strongly urged to yield himself to the avowed historical purpose of this arrangement; not to attempt a search for the more noteworthy objects, but rather to gain a clear impression of the conditions which surrounded

Bavarian life in each successive period. The last edition of Baedeker's Handbook for Southern Germany contains an excellent critical summary of the contents of each room, which serves to answer questions of detail which arise. The following pages attempt rather to characterise the various phases of culture in Bavarian history, as they are illustrated and illuminated by the objects shown in the corresponding rooms.

The Historical Collection is contained in the forty-eight rooms upon the ground-floor and the five outdoor courts, which are open to the public during the summer months.

As we traverse the rooms we see unfolded a panorama of Bavarian life, from the Later Stone Age to the death of Ludwig II. Each room successively presents to us the picture of a period or a single aspect of the period. Architecture, ceiling, pavement, mural decoration, and window-glass are no less a necessary part of this picture than the works of art and the furniture. The ceilings especially are remarkable. Taken intact from palaces and other buildings of every period in German architecture between the middle of the fifteenth and the end of the eighteenth century, they afford a unique survey of the development of interior decoration. In one room is displayed the ecclesiastical life, in another the domestic, in yet another the municipal: in each it is the impression of the whole which the visitor does well to seek, rather than to overburden his memory with the impossible task of retaining countless details. With this end in view, let us begin the circuit of the rooms, an undertaking which will hardly be accomplished in less than two hours.

Room 1, entered at the right of the short flight of stairs opposite the main entrance, possesses a purely archæological interest. The few relics of prehistoric ages, reaching far back into the second millennium B.C., suffice to remind us of a time when the forests and lake shores of Bavaria were inhabited first by nameless barbarians of the Later Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, and finally by Celtic tribes. The so-called Golden Haut of Schifferstadt, in the glass case in the centre, recalls the gold found in the Mycenæan tombs of almost the same period, and was probably an object connected with primitive religious worship. The second room, devoted to the Roman antiquities found on Bavarian soil, is separated from the first only by a colonnade. Here the vaulting and the mosaic pavement of a Roman bath found at Westerhofen, beautiful in design and execution and unusually well preserved, impress upon us the magnificent luxury maintained by the Romans in a remote province soon to be abandoned to the barbarous ancestors of the Bavarians. The milestones recall the net of military roads which covered Bavaria; while the anvils and other gear of a smithy found at Grünwald, where one of these roads crossed the Isar, conjure up a vision of mounted legionaries and charioteers on their long journey from Verona to Augusta Vindelicorum, pausing at the river station to have their horses shod or their chariots repaired.

In room 3 the splendour of Rome gives way to the first relics of the Bajuvarii, few in number and almost as primitive in character as those of prehistoric times. Weapons, pottery, and ornaments make up the tale. In the glass case are

objects found in the double grave at Wittislingen on the Danube, 700 A.D. Upon them is a clasp (fibula) of silver, partly enamelled and partly inlaid with gold and precious stones, bearing a Latin inscription on the back, which tells us that 'Prince Uffila had ordered the clasp in obedience to the dying wish of his wife, and had worn it in her memory.'

Room 4 takes us forward to the epoch of Charles the Great and the incorporation of Bavaria into the Holy Roman Empire. The round chamber suggests the chapter-house of a cloister or cathedral, the architectural details studied from early Romanesque buildings in Augsburg and Regensburg. The exclusively ecclesiastical character of its contents indicates how completely in those dark ages men's thoughts and lives were filled by the Church, the only home of culture and source of light. Room 5 is devoted to religious sculpture of the Romanesque period. The chapel at the farther end is imitated from the Church of St. Paul at Worms in the Palatinate, a great centre of Romanesque building, and presents the architecture of the epoch in characteristic form. It was a period of gloom and barbarism in that southern region of the Empire which had been wasted by the Magyars; and in the development of Romanesque art Bavaria played but a minor part.

Room 6 shows the beginning of Gothic painting and sculpture, continued in room 7, which contains interesting relics of the reign of the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, the benefactor of Munich. A quaint coloured relief from the Chapel of St. Lawrence in the Alte Hof, which

stood until 1815, represents the foundation of the chapel by the Emperor, whose portrait is attempted. In these rooms the arts appear as exclusively devoted to the Church, and we obtain no picture of the common ways of life. Room 8 reveals the full bloom of Gothic religious art in the latter half of the fifteenth century, in painting, glass, and sculpture. In this period the town life of Germany reached its zenith, and the civic feeling expressed itself in the erection and embellishment of citizen churches. The cathedral church was the hearth of the city's life; secular building was comparatively neglected, and we know from contemporary notices that the aisles of the churches served as meeting-places for the transaction of business. But the small house-altar before the window in this room is significant of a new development: the decorative arts are beginning to make themselves felt outside the sphere of the church, and to enter the homes of the wealthy burgesses and nobles.

Room 9 shows another aspect of the later medieval life—the industrial guild. The elaborate houses of the Flemish guilds in the Grande Place in Brussels are familiar to most travellers; here is seen the official room of the House of the Weavers at Augsburg, the door, vaulted ceiling, and wall decoration of wood, painted, with refreshing humour, by Peter Kaltnhoff in 1457. The paintings amply reward detailed study. About the year 1500 the old German town life came to its full flower. As the power of the Empire waned the wealth and influence of the free cities waxed, until the Emperors themselves became dependent upon the aid of the cities in

all their enterprises. The Guild of the Weavers was especially important in Augsburg: from its membership sprang the Fugger family, who, before becoming the wealthiest bankers in Europe, and finally princes of the Empire, must have transacted their business in this room. Here we observe for the first time a relaxation of the austere ecclesiasticism of the Middle Ages; it is evident that the weavers who congregated in their guild house lived a joyful life and cared for its comforts and cheerful solaces, their imaginations and sense of humour jogged by the paintings over their heads. The long night was well nigh past, the dawn of the Renaissance, already flooding Italy, was beginning to break over the mountains which had kept the culture of Germany at least a century behind Italian civilisation.

The ten rooms following afford a rich and comprehensive view of this period of Gothic life and art, which persisted among the German cities, despite the new light across the Alps, until the fires of the Reformation broke out in the middle of the sixteenth century. Rooms 10–13 are a series of pictures in which the Church, the home, and the civil life are blended: paintings, wood-carving, and glass, in which through the old forms a growing consciousness of the beauty and variety of the outward world makes itself felt; household furniture and wrought ironwork which betray the sudden increase of domestic luxury; wooden ceilings and other decorations of elaborate beauty from buildings of an official or civic character.

Room 14 contains a fresco painted upon the interior of the Alte Hof by order of Duke

Sigmund in 1465. The figures represent personages whom tradition accounted as ancestors of the House of Wittelsbach, among them Charles the Great.

Room 15 is neither more nor less than a complete Gothic church filled with ecclesiastical objects in their proper places. There is no medieval church in Christendom which has not been robbed of its portable treasures by Reformation, revolution, or riot; the abundant wealth of paintings, reliquaries, altar statues and other works of art in this antiquarian church remind us of the riches with which the child-like piety of the age adorned its sanctuaries. How close the churches were to the lives of the people is here illustrated by the procession-poles of the Fishermen's Guild of Ingolstadt; how materialistic their religion by the wooden ass (Palm Esel) dragged through the streets upon Palm Sunday. Room 16 displays both the popularity of wood-carving in a country possessed of little marble but abundance of wood, and the perfection to which it attained in the work of the Würzburger, Tilman Riemenschneider. Room 17 contains frescoes from the Lebling house in the Prannerstrasse, preserving for our study an essential detail of decoration in the houses of the burgesses of the sixteenth century. In rooms 18–19 more religious art completes the picture of the late Gothic period.

Gothic Germany was terminated by the wars of religion which broke out in the trail of the Reformation and devastated the land for two hundred years. These wars separated medieval from Renaissance art, and the National Museum felicitously emphasises the breach by interposing an armoury—rooms 20 and 21—before the

apartments devoted to the Renaissance. Arms and armour of a period extending from the Middle Ages to the nineteenth century are exhibited. The small breech-loading cannon of Gustavus Adolphus calls to mind the Swedish occupation of Munich in 1632, and the sword which the First Napoleon wore at the capitulation of Ulm and presented to the Crown Prince Ludwig, explains how this ancient Swabian city became Bavarian.

From arms we return to the man in room 22. The High Renaissance has taken full possession, and the transformation is complete; absolutism reigns in the State, the Catholic Reformation in religion, Court painters and sculptors in the world of art. The Church, essentially a democratic institution in the older time, has fallen into the background, and the palaces of princes, decorated by artists imported from Italy, take its place. In the twenty-six rooms that remain, but two are devoted to religious art. Portraits of the electoral family take the place of altar-pieces; curio cabinets of reliquaries; carved, inlaid, and gilded furniture of sculptured saints. The Bavarian people are lost to sight among these relics of the sumptuous splendour with which the princes surrounded themselves. Rooms 22–28 are filled with furniture, cabinets, pictures, and hangings, medallioned and gilded walls, ceilings and casements in high relief—all that the lavish extravagant taste of the High Renaissance could suggest to denote the richness and exuberance of life. The grave and sensitive love for nature, the devout, childlike, and withal humorous attitude toward life which belonged to the Gothic period had indeed been born anew! Nature had become only a

decorative accessory, rendered under highly artificial forms, to the scope, the luxury, even the parade, of a life which strained and panted to express itself. This note of effort in Renaissance art was emphasised in its German developments, since in the northern land its birth was out of due time. The style, imported at last over the mountain barriers from Italy, had already lost the delicate grace of its earlier forms as we see them in the north Italian cities, while Germany was wrangling over justification by faith. The garish high noon of the Renaissance had struck when it entered Bavaria, and the two centuries during which it persisted, until baroque passed over into rococo, witnessed an increasing deterioration in taste and imagination. Yet, while admitting its obvious defects—its artificiality, over elaboration, self-consciousness, and insincerity—a catholic taste finds much to enjoy, even to admire, in the Late Renaissance and baroque forms illustrated in these rooms. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life are here displayed, yet with a spontaneous enthusiasm, a contagious energy, which awakens some chord of sympathy in us, who, for all our predilection in favour of medieval life and art, are after all but children of that new and unforgettable birth.

Room 22 is crowned by the magnificent ceiling from the Schloss of Albrecht V. at Dachau, the wood still fragrant after three centuries. Rich tapestries from Brussels, a fireplace of red marble from Dachau, bronzes by the Fischers of Nuremberg, sculpture from many schools, painted glass and costly articles of vertu, lend this hall a stately splendour unequalled by any room in the Museum.

Room 23 illustrates the Italian influence upon the Renaissance in Bavaria: a Mantuan ceiling of great beauty, a Venetian fireplace, reliefs by the della Robbias, majolica vessels from Urbino, a chest of Florentine design, mosaics and scagliola work—all emphasise the transalpine taste of Albrecht V. The four rooms following, 24–27, are devoted to the same decorative art of an Italianate Court, with many details of domestic life.

Room 28 belongs to the great Elector Maximilian I., during whose long reign the Renaissance forms began noticeably to deteriorate. As a personal as well as dynastic characteristic we should note the objects in ivory, carved by the Elector's own hand. But Maximilian I. was a constructive statesman, warrior, and builder, who delighted in grand and monumental enterprises; the lesser decoration and adornment of this room give no evidence of his large designs and imperial ideals. The Residenz is his monument in Munich; the bronze statuary of the streets and public places, and the Dürers in of the Pinakothek bear witness to his solicitude for the companion arts.

Room 29 brings Italian influence again to the fore, in the person of the Savoyard wife of Ferdinand Maria, Henrietta Adelaide, who introduced the baroque style, built the Theatinerkirche, and decorated the Residenz. Her portrait, ascribed to Kneller, and the room in which it is placed, reveal much of the character of the princess who disdained her adopted country and its people, and strove to create in her northern home the sumptuous surroundings from which she was banished. The face of the portrait, painted, we may guess, with a humorous apprecia-

tion of the subject's character, has the poise of conscious superiority, and a comfortable contempt for those less favoured in culture and birth. And the woman's hand appearing for the first and last time in the outward history of Munich spent lavishly, as if to make the most of the opportunity denied her sister princesses. The subsequent mistresses of Henrietta Adelaide's apartments in the Residenz must have been as definitely aware of her power and personality as were the successors of Pope Alexander VI. in the Appartamenti Borgia. The amazing baroque ceiling frames with its carved and gilded figures portraits of those children of the Electoress whose birth was so long and so anxiously awaited; over the ornately beautiful doorways are her initials combined with those of her husband, Ferdinand Maria. Designed and carried out by the artists whom she had summoned from her native city, these rooms helped the Savoyard exile to forget the barbarism of the despised "Tedeschi"; only in the decoration of the next apartment, far less gorgeous and extravagant, are the walls and doorways painted with the blue of her adopted country, decorated with a rich gold design, and ornamented with the cipher FM—HA.

The same style prevails in the next three rooms, the last, 32, a small baroque chapel with a contemporary copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, paintings by Peter Candid, and other characteristic decorations. Steps lead from the chapel to the rococo garden, in court No. 7.

Rooms 33 and 34 mark the age of the ambitious but unfortunate Max Emanuel, who built an imperial château at Schleissheim, but failed to

secure his election as Emperor. The son of Henrietta Adelaide inherited from his mother no tendency toward modesty or self-effacement. The humorous vanity of the "man who would be king" flaunts itself in the last excesses of the baroque style. Oiled and curled in all the pomp of eighteenth-century wig and ruffles, the figure of the princely egotist greets us on every side, in marble, bronze, and paint; on horseback, dressed for the saloons at Schleissheim, as the conqueror of the Turk. The next room recalls his youthful prowess at the storming of Belgrade by the trophies, exotic weapons, and other booty taken from the hosts of Islam. The beginning of the scientific awakening is declared by the globes and other instruments.

The transition to rococo decoration makes its appearance in the cabinet of miniatures in room 35. The times had grown weary of baroque extravagance and turned gladly to the light and graceful French forms, so happily introduced into Munich by the genius of Cuvilliés. Rooms 36 and 37 are decorated in his manner, with fragments inserted from palaces of contemporary nobles. Rooms 38 and 39 memorialise the foundation of the Academy of Sciences in the reign of the Elector Maximilian III Joseph, with the charming bookcases from its library. Room 40, transferred to the Museum intact from Landshut, takes us into the room of a country inn reserved for distinguished guests, where the courtly gentlemen and ladies of the eighteenth century took their ease while journeying between Munich and the North. Room 41 is devoted to the carving and cabinet-making in ivory, which was a favourite art with the Wittelsbach princes. Room

42 contains a number of wooden models of Bavarian cities, constructed for the Museum of Albrecht V. in 1558–73. The model of 1570 is of great interest and value to the student of the history of Munich. The next three rooms illustrate phases of the later eighteenth century: room 46, the period of Max Joseph, decorated in the Empire style, and displaying the gifts of Napoleon to the King he created. The last two rooms contain memorials and furniture from the reigns of Ludwig I., Maximilian II., and Ludwig II. In room 48 is shown the model for the Festival Theatre which Ludwig II. planned to build for Richard Wagner on the heights of the Isar between the Maximilianéum and the present Luitpold bridge. The autograph score of Wagner's early opera, "Das Liebesverbot," with the composer's dedication to his boyish patron, will interest those visitors to Munich for whom the city is preeminently the capital of the unhappy monarch and the home of the music of Richard Wagner.

The passage through the forty-eight rooms which set forth the history of Bavarian culture, brings the visitor back to his starting-point opposite the entrance to the Museum. There remain: (1) the outdoor courts; (2) the collection of peasant furniture, instruments of torture, and other miscellany in the basement; (3) the collections of the industrial arts upon the first floor; and (4) the remarkable collection of Krippen (representations of the Nativity) upon the upper floor of the west wing.

Of the nine courts but five are accessible. Upon warm summer days they offer a pleasant retreat for visitors whose eyes are jaded and feet weary from many sights and steps: together with the

restaurant in the basement they make it possible to spend the entire day in the Museum with pleasure as well as profit. The first court, entered through a door at the right of the vestibule, contains a few Roman antiquities. The red monolith, popularly known as the Huns' column, is one of fourteen which formerly stood in a forest near Miltenberg. Their origin and purpose are completely obscure, and scholars merely surmise that they belonged to a Roman temple or palace which was left uncompleted when the Romans were forced to withdraw over the Alps. In the passage from the first to the second court are fragments of Gothic sculpture from Würzburg, Bamberg, and Landshut. The second court contains mortuary sculpture, notably a memorial column erected by Duke Albrecht IV. in 1480 in the cemetery of Our Lady, which lay between the Frauenkirche and the Salvatorkirche. The third court has fragments from the Church of St. Sebald in Nuremberg. The fourth court, upon the other side of the entrance hall, is adorned by sculptures of the Renaissance period, among others a colossal bronze group of Mars, Venus, and Cupid, cast for Count Hans Fugger of Augsburg in 1584–89. The fifth, sixth, eighth and ninth courts are not at present accessible. The seventh, a charming rococo garden, is reached from the baroque chapel, room 32.

The Bauernstuben (peasant rooms), in the basement at the left, display various types of furniture and household gear from the Bavarian Highlands, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They offer an interesting contrast to the more luxurious but less comfortable rooms of the princes and aristocracy of the same period. The

other rooms in the basement are of minor importance.

The first floor of the Museum is devoted to the special collections of various industrial arts, all of great value and many of general interest, but falling without the scope of this book. Only three rooms, 70, 75, and 78, appeal to the general historical sense, and might with more reason have found place among the historical rooms of the ground-floor. Room 70 is a copy of the Hall of the Knights in the Wittelsbach castle at Trausnitz near Landshut, illustrating, not indeed the Gothic ages of knightly chivalry, but the self-conscious imitation of its forms in the middle of the sixteenth century. Room 75, the Hall of the Hunters, illustrates in great detail the history of the chase, a pastime peculiarly proper to Bavaria and the House of Wittelsbach, still pursued to such an extent that in the markets of Munich game may usually be bought at lower prices than the products of the farmyard and pasture. Room 78 is a turret chamber in the style of the former Residenz of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, fitted up as the common-room of a medieval guild and filled with the insignia and gear of those labour unions of the Middle Ages which were so prominent a factor in the old municipal life.

Upon the upper floor, reached by such devious ways that the visitor is merely counselled to follow the signs with the inscription "Krippen-sammlung," is the department of the Museum which attracts every sightseer, irrespective of age, degree, personal idiosyncrasy, and race. Nowhere in Christendom is the festival of Christmas more heartily and happily commemorated than

in Bavaria, and the most picturesque feature of the commemoration is the Krippe. This word (*crêche* in French, *presepe* in Italian) has no equivalent in English, because the institution unfortunately does not exist among Anglo-Saxons. Literally a "manger," it denotes a representation of the Nativity by figures of wax, wood, or plaster, arranged with such scriptural accessories and background as the taste of the maker may suggest. The churches and many of the households of Munich have each their Krippe. While some are rude and primitive, others are exquisitely carved in wood or modelled in wax, and arranged with artistic skill along lines well established by tradition. Their greatest interest lies in the fact that they are essentially an art of the people. The more elaborate examples in the National Museum were doubtless designed by professional artists, but for the most part they have the simplicity and *naïveté* of popular imagination. The Christmas Krippe is not peculiarly a Bavarian institution. In France and Italy, as well as the Austrian Tyrol, the custom has long been faithfully practised. In Naples especially the *presepe* was carried to a degree of elaboration which takes it out of the sphere of popular art; and it is probably in Bavaria and Tyrol that the Krippe most faithfully expresses the traditional devotion of the people.

The collection of Krippen in the National Museum was the gift of a public-spirited citizen of Munich, Herr Max Schmederer. Its charm is much enhanced by ingenious arrangement and lighting. The first two cabinets contain examples from Tyrol, the four following illustrate Munich work of different periods, while the last six dis-

play Neapolitan work, mainly of the sixteenth century. To specify them in detail is unnecessary: they speak for themselves, and their impersonal anonymity is characteristic of an art which is the expression of a popular tradition and a collective faith.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GLYPTOTHEK

When Ludwig I. came to the throne of Bavaria in 1825, he had long been a familiar figure among the artists and antiquarians of Rome. At his first visit, while hardly more than a boy, he began the collection of classical antiquities. It was an era of undiscriminating enthusiasm for Greek and Roman culture, fired by the publication at the end of the eighteenth century of Goethe's "Italian Journey" and "Roman Elegies." "All the world cried with Mignon, Dahin! Dahin! Rome was crowded with German artists, whose society the Crown Prince of Bavaria eagerly sought. In this episode of German culture, Goethe and Winckelmann were cicerones, Ludwig I. the Mæcenas" (Chantavoine). During Ludwig's enforced absences from Rome, the Bavarian Ambassador at the Papal Court served as his intermediary; but after 1810 the painter and sculptor, Martin Wagner, became the Prince's accredited agent for the purchase of classical antiquities and other works of art, and the collection which Ludwig gradually accumulated represented Wagner's taste and indefatigability as well as his master's. To his efforts Ludwig owed the two chief works in the Glyptothek, the Barberini Faun and the Æginetan

fragments, secured after interminable delays and vicissitudes of fortune. Excavations were carried on under Wagner's direction at Athens, Thebes, Ithaca, and Melos, and the collection soon reached proportions which led Ludwig to begin his building activity by the erection, in 1816, of the museum designed by Klenze for the Crown Prince's private gallery, and named Glyptothek (Repository of Sculpture). In 1830, on the completion of the building, it was presented by the King, together with its contents, to the Bavarian State. The collection has grown but little since the day its founder came to the throne, and the march of modern archæology has left it in the rear, embodying the taste and science of the Napoleonic era rather than of the twentieth century, the ideals of Winckelmann rather than Dörpfeld.

The Glyptothek has been fortunate in its director, Professor Adolf Furtwängler, one of the acknowledged masters of archæological science, whose untimely death, in 1908, while pursuing his researches in Greece, was a sacrifice to the pestilence which broods over the sites of her dead cities. To his hand we owe the excellent, concise, and abundantly illustrated catalogue of the Glyptothek, which contributes materially to an adequate appreciation of its contents.

Furtwängler was the chief exponent of the theory that a more just conception of Greek sculpture may be gained by the copies, often from Roman hands, of famous masterpieces of the great sculptors, than from the fragmentary originals of the fifth and fourth centuries which modern archæology has recovered by pick and spade. These latter, he contends, are for the most part the work of sculptors of the second class, and do not fairly

represent the genius of Phidias, Scopas, Myron, and Praxiteles. The Glyptothek is rich in the copies which Furtwängler commends, and it is possible that this theory, which by no means commands the general assent of competent students, influenced his opinion that "the Munich collection is distinguished above all the other museums of Europe for the general excellence and representative character of its contents." Few students of Greek sculpture will concur in this opinion. Nevertheless the Glyptothek contains several works of conspicuous importance, and, though small, affords an adequate opportunity for a survey of the art in many of its varied epochs and phases.

The building itself is probably Klenze's best as it was his first work. An American man of letters, George Ticknor, who had travelled widely and seen much, sojourned for a time in Munich, when Ludwig's patronage of the arts and the enthusiasm of the public were in their first fresh glow. In a letter of 1836 he has left us an animated account of the artistic activities of the King, interesting as an expression of intelligent contemporary opinion. Of the Glyptothek he wrote: "It is the most beautiful, merely *beautiful*, building I ever saw." Few will agree with this unqualified appreciation, yet the simple dignity of the building and its obvious conformity to the purpose it serves are indisputable. The exterior is marred by the omission of an essential point in a Greek portico: the columns lack either the fluting or the graceful tapering with which the Greeks relieved the severity of their architecture. The interior is carried out with Roman vaulting, and the arrangement is ideally simple. The spacious, half-filled

rooms are in grateful contrast to the overcrowded Pinakotheks, but one regrets the cheap and tawdry attempts at decoration; while the lack of heating and the paucity of windows make the building uncomfortably cold in winter and frequently chilly in summer.

The detached room opposite the entrance holds a few Assyrian sculptures of no particular interest, and may be passed by without regret. The first of the twelve connecting rooms contains a small collection of Egyptian sculpture. The seated figures of a husband and wife (No. 28, at the right of the entrance) have a certain severe beauty, and are interesting as an early attempt, by no means unsuccessful, at individualised portraiture. In the next room, the Hall of the Incunabula, the so-called Apollo of Tenea (47) should be noticed—not indeed for any intrinsic beauty, but as a good example of that archaic type which bore most strongly upon the subsequent development of the art. These stiff, grotesque figures which stood watch over the tombs of the dead were harbingers of the new life which was to spring from the grave of Mycenæan art, forerunners of the Hermes of Praxiteles and of the marvellous bronze athlete of Polyclitus in Vienna. Like the prehistoric forefathers of the human race, they had within them latent possibilities of development which their competitors of Egypt and Assyria lacked; and the enlightened student may detect signs of this promise in what appears to the unpractised eye the rude product of a barbaric age. The herm of Aphrodite (53*a*), believed to be a copy of a work by Phidias, has a noble dignity when seen in full face.

The next room contains the especial treasure

of the Glyptothek, the figures from the pediments of the temple upon the island of Ægina, which commands the Attic Gulf and was long a sore thorn in the flesh of Athens. Discovered in 1811, under the rubbish accumulated at the base of the temple, and bought from the Æginetans as fragments of old marble for less than forty pounds, they were offered for sale at auction. The story of their final purchase, in which perils from shipwreck, the cannon of corsairs, the plague at Malta, and the rivalry of European Governments all played a part, is one of the curious tales in which the most romantic of sciences abounds. Among the competitors for the possession of these precious fragments were representatives of the French and of the English Governments, the latter with unlimited powers, and Martin Wagner, as the agent of the Crown Prince of Bavaria. It was announced that the sale would take place at Zante, then the commercial centre of Greece, but fear of a pirate raid upon the island induced the owners to ship the precious fragments to Malta, whither they were followed by their would-be purchasers, who naturally assumed that the sculptures would be sold where they were to be seen. The more astute German, not content with assumptions, discovered the intention of the owner to hold the sale as announced, at Zante; and there, in the absence of his rivals, he was able to secure the marbles for six thousand pounds. By this happy stroke of fortune the young Crown Prince of Bavaria came into possession of treasures for which the Governments of two great nations were prepared to offer sums far beyond the private means of the heir to a minor throne. The fragments were subsequently

taken to Rome, where Thorwaldsen was unfortunately commissioned to restore them. He accomplished this task with a technical skill much applauded by his contemporaries, but, as recent researches by the late Professor Furtwängler have shown, with a complete misconception both of the semi-archaic character and of the composition of the groups. It is typical of Bavarian conservatism that, although Thorwaldsen's errors were discovered by the curator of the Glyptothek and the proper grouping established to the general satisfaction of archæologists, the figures remain as Thorwaldsen left them. Furtwängler's plaster models of the correct grouping, coloured in accordance with traditions which are fairly established, are placed in the room for comparison, and easily commend their more judicious arrangement to the eye.

The temple of Ægina was built during the Persian Wars, probably in the decade between the battles of Marathon and Salamis, and recent excavations by Furtwängler prove that it was dedicated, not, as was formerly believed, to Athena, but to a local goddess of the Æginetans, Aphaia by name. The subject of the compositions is still enveloped in obscurity; it may be only assumed that they symbolise the exploits of the Æginetans in the Persian Wars, under the guise of episodes in its legendary prototype, the Trojan War. Only the figures of Athena, in the centre of the west pediment, and Hercules as a bowman upon the east pediment, are identified. The restorations are easily recognisable from their inferiority of workmanship as well as their obvious freshness of material.

By the common consent of scholars these statues

are of great importance, both for their intrinsic beauty and for their place in the evolution of Greek sculpture; yet a close study and some historical knowledge are essential to a just appreciation of their value. They have the "freshness of the early dawn" of their art. The Æginetan school to which they belong had distinct characteristics, although we possess comparatively little information concerning it. It seems to have been occupied chiefly with the nude male figure; the single female figure in these groups is far inferior to the others, and her drapery but ill executed. As is usual in the work of this early period, it is the body and not the face which discloses the development of the art—there is little attempt at facial expression, only the countenance of the dying warrior (No. 85) in the east group betrays emotion. But the bodies are modelled with marvellous skill and perfection, especially in the smaller group from the east pediment, which show a marked advance over the west pediment in style and mastery: compare the fallen warriors in the two groups. Broad shouldered and slim waisted, yet powerful about the loins, these heroes are athletes in perfect training, who remind us that the Æginetans were acclaimed by Greece as the heroes of "unconquered Salamis," men accustomed to the life of the sea, who could climb the masts and handle the sweeps of their galleys, "young, light-hearted masters of the waves." Two main types are recognised in the Greek sculpture of the best period, Peloponnesian and Attic, the former restrained, conventional, and massive, the latter free, original, and graceful. The Æginetan warriors belong to neither school. Their close-knit, muscular bodies show affinity with the

Peloponnesian type, but the daring freedom of their movement is more than Attic. They stand apart from other works of the early fifth century in the violence of their action. Vigour and animation rather than grace and beauty of line are the sculptor's ideals. This sailor folk of athletic Dorian origin, keenly jealous of their Attic neighbours, are well represented by these alert, assertive figures; and all who are sensitive to the beauty of the human body will forget their mask-like faces to rejoice in these flexed muscles and taut sinews, these bones cleanly articulated, and torsos powerfully set upon the loins.

The Hall of Apollo is named for the colossal statue of the god (211), holding a harp in his hand, and clothed in the long, flowing garment worn at the Pythian festivals. This is a copy, fairly executed, of an original, probably from the school of Phidias. "It is doubtful whether there exists another statue which better illustrates the serene majesty of the Phidian temple statues" (Furtwängler). The large vase in this room is Rhodian work of the end of the fifth century; the frieze of Nereids and Victories in low relief has a flowing charm which recalls its island origin. A Headless Girl (213*a*), with garments fluttering in the breeze, is from the beginning of the fourth century. The Artemis (214), of uncertain date, is an unusually original work, departing freely from conventional lines, and marked by a rare grace, both in the management of the light drapery, the head-dress, and in the face, which has the individuality of a portrait.

The Hall of Bacchus contains one of the masterpieces of the Hellenistic epoch, the so-called Barberini Faun, a satyr sprawling in drunken

abandon upon a rocky seat, sunk in deep sleep. An original Greek work of the third or second century, the technical execution fine and sensitive, yet without excess of detail, the Barberini Faun brings us from the high seriousness of the Olympian gods to the period of realism. This, one feels, is nature without ceasing to be art. Perhaps nothing in Greek sculpture is so realistic as the satyr's face: the statue seems to breathe stertorously in drunken sleep, the thick-lipped mouth is open, the nostrils dilated, the eyes heavy, the muscles relaxed. Yet the Greek instinct of restraint keeps this realism from degenerating into mere naturalism. The drowsed face is a thing of beauty, the calm and dignity of sleep are present, despite the purely animal and physiological details. No face was ever carved with more masterly art. As with Terborg's painting of the Boy with the Dog in the Old Pinakothek, the line between nature and art, between the actual and the ideal, seems effaced; the sleep of a healthy young animal drugged with fumes of wine becomes the very realisation of the idea of sleep; whether we view it from the standpoint of nature or of art the work is equally excellent.

The satyr motive dominates this room. Two replicas of the familiar Faun after Praxiteles (228 and 229); Silenus with the Infant Dionysus in his arms (238), the head of a young centaur (222), the sarcophagus (223), with the train of Bacchus and Ariadne, centaurs and satyrs, and lesser works upon the similar themes, for the most part of late Greek origin, all strike the same note.

The next room, the Hall of the Niobids, contains works of various schools and periods, many of them Roman copies of Greek originals. Upon the

wall hangs the Medusa Rondanini (252), which aroused copious expressions of admiration from Goethe, who saw in the mask both classic beauty of feature and chilling horror of expression. The Head of a Child (250*a*), and the Head of a Girl (246) have the rounded charm of good Hellenistic work. The Boy with a Goose (268) is a replica of a noted bronze original of the second century. The torso (270) known as Ilioneus, the youngest son of Niobe, is a copy of a work of the Praxitelean school; the boy seeks to ward off a blow from above. Like other torsos, notably the Belvedere in the Vatican, this headless fragment forces on the spectator an appreciation of the intrinsic beauty of the human body.

The three following rooms at the back of the building are decorated with frescoes of the Trojan War by Cornelius, which the guide-books call upon us to admire: few will respond. The first, the Hall of the Gods, contains mortuary sculptures of the Attic school. The relief of a little girl named Plangon, who holds a doll and a bird in her hand and plays with a goose, charms by its plaintive subject rather than by any conspicuous artistic merit, and the same criticism may be made of the small votive statue of a girl (272*a*). The tomb relief of a young hunter with his dog, similar in theme and workmanship to many reliefs in the Athens Museum, is a good specimen of its kind, conveying successfully an impression of quiet and chastened sadness. These three monuments all date from the fourth century. The two succeeding rooms contain nothing of importance.

The corner room, the Hall of the Heroes, contains several works of secondary interest. In the

doorway is the familiar bust of Demosthenes (242), in the centre (287) a Hermes binding his sandal, whose head and the body do not belong to one another. The head probably came from an Apollo of the epoch of Praxiteles, the body is a copy of a fine work of the fourth century, probably in bronze and by Lysippus. The statue of a god or hero (295) is a good copy of a bronze work of the early Argive school, valuable chiefly to the historian of Greek sculpture. No. 298 is a contemporary portrait statue of Alexander the Great, less interesting as a work of art than as an historical document. Both arms and the right leg are restorations. Furtwängler ascribes the statue to the sculptor of the Belvedere Apollo, other scholars hold it to be a Roman copy. The face has hardly the strength for which we look in a portrait of the great Macedonian, and we shall probably not go far wrong in pronouncing it an example of an idealised type based upon Alexander's features rather than a portrait studied from life.

The Athlete pouring oil from a bottle into his left palm (302) is a copy of a bronze original of the fifth century, probably by Myron. The body is indifferently executed, but the head, especially when viewed at close range in full face, is an extremely beautiful example of the best Attic type. The Statue of Diomedes (304) is a mediocre copy of a fifth century Attic work, the Victory in the left hand a modern substitute for the Palladium, whose base is shown in another copy of the same work (304*a*).

Roman sculpture has interest chiefly for specialists and historians. The long hall devoted to this epoch will probably not detain the visitor

except for a glance at the humorous but repulsive figure of a drunken old woman (437), a copy of a famous Greek bronze of the Pergamese school. It reveals the ignoble end of the realism which we saw restrained and ennobled by art in the Barberini Faun.

The Hall of the Coloured Sculptures is adorned by a Roman mosaic surmounted by a graceful bronze candelabrum of archaic but delicate workmanship. Among other less considerable pieces, it contains two heads in bronze which are among the treasures of the Glyptothek. The head of a young satyr (450), dating from *c.* 300 B.C., radiates irrepressible good humour and the joy of living, without falling into the trap of naturalism; it is less a satyr than a charming boy, merry and roguish, yet neither sensual nor malicious. The head of a youth (457) is probably from the statue of a victor in the games, "a wonderfully beautiful Greek original from the time of Phidias and Polycletus" (Furtwängler). It is indisputably the most beautiful work in the Glyptothek. In nobility and restraint it recalls the bronze Charioteer at Delphi, but it is free from the slight trace of archaism evident in that masterpiece. An adequate illustration of the best period of Attic sculpture, this bronze head sets before us the Greek type of youth in all its radiant physical perfection, untouched by the sadder aspects of life, never again to be realised by a race whose ears have become attuned to the "still, sad music of humanity."

Renaissance sculpture is represented in the Glyptothek by a single terra-cotta bust; and the last room of the building is resigned to modern sculpture, chiefly German. It is a painful transi-

tion from the fragments by which we recapture a glimpse into the plastic vision of the antique world. Triviality in conception, paucity of imagination, an uneasy search after theatrical effect, jar upon eyes which have rested for a space upon the calm beauty of an ordered art. He who values the freshness of his impressions will be glad to leave these discordant echoes of higher themes, and to pass quickly out into the spaciousness and freedom of the Königsplatz.



THE KÖNIGSPLATZ—PROPYLAEA AND GLYPTOTHEK.

Photograph by Reincke.

To face p. 224.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OLD PINAKOTHEK

"It is imperative that the common people be made familiar with the beautiful." These words discover the motive which inspired Ludwig I. to bequeath to his subjects the treasures of art accumulated through many generations by the House of Wittelsbach. The Old Pinakothek, the second step in his process of popular education, is one of the famous art collections of Europe, lending merited renown both to the city of Munich and to the memory of its founder.

The large and dreary building houses three distinct collections, each of great importance. The gallery of paintings and the cabinet of drawings and engravings were heirlooms of the rulers of Bavaria; the collection of Greek vases owes its existence to Ludwig's personal predilection for classic art.

Few persons give themselves the trouble of visiting the drawings or the vases, and any detailed account of either falls without the scope of this book. The cabinet of drawings is rich in works of the greatest masters, which would attract more general interest were the administration of the Pinakothek at greater pains to make them generally accessible. All who have studied the

drawings of the masters know both their intrinsic interest and the light which they shed upon the paintings which they prefigure. This is especially true of Dürer, whose works are a major glory both of the cabinet of drawings and the gallery of paintings. Dürer was draughtsman first, painter second, and some acquaintance with his drawings and engravings is a material help toward a reasonable appreciation of his larger works. The collection of vases is one of the best in existence so far as the better schools of Attic pottery are concerned. Formerly, an interest in Greek vase painting was confined to specialists, but of late the general public has begun to realise not only that this pottery is our best historian of Greek life, but also that it reveals intrinsic beauty and artistic skill which appeal to every observer, however unlettered in classic lore. And the vases of the Pinakothek, like the drawings, have great value both in themselves and as an introduction to the modern art of painting.

The gallery of paintings comprises the best of the collections gathered at various periods by different princes of the House of Wittelsbach. In the middle of the sixteenth century Duke Albrecht V. returned from Italy fired by the collector's enthusiasm, and built the first of the museums of Munich. An inventory taken in 1598 at the commencement of the reign of the great Elector, Maximilian I., mentions two pictures now in the Pinakothek. An enthusiastic admirer of painting, Maximilian added many fine works to the ducal gallery, and made the fortunes of war his excuse for robbing Protestant Nuremberg of the Four Apostles expressly bequeathed by Dürer to his native town. Under Max Emanuel

many canvases by Rubens, van Dyck, the Dutch genre painters and Murillo came into Wittelsbach hands. The collection grew steadily during the eighteenth century, although several works by Dürer and a much-admired Raphael were destroyed by fire in the Residenz in 1729. Before Karl Theodor, the Elector Palatine, succeeded to the duchy, he had established at Mannheim a valuable gallery, chiefly of Dutch pictures, which was transferred to Munich. With the succession of the Counts of Zweibrücken, the contents of another provincial gallery swelled the Munich collection, and the secularisation of many monasteries and churches in 1806 added to the store of altar-pieces. In fear of the depredations of the French the Düsseldorf Gallery, comprising many more works of the Flemish and the Dutch schools, was brought to Munich by the Elector in 1805. During Napoleon's sojourn in Munich, in the next year, the curator of the art collections astutely kept himself and his keys out of the Emperor's way.

Both as Crown Prince and King, Ludwig I. acquired many works of the older Italian schools, and in 1827 purchased the private collection of the brothers Boisserée, culled from the churches and monasteries suppressed at Cologne. Out of this wealth of paintings, gathered from such diverse quarters, Ludwig formed the gallery of the Old Pinakothek. The pictures which he rejected were either distributed among provincial galleries or relegated to the obscurity of Schleissheim; and this process of selection, exercised with much discretion, accounts both for the high average merit of the paintings in the Pinakothek, and for the comparative worthlessness of the collection at

Schleissheim. The Pinakothek has changed little since its original formation, although minor works have been added from time to time by purchase or bequest. The advent of a new director in 1909 was accompanied by a general ransacking of the other State collections, and Augsburg and Schleissheim in particular were obliged to resign several interesting works to the gallery of the capital.

From the foregoing historical sketch it will be rightly inferred that German and Netherlandish pictures predominate in the Pinakothek. Dürer and the lesser German painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Rubens, and the Dutch genre painters, are its chief glories. The primitive Flemings, Rembrandt, van Dyck, the Dutch landscapists, Titian and Tintoretto, are fairly well represented. The other Italians, especially of the pre-Raphaelite period, the Spaniards, the French, and the English, appear to scant advantage. The merits of the Pinakothek do not lie upon the surface; its strength is in schools of painting which do not always command popular appreciation. It possesses comparatively few brilliant, indisputable masterpieces, and the arrangement of rooms is confusing. A first casual acquaintance is apt to create the suspicion that the reputation of the gallery is not wholly deserved. One passes through the mean, insignificant entrance, mounts the shabby staircase with high hopes and generous expectations; pauses a moment in doubt before a closed door, and enters a long series of high and insufficiently lighted rooms, hung with large paintings, for the most part of that impersonal character which makes less appeal to the general sightseer than smaller and more intimate canvases. The

Tribune of the Uffizi, the Salon Carré of the Louvre, or the treasure-rooms of the Dresden Gallery fresh in his mind, he wanders on with cooling enthusiasm until he reaches the end of the building, his anticipations but partially fulfilled; consults his guide-book, and returns through an interminable series of little cabinets, whose contents he is apt to overlook, upon the natural supposition that they contain the less important pictures. Yet many of the most precious treasures of the gallery are to be found in these remote cabinets, where they must patiently be sought.

The Pinakothek is rather a collection of schools of painting than of single notable paintings. It possesses greater value for the student of certain phases of art than for the simple lover of beautiful pictures, and if it is to yield a maximum of profit and pleasure, it should be approached, if not solely from the student's point of view, at least with some regard for its avowed purpose and arrangement. Accordingly, an attempt is made in the following pages so to guide the reader through the pictures of the Old Pinakothek that he may see somewhat into the character of the schools represented, and withal enjoy a greater appreciation of the masterpieces which it contains, noticing those pictures alone which possess either great historical value as examples of their period, or exceptional intrinsic beauty.

The large ante-room contains official portraits of the Wittelsbach princes associated with the history of the collection. The portrait of the Elector Maximilian I. by Nicholas Prugger is the most interesting. The stern, uncompromising leader of the Catholic League, who unloosed the

horrors of the Thirty Years' War in the cause of religion, and carried the Wittelsbach power to a pitch it has never since realised, is set before us with a certain severe dignity conformable to his character. One remembers the Dürers in the adjoining room, so ruthlessly stolen from the Protestant Nurembergers, looks at Maximilian's portrait, and understands. But when we pass into the first two rooms, opposite the entrance, we realise that German Catholics as well as Protestants suffered from the robbery of churches. We see here the spoil of the churches of Cologne, primitive paintings of the Rhenish school, and a few notable Flemish pictures. The first room contains early works, of interest only to specialists; the second room exercises a more general appeal. Upon the west wall (101–103) hangs an Adoration of the Magi, by Rogier van der Weyden, one of the best examples of the early outburst of Flemish painting in the middle of the fifteenth century, embodying medieval religious feeling in terms of an age well on its way towards the mastery of technical difficulties. The figures in this picture stand out as highly individualised portraits, with few traces of archaism in their execution. The first King, kneeling and kissing the hand of the Christ Child, the second King, the young man in gorgeous raiment at the right, the blond-haired page between them—each is faithfully set before us rather as a person than as a pictorial detail. What van der Weyden could do, he did admirably. He could paint the human figure at rest with faithful realism, emotional power, and psychological individuality; he could not render movement nor the illusion of distance,

and above all he could not synthesise the component details of his scene into one pictorial whole. The excellent portraits bear no relation each to the other, to the architecture, or to the landscape. In these aspects this interesting picture is typical of the painting of a period in which art had learned to see individual men and the detail of nature, but not as yet to fuse them into one harmonious composition. The masters of the primitive age rendered with equal care and devotion every detail of their subject, had not yet learned to subordinate the lesser to the greater, to neglect the trivial for the significant. Yet this very lack of proportion which decreases the value of their work from the modern standpoint which demands conformity to the canon of unity, constitutes to the amateur in varying degree their greatest charm and interest. Van der Weyden, Memling, Carpaccio, and the earlier Germans set before us without reservation every detail of a life and an age which has for modern eyes a never-failing fascination. It is for this self-revelation and for their intuitive ingenuous freshness of vision, that, in spite of technical deficiencies, their pictures often compel our interest and our affectionate appreciation more readily than the technically perfected paintings of a later epoch.

To the left of the Adoration of the Magi hangs another picture (100), formerly ascribed to van der Weyden, but now assigned to an unknown hand, representing St. Luke painting a portrait of the Virgin. This was a popular composition, and two good replicas are in existence, one in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Tradition makes van der Weyden himself the model for the St. Luke. The

picture charms by its *naïveté*, warmth of feeling, and the quaint landscape of the background. Upon the centre of the opposite wall is a Virgin with the dead Christ, bearing the name of Quentin Matsys, but now definitely ascribed to another Fleming, William Key, and a much later date, 1550—a work of tragic intensity and a technical mastery of difficult problems which shows it to be out of place among its more primitive companions. Few pictures of this agonising moment in the Divine tragedy are so objective; the painter makes no evident attempt to appeal to the emotions of the spectator, is content to paint the scene as he himself sees it—a tragic woman with the dead body of her son.

Retracing our steps through rooms I. and II. we enter the series of eight great saloons through the door at the west side of the ante-room. The first of these, room III., and the first four cabinets, are devoted to the older German schools down to the younger Holbein. Passing through room III. by the door at the right, we enter the first two cabinets. The first cabinet is devoted to a series of seven religious panels, by whose subject their unknown painter is distinguished—the Master of the Life of Mary, who worked in Cologne in the fifteenth century. Contemporary with the masterpiece of van der Weyden, they illustrate the transition in Rhenish painting from the stiff formality of the Gothic altar-pieces to pictorial realism, betraying the tardy development of German art as compared with Flemish. Cabinet 2 contains a collection of small pictures of various schools and periods, with two interesting portraits. The "Unknown Man" (660) in the centre of the east wall, by Joos van Cleef,

from the middle of the sixteenth century, portrays a masterful and virile subject in middle life, with unusual force and concentration. The painter's psychological understanding and his technical mastery make this one of the best portraits in the Pinakothek. The likeness of Denise Fournier, by Jehan Clouet, is a characteristic example of French portraiture in the earlier sixteenth century, showing the French painters as less advanced in their art than the German; the modelling of the face is weak, and the painter is unable to make us realise the character of his subject.

Cabinet 3 contains no fewer than five portraits by Albrecht Dürer, among them the indisputable masterpiece of the Pinakothek, Dürer's portrait of himself (239). The date and the inscription, stating Dürer's age as twenty-eight, are possibly spurious: either he frankly idealised himself or he was a much older man. Few persons can look at this face without instinctively feeling that Dürer has here gone far toward realising that type of the Christ-countenance which has hovered before the ideals of Christian art from its beginnings down to our own day. That this was no accident, but the painter's avowed purpose, is hardly open to doubt. The direct pose of the figure in full face was habitually reserved for such representations, and it is certain that Dürer posed to other artists for the head of Christ. Moreover, the obvious idealisation in our portrait along the line of the traditional Christian conception leaves little doubt of Dürer's intention. Such a thing could not be done in our day; in the year 1500, when all things, human and divine, seemed con-

fused, when an Alexander Borgia could be acknowledged by Christendom as the Vicar of Christ on earth, it was possible for a German painter, devout and God-fearing in his life, as we know Dürer to have been, to paint himself as the Saviour of mankind without self-consciousness and without offence. And we shall hardly go amiss if in the picture itself we see evidence of the high religious spirit in which Dürer approached his task. For it is one of the supreme masterpieces of the painter's art; of all Dürer's works this portrait best gives him a place, not merely among the greater painters but also among the rarer company of the few prophetic spirits who, with Sophocles, saw life steadily and saw it whole.

The four other portraits by Dürer, however, are sufficient to establish his place among the greater masters. The most interesting is the likeness of Oswolt Krell (236), in which the painter seems to be feeling his way in style and method towards his masterpiece. The foliage of the background is painted with that careful detail which Dürer is said to have taught to certain Venetian painters. The portrait of his teacher, Wohlgemut (243) makes the toothless old man live before us. Jacob Fugger the Rich (249), painted on canvas, is much faded, and the pigment apparently washed away by over-zealous cleaning, but the character of the weaver whose house financed the Empire remains. The three church pictures ascribed to Dürer in this cabinet are probably the work of pupils.

Upon the south wall hangs an important work of the younger Holbein, the portrait of Sir Bryan Tuke (213). Its authenticity has been captiously

put in question, and it is certain that the *memento mori* of the background was added after 1598; but the portrait was painted by a master in a happy moment, and it is worthy of its place beside the Dürers.

Two very small landscapes by Altdorfer (288 and 293) are noteworthy both for their deep feeling for forest beauty and because they are probably the earliest examples of German landscape painting. Altdorfer was a contemporary of Dürer's, a Bavarian by birth and active at Regensburg. In the next cabinet, No. 4, hangs another of his pictures (290), Alexander's Victory over Darius at Arbela, which the first Napoleon held to be the best battle-piece he had seen. It repays close and careful study and detailed observation, both for the skill with which the embattled masses are handled, the dramatic action in the component groups, and the humour displayed in the detail, especially in the flight of Darius's harem. The whole course of the battle is portrayed, "from morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve"—preparation, onset, rout, and pursuit. The problem of light set by the rising sun at the one end and the moon at the other is solved with great skill, and the ruddy hues of the sunrise gives us a foretaste of Turner. Another important work in this cabinet is the miniature of Derich Born (212), one of the best works of the younger Holbein. It is painted with wonderful feeling as well as precision, and the youthful comeliness of the subject is set before us with irresistible charm.

Leaving the cabinets and returning to the first (No. III.) of the series of great rooms, we find the larger works of the golden period of German painting. Flanking the door into the cabinet

are the Four Apostles of Dürer, painted in the last year of his life and left partly unfinished. The majestic figure of St. Paul follows our movements and dominates the room. The copious folds of his white garment are painted with a breadth unusual in Dürer, while the fiery, choleric St. Mark, said to have been placed in the background as an afterthought, is excellently individualised. The other panel hardly does justice to characters so clearly differentiated by Christian tradition as the Apostles John and Peter.

Upon the west wall to the right hangs another of Dürer's best pieces, the "Paumgartner Altar," comprising four pictures; a Nativity in the centre, portraits of the donors as St. George and St. Eustace upon the wings, and a Virgin upon the back of the left wing—the fragment of an Annunciation, from which the angel has, unfortunately, been lost. The three figures upon the wings disclose Dürer's strength—his portraiture: the larger composition of the Nativity his weakness—that incapacity, almost inherent in the early German school, for painting a larger scene as an organic whole. The two knights breathe the very spirit of German chivalry and romance; together with the Four Apostles they present a series of characteristic types of German manhood. The Virgin of the Annunciation, although badly preserved, is one of the noblest and most maternal of Dürer's women. But the Nativity is a collection of details, some beautiful, some faulty, with no inevitable relation to one another. The composition is stiff and formal, the perspective far from perfect, and the colour hard.

In another religious piece, the Pietà (238), upon the southern half of the east wall, Dürer seems

to have made a conscious effort to secure that unity which is so conspicuously lacking in the Nativity. All the details are so contrived as to express deep sorrow, even the dark clouds overshadowing the landscape with Nature's grief. But the expedient is too mechanical and too obvious to succeed. In still another respect Dürer's altar-pieces are inferior to his portraits and single figures—in colour. The golden hues of his best portraits are absent from the larger compositions, for which tradition demanded the primary colours, in whose use Dürer is least happy.

Similar weaknesses make themselves even more strongly felt in the altar-pieces by the older Holbein, Dürer's Swabian contemporary. Holbein had not come so far forward as Dürer in technical mastery. Deep religious feeling and dramatic power he possessed in ample measure, but his compositions are confused, and his colour hard and dull. The best of his many pictures in this room is the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," upon the west wall, to the left of the door, which shows dramatic intensity of action and feeling for individual characterisation; but we turn willingly from this work of power rather than beauty to the figures of St. Barbara and St. Elizabeth which adorn its wings with grace of carriage and comeliness of countenance. Can these have come from the same hand which painted the hard and angular figures of the central piece? Since the entire triptych was produced in Holbein's ripe old age, the hypothesis of development in his style is excluded. Recent criticism therefore ascribes the wings to one of his sons, probably Hans Holbein the Younger. They present types of the German womanhood of the Renaissance which may be

set by the side of the Apostles and Knights of Dürer. In the early German painting one can hardly fail to observe that the male type had far more interest for the artists, pre-eminently for Dürer, who enriched art with a variety of characteristic types of German manhood, but was apparently content with the nearest Hausfrau as a model for his women. The Annunciation, on the back of the wings of the Holbein altar-piece, though resembling the figures of St. Elizabeth and St. Barbara, has but little of their charm.

Yet one other picture in this room attracts the notice of every visitor—Grünewald's St. Erasmus and St. Mauritius (281), upon the centre of the south wall. A bishop in episcopal vestments of extreme beauty of colour and workmanship, is in converse with a negro in full armour, who disputes with tropical vehemence of gesture. The joy in colour, the freer handling of the accessory figures and the background, the eager interest with which the grotesque blackamoor is painted, make this work as thoroughly Renaissance in spirit as the major number of pictures in this room are Gothic. It has one humorous peculiarity—there is one pair of legs too many, red Renaissance legs which have no owner.

The flowering time of early German painting came to a sudden and complete end with the painters represented in this room and the adjoining cabinets, killed by the ferment of the Reformation and the resulting wars of religion. The Court painters of later Renaissance and baroque times were Italians either by birth or affiliation, and for the further developments of northern art we must look to the prolific painting of the Low Countries. Setting our backs resolutely upon the

long vista which opens from room III. we return by way of cabinets 2, 3, and 4 to cabinet 5, where we take up the course of Flemish painting rudely broken off at room II. Upon the east wall are small pictures by Dierick Bouts, an early fifteenth-century painter, Dutch by birth but chiefly active at Louvain in Flanders, and influenced by Rogier van der Weyden. Only two of these (110 and 111) are indisputably authentic, but the others which bear his name were probably products of his studio. More primitive than van der Weyden in matters of composition, action, and perspective, Bouts was a master of portraiture and a far greater colourist, not, indeed, in the sense that Titian or Velasquez are colourists—the time was not ripe for that—but in beauty of pigment and in contrasts of primary hues which possess the deep radiance of stained glass. Bouts is one of the most interesting and compelling of the northern primitives; one does not stop to think of the stiff angularities of his figures or his child-like perspective, but wonders at his feeling for human character, his power of realising in his faces strength, dignity, gentleness, and repose; the sensuous beauty of his primary colours. He makes no attempt to synthesise details into a whole, but for this we care the less because he compels us to feel the high human dignity of his actors.

Upon the opposite wall is Hans Memling's "Seven Joys of Mary," a picture which gives seventy times seven joys to all who yield it careful and patient study. There are but few paintings which hold so much in so little compass? The joy of life, of colour and action, the waving pennons and trappings of medieval pageantry,

picturesque landscape, kindly human scenes, faces that live in the memory, tragedy, comedy, pathos, hope, and withal a child-like yet dignified religious feeling—all these Memling reveals to us through the scant technical equipment of the fifteenth century. Note in detail the group of shepherds at the left, the exquisite angel of the Nativity in the lower left-hand corner, the group of three mailed knights, with Herod in red gown and pointed cap, at the left of the centre, the walk to Emmaus and supper at the open window, the three Marys in the Easter garden; above all, the wonderful miniature portrait, presumably of the donor's wife, in the lower left-hand corner. We do not think of colour, perspective, technique, as we appreciate this picture, forget whether it was painted in 1400 or 1900; we see only the charm, the joy, the variety of life. It makes its appeal to the specialist and the uninstructed alike, and demands no novitiate in the appreciation of primitive art: it has a hundred beauties and its joys will live for ever.

Two centuries and the birth of an era separate this precious work from the paintings in the two next cabinets, where the more attractive pictures are landscapes by the Ruysdaels, in cabinet 7 (542 and 544). Passing through the closed doors of this cabinet we enter room IV. which contains larger Dutch works of the seventeenth century. On the south wall hangs a large portrait group bearing the name of Franz Hals, but not with the assent of critical authorities, who are unable to ascertain the artist. The types are those of Hals, the technical manner very different. It is painted with great freedom, but not the freedom of Hals, which betrays the rough

surface left by the free sweep of the brush. Moreover, its colour is Flemish rather than Dutch. Nevertheless it is a picture of great beauty; the portraits are excellent, the composition free, and the children play with spontaneous open-air gaiety. Opposite, upon the northern wall, are two of Rembrandt's early works which afford a good introduction to his smaller but more characteristic pictures in the cabinets. The Holy Family (324) is chiefly notable for the masterly painting of the sleeping child. The Sacrifice of Abraham is as conventional and academic as Rembrandt could be. The other pictures in this room offer no especial points of interest, and we may return to the cabinets through the door by which we came.

Cabinet 8 is honoured by the series of six small paintings upon Scriptural subject painted by Rembrandt at a critical period in his development, 1633–46, for Prince Frederick Henry, Statthalter of the Netherlands. They exemplify the three chief periods in the formation of Rembrandt's style. The earliest is the Deposition from the Cross, in his first academic manner, smooth in surface and cognisant of details, disclosing an interest but not yet an absorption in the problem of light and darkness. The Elevation of the Cross shows the same period in his style. In the Ascension, painted a few years later, we see a notable development. The master has won the freedom of his brush, he is no longer solicitous to render detail, sees the whole as a study in colour and light. But it is when we turn to the two pictures of 1639, the Entombment and the Resurrection, that we witness the final accomplishment of this change, above all in the

Adoration of the Shepherds, painted in 1646. The struggle between Ahuramazda and Ahrimanes has taken possession of Rembrandt's pictorial vision. His art has undergone a process of transformation akin to religious conversion: he has become a Child of Light. That element of mysticism which is fundamental to religion, of things seen as in a glass darkly, yet flooded by the light of faith, is here visibly set forth for the first time in the history of Christian art. For these pictures have no superior in their fusion of three elements—the pictorial unity of the artist's vision, his free and rapid use of the technique proper to painting, and his inherent feeling for his subject. Rembrandt was a great, many say the greatest, master of the art of painting; these pictures prove that he was also an inspired seer in that spiritual interpretation of life which sees all things in terms of light and darkness.

The versatility of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century is impressed upon us when we leave these high themes, put forth with such profound and moving passion, for the homely humours of the Dutch genre masters in the next three cabinets. The Pinakothek is so rich in masterpieces of this style that it is impossible to dwell upon more than a few which are characteristic. In cabinet 9, by the door leading from the preceding cabinet, hangs what is probably the most perfect example of pictorial realism which the gallery contains—the "Boy with the Dog," by Gerhard Terborg, or Terborch (389). Given the subject and the manner, it is quite impossible to conceive that art could more perfectly represent nature. We have a sense of intrusion

upon the privacy of a child in the performance of a serious, self-imposed task. It is a bit of realism, if you will, but realism enforced and elevated by the most delicate and subtle art. As Rembrandt said the last word upon chiaroscuro, and Velasquez seems to exhaust the possibilities of colour and portraiture, so Terborg leaves nothing to be said upon his humbler theme. In this cabinet there is another picture of great charm and quiet feeling, the Interior (426), by Peter de Hooch. In cabinet 10 hangs a small portrait of a man (359*a*) by Hals, the only example of his work in the Pinakothek, but thoroughly characteristic, with a free sweep of the brush, warm vibration of colour, and intuitive insight into the personality of his subject. An interesting contrast in method is presented by Terborg's portraits of a man and a woman (389*a* and 389*b*), which succeed in the difficult task of rendering the finest detail without destroying the delicate balance between the whole and its parts.

Cabinet 12 brings us to the work of Rubens, which occupies the place of honour in the Pinakothek, and deservedly, if number and representative quality be the test applied. The largest room in the gallery, the best half of another large room, and the 12th cabinet, comprising three alcoves, are devoted to Rubens, and his works overflow into another cabinet. It is difficult, impossible, to characterise the art of the great Fleming without arousing violent dissent. None of the rough classifications of the human race is more definite than its division into those who like and those who do not like Rubens. The taste of our generation, in so far as it is represented by our general culture, is

repelled by Rubens, calls him brutal, philistine, even. On the other hand, the professional painter or critic discovers in his work an inexhaustible store of imagination and technical resource. Probably Rubens's place in the history of painting will always be a subject of dispute, and it will suffice here to rehearse his obvious merits and weaknesses. To consider first the latter—Rubens is fairly criticised both for his choice of subjects and for the frankly sensual manner with which he treats them. Judging him by his works in the Pinakothek we might infer that he was obsessed by a passion, not simply for the nude human body, which is an honourable passion, but for human flesh, and that not as a detail of the body, but as an end itself. His ear is seldom attuned to the finer harmonies of sentiment or imagination, he has no message to the spiritual sense. The solemn mystery of Rembrandt's studies of light, the delicacy of Terborg's insight, and the childlike simplicity of Memling's imagination are alike impossible for him. The world of Rubens is hardly truer to reality than that of Fra Angelico: the world we live in no more peopled by the gross satyrs and fleshly giantesses of the one than with the attenuated and ecstatic saints of the other.

Yet what an abundance of qualities may be set off against these patent defects! As a master of the technique of his art, Rubens must be classed with Titian and Velasquez: there was nothing that he could not paint with zest and conviction—portrait, landscape, genre; the dramatic, idyllic, and comic. The fertility of his invention in design was inexhaustible; colour was a willing slave to his brush. How the sheer joy of living

courses through his pictures, how the difficulties of painting melt away before his hand, how clearly he sees his subject as a pictorial whole! His is the frankness, the grossness, and withal the healthiness of his contemporaries, the Elizabethan playwrights.

The great Rubens saloon, with its enormous canvases and masses of naked flesh, does the painter injustice. Not only is the execution of his larger paintings frequently the work of pupils, but their colour has suffered through excess of zeal on the part of cleaners. The smaller pieces in cabinet 12 bring us nearer the real Rubens. It is wise to study these before the larger works: the sixteen sketches for the Medici series in the Louvre, the landscape with a rainbow (761), the brilliant portraits of Helene Fourment, the Walk in the Garden (789), above all the Battle of the Amazons (742), with its movement, colour, concentration, and vibration. Passing through the great saloon into room V, Rubens's early style is admirably shown in the double portrait of the artist and his first wife (782), while the Perdition of the Damned (737), the Children with Festoons of Fruit (728), and Helene Fourment with a nude child upon her knee (797) illustrate other phases of his best work. Among the more noteworthy of the great canvases in the central saloon (VI), are the Lion Hunt (734), Meleager and Atlanta (752), the Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus (727), the Drunken Faun (754), the Earl and Countess of Arundel (784). The picture of the Holy Trinity (749) shows Rubens at his worst: it is almost incredible that an artist of his powers should descend to such a depth of profane vulgarity.

It is a relief to turn from the tense and fleshly

passion of the Flemish master to the courtly grace of his pupil, van Dyck, who dominates the next saloon (VII). The artist's portrait of himself (833) in the south-east corner goes far to interpret his art. It is gentle, dignified, and aristocratic, though lacking in the force and virility with which his master was too generously endowed. We know van Dyck chiefly as a portrait painter; his other works hardly attain to the level of his stately men and graceful women. The Rest on the Flight into Egypt (827), upon the west wall, illustrates the merits and defects of his style: it is a charming picture, full of genuine human sentiment, but devoid of deeper religious feeling, the Virgin merely a beautiful woman gazing at her sleeping child. Even his excellent portraits disclose a certain monotony which, despite their dignity, eventually become tedious.

To complete our survey of the art of the Low Countries, we return through the Rubens saloon and cabinet to cabinet 13, containing minor works of Rubens and his school, and cabinet 14, which serves van Dyck in like manner. Cabinet 15 contains a remarkable and unique collection of tavern scenes by Adrian Brouwer, a Dutch painter whose works are elsewhere extremely scarce. Brouwer led a riotous life and died at the age of thirty-two; he painted the life he led with a veracity and a skill which he learned from his master, Franz Hals, and with a sardonic humour akin to genius. Like Terborg, he is both realist and artist. These mean and sordid humours of the pothouse are lived before the spectator. The line beyond which technique becomes art has never been fixed, and in no school of art is it more difficult to determine

than among the Dutch genre painters; yet it is certain that Brouwer's work has crossed this line in each of these seventeen representations of despicable subjects. In this cabinet a landscape with sleeping figures (941), by Siberechts, is remarkable for its modernity in theme and treatment. In cabinet 16 are numerous scenes of low life by D. Teniers, junr., his name more famous than Brouwer's, his work neither so subtly felt nor so freely painted.

Cabinets 17–20 and rooms VII.–X., are devoted to Italian paintings; cabinets 17 and 18 contain a few minor works of the pre-Raphaelite period. Upon the west wall (1,006) is a characteristic Madonna of Lippo Lippi, the well-known girlish face painted thinly but with an unusual gleam of colour. Upon either side of the Madonna are four small panel, painted by Fra Angelico in one of his happiest moments. Three of these relate the legend of SS. Cosmas and Damian, with naïve simplicity altogether charming; the fourth, known in German as "Der Schmerzensmann," is a composition of primitive simplicity but deep religious feeling: the Man of Sorrows, standing before the rock-hewn tomb, has a singular spiritual beauty which recalls the lunette of Christ as Pilgrim over a door in the Convent of San Marco in Florence. Cabinet 18 contains small panels by Giotto whose authenticity is a matter of dispute. But the dramatic power of Giotto is present in ample measure, and the most brilliant critic of early Italian painting accepts them as characteristic of his best work. The Coronation of the Virgin, by Lippo Memmi, will richly reward the study of those who are not repelled by an archaic manner.

Cabinet 19 contains several works of Raphael. On the east wall (1,050) hangs the Madonna of the Tempi family, of his Florentine period, the best of the Raphaels in the Pinakothek, yet not a picture of great interest. The face of the child is very beautiful, of the type familiarised by the Sistine Madonna, but the mother has been much repainted by a clumsy hand. The authenticity of the Madonna della Tenda upon the west wall is questionable, but the picture, whether Raphael painted it or not, has a simple beauty which endears it to many. The small panels of the Baptism and Resurrection, if authentic, are works of his early youth, and little more than studies in the style of Perugino. The portrait of a young man (1,052), which formerly passed for a likeness of the painter from his own hand, is now definitely ascertained to be a portrait of Bindo Altoviti, by an unknown artist. The period when men stood with bated breath before every canvas which bore the name of Raphael is long past, and to-day his work is eyed as critically as that of many a lesser man. He was a prolific and uneven painter, and the five Raphaels in this collection, while affording a fair illustration of his earlier and middle styles, are neither representative of his best work nor intrinsically of great interest.

Cabinet 20 contains one very small picture of great beauty, and the boy satyr playing upon a set of pipes, ascribed formerly to Coreggio, now to Palma Vecchio. The pagan joyousness of the Venetian Renaissance is more clearly revealed by this picture in miniature than by many a more pretentious work.

A door opens from this cabinet into room VIII.,

devoted to the schools of Tuscany and Umbria, in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. The flowering time of Italian design—we are learning to reserve the term "painting" for other times, other schools—is indifferently represented in the Pinakothek, which is essentially a shrine of northern art. Yet the walls of this room bear many beautiful and characteristic pictures. Upon the north side hangs one of the most exquisite of Perugino's works, the Vision of St. Bernard (1,034). All the excellences of the art of design are exemplified in this picture, drawing, composition, linear and aerial perspective, even movement—gentle and ethereal indeed, but yet movement. But its charm lies less in these things than in the wonderful and placid beauty of the Umbrian landscape, the luminous clarity of its colour, the soft light which diffuses itself through the open portico. It is a suave and gracious idyll, vocal of Italy to her lovers under the grey northern skies. To give more than this was beyond Perugino's powers; to ask for dramatic force, intensity of feeling, salient characterisation among his men and women would be as futile as ungrateful. These characteristics we find in his contemporary, Signorelli, born under the same Umbrian skies but strangely blind to them. The Pinakothek owns one of his Madonnas, round in form, which hangs at the left of the west door of this room (1,026*a*). It is one of his poorer pictures, yet characteristic of its painter, both in a certain contempt for mere beauty, and in a passion for action, tense feeling, virile force.

Upon the south wall, the Entombment, inscribed with Botticelli's name (1,010), will inevitably attract

attention by its violence of expression. There are excellent reasons for believing it to be the work of pupils rather than the master himself, but it embodies both his qualities and defects: the subtle spell his figures exert over our generation, and at the same time their sinuous affectation. The Annunciation of Lippo Lippi (1,005) possesses the primitive charm of his art. In an age of deep religious sentiment the renegade monk painted church pieces characterised by a complete lack of religious feeling and a frank joy in the pleasant details of life, admirably exemplified in this Annunciation: pensive and tender faces of women and children, gardens starred with Tuscan flowers, architectural ornament, precious stuffs, quaint devices such as the angel's wings of peacock feathers and the lilies in a transparent vase. A glance at two suavely beautiful pictures upon the north wall must complete our survey of this room. The Madonna by the Bolognese Francia (1,039), kneeling beside a hedge of roses and adoring the Christ-Child laid upon the grass, offers an exquisite theme somewhat frigidly carried out. Raphael's Canigiani Holy Family (1,049) has suffered badly from time and cleaning. The conventional pyramidal composition and the slightly uninteresting human types make this picture seem commonplace; but the commonplace of this child of beauty is always winning and tender, while a depth of colour somewhat unusual in Raphael makes itself felt in a picture which suffers from the juxtaposition of Perugino's Vision of St. Bernard.

The next room, much enriched by the additions of 1909, contains Venetian paintings. The places of honour are rightly held by two fine Titians.

The portrait upon the south wall, of the Emperor Charles V., is a masterpiece of Titian's middle age: the enigmatic character of this heir of many lands and thrones, his meticulous conscientiousness and sullen obstinacy, his lack of imagination to grasp the opportunities which history showered upon him, are set forth with a restrained dignity in keeping with the subject's august rank. This portrait is of the first value as a historical document: to know it is to understand much in the story of the Reformation period which written documents could never convey. The Christ Crowned with Thorns upon the north wall is in the manner of Titian's old age, when dramatic force in action and tragic contrasts of light and shade were more to him than grace in composition and loveliness of colour. It has been suggested that in this and in the other pictures of Titian's old age the painter was experimenting in the use of colour as a vehicle whereby to express emotion and thought. One marvels at the vital force of the man who could paint thus at an age when other men are senile or in their graves; at the versatility which produced the Urbino Venus and this harrowing vision of a Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief. Titian was followed by four supremely great masters of painting—Tintoretto, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Velasquez. In this picture, and in others of the same period, he anticipated qualities proper to each of the four—the pictorial imagination of Tintoretto, the swift movement of Rubens, Rembrandt's preoccupation with light and darkness, Velasquez's mastery over paint as a vehicle of expression.

Of the other Titians in this room, mention must be made of the portrait (1,111) upon the west

wall of a man whose nobility of countenance and bearing the painter does not permit us to forget, and of the Madonna with St. John the Baptist (1,109) upon the north wall.

In the north-east corner is a portrait of rare beauty and distinction of style (1,107), believed to be Palma Vecchio's likeness of himself. This picture embodies a painter's plastic, almost decorative vision of a beautiful human being, and in this respect it resembles Palma's most familiar work, the Santa Barbara of Santa Maria Formosa: he sees his subject less as an individualised character, more as an incarnation of sensuous beauty.

Veronese is represented in the Pinakothek only by doubtful works of little value; but Tintoretto, thanks to the new pictures brought from Augsburg and Schleissheim, may be seen in many styles and at all but his best. First, upon the east wall near the door, should be mentioned the portrait of a man—*not* Vesalius the anatomist, but a sculptor, possibly the painter's brother—wonderful in every way, in psychological insight, in colour, and in painting, carried to a finish unusual with Tintoretto. As contrasted with portraits of Titian, it is a more intimate presentation of its subject, ignoring the accidents of office and birth in the interest of the character of the man, as his close friends might have known him. Professor Voll calls attention to the use of grey in this picture as the basis of its colour scheme, characteristic of seventeenth-century painting in general, and of Velasquez, who learned much from Tintoretto in particular.

Upon the west wall, at the right of the door, is the same painter's Christ in the House of Lazarus,

transferred from the Augsburg collection in 1909, much to the chagrin of the Augsburgers, who had but scantly realised their possession of so important a work. It is a typical Tintoretto, in the manner thrice familiar to the sightseer in Venice, composed with salient dramatic power and painted swiftly in bold, careless surfaces and dusky depth of colour. Few, if any, painter possessed an imagination so essentially pictorial as Tintoretto; he sees life as a picture, and his picture as life. His better historical paintings produce upon the spectator an effect of freedom, movement, reality, and spaciousness. As in life, there is an element of the unexpected, the unpremeditated; yet, being works of art and not transcripts from nature, they secure above all else that impression of pictorial unity in which we found the Early Germans so deficient. These qualities and effects are conspicuous in the Augsburg canvas, and the city of Munich may, if she so choose, felicitate herself upon so valuable an acquisition at the cost of her neighbour.

High above the other pictures in this room hang the eight decorative canvases known as the Gonzaga Cycle, painted for the Gonzaga Castello at Mantua, and rehearsing famous episodes in the history of the family. After the sack of Mantua in 1630 its treasures of art were dispersed, and these paintings eventually came into Wittelsbach hands. At one time they were loaned to the city of Augsburg to decorate the great hall of the Rathaus; but only three were hung, the others hidden in a lumber-room. Recently they were transferred to Schleissheim, and in 1909, together with the sketch of a Crucifixion, brought from Schleissheim to the

Pinakothek. Executed by pupils, they do Tintoretto's reputation little credit, though preserving for Northern eyes some evidence of that fecund imagination which stamped itself so freely upon the churches and public buildings of Venice.

A single picture of Lorenzo Lotto, the Marriage of St. Catherine, upon the east wall (1,083) lends variety to the Venetian room. Small, inconspicuous, and easily overlooked, it repays careful study. The delicate beauty of the child and the intellectual face of the Virgin, with intent gaze fixed upon the child, make themselves keenly felt; the bit of landscape at the left has the true Venetian note, and the skilful treatment of difficult colours in the drapery is a special gift of the master's school.

The Venetian room in the Pinakothek, with its new acquisitions and rearrangement, affords a valuable if not complete survey of Venetian painting. Though the Bellinis, Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Veronese are missing, its contents suffice to indicate both the scope and the quality of this golden era of art. How great these were is realized when we leave the glowing walls of this room for the cold, unlovely commonplace of the later Italian schools, of Guido Reni, the Carracci, Baroccio. A single picture relieves this dreary expanse, and that by a Venetian born out of due time, the Adoration of the Magi, by Tiepolo, next the south window. Though disfigured by rococo mannerisms—the winged cherubs hovering bodyless in the sky, a crown cast carelessly upon the steps—it is a beautiful picture, sumptuous and decorative, an echo of the magnificence of Veronese. The scene is composed with dignity,

the adoration of the old man is finely felt, and the face of the Madonna has a dreamy, haunting beauty. Historically the picture is interesting as illustrating the transition from the grand style of the older masters to modern realism, and its influence upon the Munich painters of the nineteenth century may be traced in the New Pinakothek.

The Spanish room at the south-west corner possesses a single Velasquez (1,293), the splendid portrait of a young man upon the north wall at the right of the entrance door, marked by the personal dignity which this painter seems always to impart to his subjects; perfect in its quiet colour, in the grave gaze revealing the inward springs of character. The famous *gamins* of Murillo appeal to us rather as lovers of children than as students of the art of painting. Two new pictures added in 1909, and hung in this room upon the west wall, possess interest both intrinsic and historic. The Buffeting of Christ, by El Greco, the enigmatic Greek who learned his art in Naples and practised it in Spain, is curiously suggestive of Velasquez's later work, both in its colour and daring rapidity of workmanship. Upon the same wall the Poor Painter, by a little-known artist, José Antolinez, is Dutch genre upon a large scale and in Spanish garb, somewhat akin in sentiment to Murillo's children, but painted with more veracious naturalism.

The large room at the north-west corner of the Pinakothek contains a small collection of the French school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Two landscapes by Claude Lorrain upon the west wall are good examples of his placid formal art, while the Pietà and the mytho-

logical scene of Nicholas Poussin on the east wall are both meritorious compositions. At the left of the door (1,366) is a portrait of a girl in a straw hat by Pèsne, showing affinity with the English portraiture of the eighteenth century, painted with a light grace and coquetterie thoroughly French.

The last three cabinets (21–23) are reached through the door at our left upon leaving the French room. Cabinet 23 contains a few paintings of the English school. The single example of Sir Joshua Reynolds is unsatisfactory, but the Old Lady in a Cap by Opie is a felicitous rendering of a familiar type. Two recent additions have been made to this scant representation of English painting—a small coast scene by Morland and a portrait of Uvedale T. Price, Esq., by Gainsborough.

Cabinet 22 contains German works, chiefly of the eighteenth century, whose value is more historical than artistic. Edlinger's portrait of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, attracts the attention of his compatriots and of others who mark the lean and nervous New England type in its foreign setting.

Cabinet 21 concludes our survey of the Pinakothek with a few smaller works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, chiefly French; among others the head of a girl by Greuze, a kitchen interior by Chardin, with landscapes by Lorraine, and a still life by Goya, wonderful in technique, although perhaps most interesting to a professional eye. The suggestion is ventured that the visitor wishing to fix his more valued impressions upon his memory, return to the entrance through the two Italian rooms and the cabinets, until

cabinet 2 and room III. bring him back to his starting-point. Or the Loggia may be entered through the door in the Early Italian room and Cornelius' frescoes, illustrating the history of painting, seen upon the long way to the eastern end of the building and the exit.

CHAPTER XV

THE GALLERIES OF MODERN PAINTING

The New Pinakothek

THE Old Pinakothek completed and filled with works of the older masters, Ludwig I. turned his attention to the creation and the housing of a similar collection of contemporary paintings. The New Pinakothek was begun in 1846, but not completed until some years after the King's abdication. At the laying of the corner-stone a royal speech announced the purpose which the building was to serve: "The New Pinakothek is set apart for the pictures of this and future centuries." Ludwig's own private collection, numbering three hundred works by his protégés, formed the nucleus of the gallery when it was opened to the public in 1853, and through purchases by the State, gifts of the Kings, and bequests of private individuals, it has grown to the present number of more than one thousand pictures.

When George Ticknor visited Munich in 1836 he summarised in a letter the impressions he had received from Ludwig's patronage of the arts: "There is a school of painting [in Munich], which, for the wideness and boldness of its

range, and the number of artists attached to it, is a phenomenon the world has not seen since the days of Raffaello and Michael Angelo. It has already done a great deal, and if it continues to thrive for forty or fifty years more, as it has for the last twenty, so that there will be time for it to settle and ripen, to assume its proper character and reach its appropriate finish, it will produce works that will revive the great period of the art. But it seems to me as if the spirit of the times were against it, and as if 'an age too late,' of which Milton fancied he felt the influences, were indeed to prevent the ripening of these magnificent attempts."

The New Pinakothek is the best answer which Munich art could give to the doubts in Ticknor's mind, and, to speak frankly, it goes far to justify them. Munich painting of the nineteenth century, from which the coterie of enthusiasts in the 'thirties and 'forties expected so much, is not conspicuously better than the painting of other modern countries; indeed, many critics would characterise it as inferior, at the very least, to the schools of France and Spain. Whatever one's opinion upon this subject, it must, so far as Munich is concerned, be based upon the pictures of the New Pinakothek. Certain phases and individuals of the school are better represented in the Schack Gallery, but the New Pinakothek is the only collection which covers the course of Bavarian painting throughout the nineteenth century. It performs this function inadequately, it is true, especially for the more recent schools; it does not contain the best work of many artists represented; and in making strictures upon modern Munich art the critic should be careful to remember that

the New Pinakothek, while supplying the fullest material for our judgment, needs to be freely supplemented from other sources. Moreover, the larger, cosmopolitan aspect of Ludwig's intention in founding this gallery remains virtually unfulfilled. The art of other countries is practically unrepresented; a few isolated and by no means characteristic works of foreign painters add somewhat to its interest, but afford no material for a comprehensive study of the art of the nineteenth century.

Though outwardly far inferior to its companion, the interior of the building is better arranged. The ground-floor contains a collection of artistic odds and ends—antiquities, the model for Wagner's Quadriga upon the Siegestor, paintings upon porcelain, a gallery of Munich beauties painted for Ludwig in the taste of 1830, copies of masterpieces in the Old Pinakothek, and a few rooms which catch the overflow of the picture-gallery above. Of this miscellany the antiquities are well worthy of a visit; there are several works of Greek sculpture from good periods which might more advantageously be placed in the Glyptothek, a collection of antique ornaments and some rare ancient weapons and armour, notably a suit of Greek armour in bronze. But since a Pinakothek is literally "a repository of pictures," our steps are naturally turned toward the main floor of the building and the modern paintings with which it is hung.

The door at the head of the stairs leads to the ante-room, with the usual portraits of royal founders and patrons, the first of a series of five rooms opening upon five smaller rooms at the left, upon fourteen cabinets at the right,

and ending in an oblong gallery which, with its contents, is one of the curiosities of Munich and a permanent testimony both to the zeal of the Mæcenas king and his incapacity for discrimination. For the sake of convenience we may distinguish the three series respectively as saloons, rooms, and cabinets. The hanging of the pictures is apparently based upon their size, although some attempt is made to preserve a chronological order. The gallery is not heated, and the rooms are bitterly cold in the Alpine winter of Munich. The catalogue (in German only) is really an alphabetical index, and fails to inform the visitor where the paintings listed may be found—a defect the more serious in that the works of the more representative artists are frequently scattered through several rooms.

The second and third of the saloons and the first few cabinets contain chiefly canvases of the early and middle decades of the nineteenth century. With the words quoted from Ticknor, or any other contemporary account of the period, in mind, the modern visitor is at a loss before these pictures: how is it possible that the artistic mountain which laboured so vehemently in Ludwig's reign should have brought forth so inconsiderable a mouse? Not in size, indeed, since many of them cover one side of a large room, but in all the qualities which we have a right to expect in good painting. What could be more conventionally respectable or less inspiring than Wilhelm Kaulbach's Destruction of Jerusalem, the historical scenes of Peter Hess, the religious pieces of Schraudolph and Fischer, the Italian fisherfolk of Riedel? They lack beauty of colour, distinction of line, atmospheric illusion, fervour

of feeling; they disclose neither the pictorial vision nor a technical equipment proper to the art. By their literary "idealogic" character they sin against the fundamental canon of the deline-ative arts—their aim is to tell a story or to convey an idea rather than to embody a purely plastic impression. It is not a mere capricious change in taste which delivers such a verdict: it is the conviction that these painters who aroused Ludwig's enthusiasm in his student days at Rome and flocked to his standard in Munich, were insufficiently prepared for the task which they attempted with such cheerful indefatigability. They had not learned to see nature with accurate eyes; they could not synthesise the details of their subject so that it is presented as a plastic whole in colour, line, and light; they were beginners in the use of charcoal, palette, and brush.

That the Munich painters of our own time concur in these strictures is proved by their conspicuous departure in manner and technique from the "apostles" of this school. The change to modern methods came with Piloty, whose historical pieces in the second saloon show his fecundity of imagination and a notable development in technique, but a theatrical manner. Saloons IV. and V. are hung with yet more modern works. The Entombment of Christ in Saloon IV., by F. A. von Kaulbach, is a carefully studied attempt to reproduce the serious religious tone of the masters of the sixteenth century. But for depth of feeling it offers no better substitute than sentiment; the spectator is conscious of carefully posed models and a laborious correctness rather than of the scene it seeks to portray.

The Raising of Jairus's Daughter, in the same saloon, by Albert Keller, shows a similar attempt to utilise modern technique in the service of the older ideals of historical painting. Here we see superficial sentiment in the place of genuine feeling; artificial types, picturesque accessories, theatrical effects, instead of the high seriousness of the older masters; pallid colouring and the conventions of the studio rather than close observation of nature. Another religious picture in the same saloon, the Vision of St. Hubert, by Wilhelm Räuber, is far happier, because the artist has felt the charm of the old legend of the hunter-saint converted to the religious life by a vision of the Crucifix upon the head of a stag, and has rendered his feeling through forms and accessories thoroughly modern in character. The influence of the English pre-Raphaelites may be plainly seen in this picture, which is deservedly popular with the general public.

These pictures are here noticed, not because they are the best in the collection, but because they illustrate the transition in Munich painting to thorough modernism, in theme and spirit as well as in handling. The evolution is seen to be complete when we contrast the works of the elder Kaulbach with such a canvas as the hunting scene, "Hallali!" by Angelo Jank, in the last of the rooms at the left.

The fifth saloon and fifth room show the last phase, and disclose the fact that the successors of Cornelius and Wilhelm Kaulbach have learned to see nature with eyes trained in the Paris ateliers. Many of these modern instances give the impression that their authors have little to say, that they see life, not with the painter's

vision, but with an inquiring glance for subjects which will make an effect upon the line at the annual exhibition of the Secession or the Glass Palace, or afford an opportunity to display the last trick of technique. Yet there are a few pictures which reveal personality and imagination. The peasant scenes, fused with religious sentiment, by F. von Uhde, are painted with sincerity and human tenderness; War, and Sin, by Franz von Stuck, are not pictures to be passed by. Morose and gruesome in subject and in conception, they reveal an elemental force of imagination set upon the canvas with brutal frankness and a technical power which seems self-taught but innate. Stuck is the most forcible personality among the living painters of Munich, and has always a true plastic impression to convey, although we may be repelled alike by theme and manner.

But there is another and a more welcome side shown by Munich art in the new Pinakothek, chiefly in the first room at the left. The numerous portraits by Lenbach represent what was probably the best painting done in Munich in the nineteenth century. Assiduous study of the great Venetians and of Rubens revealed to Lenbach some of the secrets of their colour, while long practice in portraiture taught him to seize the salient pictorial traits of his sitter. Lenbach was the portraitist of Imperial Germany, and successfully interpreted for the future many, if not most, of her great personalities. His portraits are so good that they do themselves injury: they provoke comparison with the great masterpieces of his art, and yet inevitably suffer from the very comparison which they provoke. More-

over, the repetition of his manner, warm and glowing and pictorial as it is, grows monotonous: all his sitters are cut to the measure which he framed for himself from the study of the older masters. In the various phases of his art, however, he may be better studied in the Schack Gallery.

The small genre scenes of Leibl form a not unworthy pendant to the Dutch masters in the Old Pinakothek, and the Tyrolean scenes of Defregger are always sure to attract admiration. A collection of small paintings and water-colours by the Berliner, Adolf Menzel, unfairly called "the German Meissonier," is shown in one of the last cabinets. A draughtsman of original power, Menzel's work possesses a certain distinction of manner which elevates it above the general level of the New Pinakothek; and his subjects are chosen with nice discrimination as to their pictorial possibilities.

The splendid riotous Böcklin in this room, the Play of the Waves, takes us out of the field of Munich art. Pan Among the Reeds, in another room, is less interesting, and the great Swiss is also better seen in the Schack Gallery. Among the other foreign painters represented are the Austro-Italian Segantini, by his familiar Ploughing, over which hovers the very spirit of the high Alpine valleys, the freshness of a new and clarified vision of nature; and Constable, by a small landscape of great beauty—which might, with more reason, hang in the English cabinet of the Old Pinakothek.

There are many other pictures—portraits, landscapes, and imaginative pieces—which possess patent excellence, but the number of canvases

and the lack of system in hanging, discourage any attempt to specify them. The impression is apt to prevail that the works by foreign artists are the more interesting; but it may suffice to remember that these, although hardly representative of their schools, are yet the work of famous artists, while the German section includes the name of almost every German painter of repute in the nineteenth century. Indeed, the collection suffers sadly from congestion. There are far too many mediocre canvases, which might well be weeded out to the advantage of works which better deserve attention. If a principle of rigid selection were practised, similar to that followed in the Old Pinakothek, the visitor to Munich would be benefited and the reputation of Munich painting enhanced.

The large saloon at the west end of the gallery is so ostentatiously segregated that its contents may be treated separately. Their interest is purely historical and personal—not to the painter, but to the King who ordered the paintings. Let into the wall, and lighted only from above, are twenty-three landscapes of the storied sites of Greece, painted expressly for the New Pinakothek by Karl Rottmann. Their intent is to do for Greece what the same artist's weather-beaten landscapes upon the west side of the arcades of the Hofgarten do for Italy: to set a classic land vividly and completely before the eyes of Munich. They are a memorial of Bavaria's honourable share in the Philhellenist movement which helped to free modern Greece, of the Wittelsbach King of the Greeks, Ludwig's second son, and of Ludwig's personal predilection for Greek art and poetry. For these pictures, which, like the Propylæa, recall

inevitably the dynastic fiasco of Otto's reign, all that artificial contrivance can do is done: it is little enough. The paintings are neither truthful as transcripts of the most beautiful scenery in the western world, nor considerable as works of art. Their colour is a parody upon the lucid blues, amethysts, and wine-dark purples of the Homeric land; their very drawing is so inaccurate that the traveller fresh from these scenes of undying memory is at pains to recognise their lineaments. They are among the pathetic commentaries with which Time has marked the generous hopes and plans of King Ludwig I.—himself hooted and hustled upon the streets of the capital for which he wrought so zealously; his son driven from the throne of the far-off land Bavaria had helped to free; the art which he fostered so devotedly, at best but tolerated by succeeding generations. The shade of that which once was great, their passage can but grieve such men as realise the gulf between the generous dream and its fulfilment.

The Schack Gallery.

Count Friedrich Adolf von Schack was a familiar figure in the Munich of the 'sixties and 'seventies. An amateur poet and lover of the arts, member of a small coterie of artists, poets, and musicians, he came into close personal touch with many of the abler German painters, gave them commissions when they were little known, and gradually accumulated a collection of their works, which, in the course of years, reached the proportions of a public gallery. At his death in 1894 general amazement was caused

by his will, which bequeathed his paintings to the German Emperor. It is said that he had intended them for the city of Munich, but, piqued at the cool reception given his poetry, sought to revenge himself upon his fellow-townsmen by this public slight. The Emperor was unwilling to profit personally at the cost of the city of Munich, and immediately notified the municipal authorities that the collection would remain in Munich as a public monument. Temporary provision was made for the pictures in Schack's fantastic house in the Brienner-strasse beyond the Königsplatz, where they remained until the completion of the new Schack Gallery adjoining the Prussian Embassy in the Prinzregentenstrasse, designed by Littmann upon neo-classic lines more characteristic of the Imperial than the Bavarian capital. The new building was formally opened by the Emperor in September, 1909.

For the study of modern Munich painting, the Schack Gallery is hardly second in importance to the New Pinakothek. Much smaller, and therefore narrower in scope, the pictures which it contains were selected with better discrimination, numbering many works of the first order—more, possibly, than its larger and older rival. It is chiefly for the works of three men that the Schack Gallery is valuable—Böcklin, Lenbach, and to a lesser degree, Schwind. Other painters found almost equal favour in the collector's eyes—Genelli, Feuerbach, Rottmann—and few among the more notable names of the middle of the century are unrepresented; but the march of time has left them by the wayside, and though they still find admirers,

it is Böcklin, Lenbach, and Schwind alone which attract the Outlander to the Schack Gallery.

The gallery has two floors, each divided into a number of small rooms, supplemented by an attic hung with copies from the old Italian masters. All the pictures upon the ground-floor belong to the early and middle years of the nineteenth century. The seven canvases of Buonaventura Genelli—German despite his southern name—follow faithfully and at a respectful distance in the steps of the post-Raphaelite school of draughtsmen, oblivious of colour and nature alike. Eugene Napoleon Neureuther, whose Christian names record his birth at Munich in the month which saw Bavaria elevated to a kingdom and the daughter of her elector-king married to Napoleon's stepson Eugene, was nevertheless a patriotic Bavarian: three of his seven pictures recall student days spent at the Villa Malta in Rome, and his reverence for the master Cornelius. They are best viewed as historical documents, elucidating the influence of Ludwig I. upon Munich painting. The same may be said of Rottmann's eight landscapes, although three small sketches of the roofs of Rome, seen from the Villa Malta, have a freshness and open air charm wholly lacking in his more finished painting.

Moriz von Schwind is represented by thirty-two small pictures which afford a comprehensive survey of his art, popular alike among his fellow-countrymen and all others who care for the older Germany of romantic legend and genial country life. Schwind's technical equipment was inadequate, his drawing far from faultless, and his colour hard; but he had a

fecund imagination, and his sympathy with his subjects enabled him to interpret German life and legend with a charm which has not lost its freshness. What Dürer's woodcuts and engravings did for the older Gothic Germany, that Schwind did for the time of Max Joseph and Ludwig I. Wiser than his contemporaries who surround him in the Schack Gallery, he was content to depict the folklore and folklife he knew, rather than Roman mythology, grandiose religious subjects, Italian fishermen, and Greek landscapes. And wisdom is justified of her child: we see his pictures to-day with positive pleasure, while theirs fill us with wonder at the generation which acclaimed them art.

The rooms upon the first floor contain the treasures of the gallery. The large hall facing the stairs and opening into the apartments of the Ambassador of Prussia, fulfills a double purpose—diplomatic and artistic. In the first capacity it serves as a banquet-hall upon official occasions; in the second it discovers the varied phases of Lenbach's career in painting. The names of Schack and Lenbach are closely intertwined. It was Schack who first discovered the young painter's talents when he returned from his studies in Italy, who commissioned him with the execution of those copies of the old masters which influenced and formed his style, who forced his early work upon the attention of the public.

The copies of the Venetians, Velasquez, Rubens and lesser masters with which this room is hung are so good that, precisely as with Lenbach's best portraits, they provoke comparisons to their own detriment. Less accurate in drawing

than one could desire, they show a certain freedom and breadth of technique which the professional copyist does not possess. They might be termed studies rather than copies. The painter was possibly more interested in what he was learning from the originals than in the precision of his copies. In the alcove by the window hang several of Lenbach's own pictures, painted in his earlier period, before he had found his *métier* in portraiture. The earliest is the Roman Shepherd Boy asleep under the intense blue sky of the Campagna, showing the born colourist before he had delved into the amber-hued secrets of the Venetians. The indisputable beauties of this work, its drawing, colour, and sensitive feeling for nature, arouse a suspicion that Lenbach did his art more hurt than good by his researches into the technique of the sixteenth century; that Schack's commissions to copy the pictures of other men helped to divert an original genius from the career for which his native powers destined him. And the Spanish landscapes in the same alcove, painted eight years later than the Shepherd Boy, tend to confirm this suspicion, displaying accomplishments in this field of painting which suffer nothing by comparison with the portraits in the Schack collection. The latter are all comparatively early in date, and do scant justice to his powers as a painter of the countenance of men, which are seen to better advantage in the New Pinakothek and to some extent in the Lenbach Villa. There is at least reason to regret that Lenbach confined himself so exclusively to a single limited field of painting and to a fixity of manner verging upon monotony.

A door leads from the banquet-hall into the two rooms hung with sixteen pictures by the great Swiss master of romantic melancholy. Here again Schack was among the first to recognize a new and significant genius. Böcklin is probably the painter who best expresses the sentiment of our generation for nature in its relation to myth—touched with melancholy, yet sensuous, delighting in the wild freedom of the sea and rocky wastes, yet welcoming the subtler suggestions of human pathos. In the best sense of the word Böcklin was original. He broke completely—if indeed he ever felt their bonds—with those academic traditions of his art which lay so heavily upon the German painting of his time. He saw clearly with his own eyes, asked no master to correct his vision. His technical method was his own, and adequate to his ends. Poet first and painter second, it is the triumph of Böcklin's art that we do not stop, we do not think to ask, how he worked this marvel of making us see what we ourselves had only felt. Atmosphere—what the Germans name "Stimmung"—was instinctive with Böcklin; and atmosphere is the one thing needful which our generation demands of art. We find it in the poetry of Keats, in the music of Brahms, and we yield ourselves to its power in Böcklin. These "ideal landscapes" and sacred woods, these lonely villas half hidden in cypresses upon the sea-shore, with their faint suggestion of myths almost believed, of an antique world long dead, set before us "what we half create and what perceive." "The old, sweet, mythos" has not lost its power. And, further, Böcklin makes us see the Land of the Heart's Desire—not the Italy of fertile vineyards

and ruddy contadini, nor yet the land of lucid sunlight, but the ideal Italy of our dreams; of cypresses and distant campaniles, of sloping meadows starred with Spring, of half-ruined villas viewed through garden vistas; the Italy we have rather felt than seen—at evening from the ramparts of Urbino, through the Moorish arches at Ravello, from the "top of Calvano," with the isles of Odysseus' sirens sleeping upon the profound blue of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

For this is the refrain which strikes our ears with welcome repetition as we wander through these rooms of varied art—the Northman's yearning for the South. Since the men from the Land of Baja crossed the Danube and gazed with longing eyes upon the mountain barriers which separated them from the land in which they could find no foothold, Bavaria has felt the potent nearness of Italy. She has humbly submitted herself to the spiritual mistress of the western world; sent her Emperors to be crowned, her priests to be blessed, her poets to mature, her painters to learn, under the Italian sun. And these pictures, which she made or gathered from other lands to receive again at the hand of the Lord of the North, speak again and again of Italy. The reverent pilgrims of Ludwig's school at the Villa Malta, with their laborious attempts to embody Italy's warmth and plastic genius; the devout copies of Italian masterpieces with which Count Schack surrounded himself in the effort to preserve the freshness of his memories; the deeper, more spiritual insight of the Swiss painter into the secrets of Italy's power over our Northern minds—all sing the same lyric love of the "woman country,

wooed, not wed." And here among these Munich pictures, as upon the towers which unfold the chain of Alpine peaks before our eyes, the modern sojourner in the southernmost city of the North may feel that the last stage of his long march is reached, that, if he so elect, the coming day may dawn for him among the "olive-silvery" hillsides and purple rocks which overlook the plain of Lombardy.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I

THE SURROUNDINGS OF MUNICH

THE capital of Bavaria is the most central city of Europe. North and south, east and west, she is surrounded by cities, castles, rivers, lakes, and mountains which tempt the eager traveller with an inexhaustible wealth of natural beauty and historic interest. Few other cities, if indeed there be any, present so varied an opportunity for short journeys into the immediate neighbourhood. At the east, north, and west lie the towns which were the chief centres of the old South German municipal life—Bavarian, Austrian, Swabian, and Franconian. At the south, the Alps of Bavaria and Northern Tyrol offer abundant attraction for the lover of lake and mountain scenery. Every visitor to Munich, especially one whose sojourn is measured by weeks rather than days, should devote some of his time to excursions into the surrounding country and towns. A certain difficulty in the planning of such trips lies in the embarrassment of riches which are so near at hand. "Where shall I go?" asks the uninformed tourist. "What is best worth seeing in the neighbourhood of Munich?" The guide-books furnish him the material with which to answer this question, but confuse him with its mass. Indeed, one of the popular handbooks presented by the travelling agencies is entitled "Three Hundred Excursions from Munich"!

The following pages attempt to answer these questions

and to indicate those excursions which experience has proved to be most profitable and enjoyable. A list is given of the more interesting places in town and country which are within easy reach of Munich, stating concisely the character and attraction of each, and the distance in hours or minutes by railway. The familiar device of asterisks is used to indicate the measure of interest which the several excursions offer to the average traveller. The list is classified under three heads: I. Places which may easily be seen from Munich in one day. II. Places which may be seen in two days and one night. III. Excursions which combine several places in a trip of two or more days.

I. Excursions for a Single Day.

THE ISARTAL * (from the Central Station to Grosshesselohe, 23 minutes. An electric railway, starting from the Isartal station, follows the west bank at some distance from the river. Trains every half-hour).—A picturesque and narrow gorge, with wooded banks, which in prehistoric times formed the neck of an enormous glacier. An attractive and easy path leads from the railway station at Grosshesselohe through the beech woods to Pullach, where from the terraces above the river one obtains an unimpeded view of the Alps. Beyond Pullach the river may be crossed to Grünwald, a small village with a medieval castle. At this point the Roman road from Rosenheim to Augsburg crossed the Isar. The best points in the gorge of the Isartal may be visited in one half-day on foot, by bicycle, or electric railway. A favourite amusement of the Münchener is to float down the river, over the rapids to Thalkirchen, upon the log rafts which are made up at Wolfratshausen. For this, arrangements must be made beforehand with the "Flossmeister" at Wolfratshausen.

SCHLEISSHEIM * (30 minutes from the Central

Station).—The baroque palace and gardens of Schleissheim were built in the early years of the eighteenth century, by the Elector Max Emanuel. An account of both is given in the chapter upon Electoral Munich. They are seen to advantage only in the late spring, summer, or best of all, in early autumn. The chief interest lies in the large and beautiful gardens. The palace itself, and extensive picture-gallery, are intrinsically uninteresting.

DACHAU (29 minutes from the Central Station).—Dachau is a picturesque village set upon a hill rising from the Bavarian plain above the river Würm, with an extensive view of the plain and the Alps. The town is older than Munich, and possesses a fine Early Renaissance château built by the dukes of Bavaria in the sixteenth century, now containing the local museum. The pictorial charm of the village and its site has drawn a considerable colony of artists to Dachau, which is sometimes called the Barbizon of Munich. By the use of a motor-car Schleissheim and Dachau may satisfactorily be combined in one easy excursion.

THE LAKE OF STARNBERG * (30 minutes from the Starnberg Station).—This lake, formerly known as the Würmsee, is the most popular summer home of the well-to-do Münchener. The village of Starnberg at the northern end is the least attractive point upon the lake. The steamer service is excellent and the restaurant upon the steamers fairly good. The circuit of the lake by steamer lasts from two and a half to three hours. Schloss Berg, the first stopping place upon the east bank, was the scene of the tragic death of Ludwig II. The Romanesque chapel beyond the Schloss marks the point upon the shore where his body was found. Across the lake from Berg is Possenhofen, where the high wall reaching to the lake surrounds the château of the ducal line of Wittelsbach. Here the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria spent the happy childhood of a sad and tragic

life. It was the home of her brother, the late Duke Karl Theodor, and of his daughters, the Queen of Belgium and the beautiful and popular Princess Ruprecht, the future Queen of Bavaria.

The banks of the lake are dotted with villas and châteaux of the nobility and wealthy burghers of Munich. From Possenhofen to Tutzing upon the west bank a royal park stretches along the shore for several miles. The visitor who has the whole or greater part of a day at his disposal is strongly urged to leave the steamer at Possenhofen, walk through the beech woods to Feldafing, the next village, half a mile back from the shore upon a low hill, and take luncheon upon the terrace of the Hotel Kaiserin Elizabeth. From this point, which offers one of the best general views of the lake and mountains, winding footpaths or carriage roads lead through the woods for three and a half miles to Tutzing, where the steamer may be taken to complete the tour around the lake. If driving is preferred, a carriage may be taken from the Hotel Kaiserin Elizabeth at Feldafing to Tutzing. It is, however, unnecessary to give an entire day to the Lake of Starnberg. During the summer it is possible to leave Munich at 4.20 p.m., make the circuit of the lake by the last boat and return to Munich in the evening.

THE AMMERSEE (50 minutes from Central Station to Herrsching, where the lake steamers may be taken).—The scenery of the Ammersee resembles that of the Starnbergeresee. The lake is somewhat smaller, and its banks less cultivated. The Benedictine Monastery at Andechs upon the cliff overlooking the east bank was a famous place of pilgrimage in the Middle Ages.

KOCHELSEE AND WALCHENSEE** (2 hours from Starnberg Station to Kochel: motor omnibus thence to Walchensee, 1 hour).—This trip is one which well repays the effort. It may be accomplished satisfactorily in one day from Munich. The Kochelsee lies prettily at the foot

of the mountains; two miles to the south and 660 feet above, is the dark blue Walchensee in the heart of the Bavarian Alps, backed by the jagged peaks of the Karwendel range. The *Herzogstand* offers one of the most accessible mountain climbs from Munich. By taking the early morning train, it is quite possible for an active tourist to see the two lakes, climb the mountain, and return to Munich the same day. The Walchensee is one of the most beautiful lakes in the Alps, and should not be missed. A visit to these two lakes is easily included in a longer excursion to Mittenwald and Partenkirchen, described below.

TEGERNSEE * (1¾ hours from the Central Station).—Like the Kochelsee, the Tegernsee lies at the gate of the mountains. The banks are covered with villages and villas, and the low wooded mountains give the scenery a gracious rather than a grandiose aspect. *Schliersee*, the small but beautifully situated lake east of Tegernsee, may be reached from the latter by driving (10 miles). The return to Munich may be made by train from Schliersee (1¾ hours).

KUFSTEIN * (1 hour and 35 minutes from the Central Station).—Kufstein, across the Austrian border, is situated upon the broad and rapid Inn. The medieval castle which surmounts the town was for centuries the key to the valley of the Upper Inn, and a constant bone of contention between Bavaria and Austria. Kufstein offers the shortest approach from Munich into the Alpine world. A walk of two hours brings one into the heart of the Kaisergebirge, a wild range of limestone crags which supply some of the most interesting climbs in Northern Tyrol.

CHIEMSEE (1½ hours to Prien).—Chiemsee is the largest of the Bavarian lakes. The shores are flat and uninteresting, but the unimpeded view of the mountains which surround Salzburg is sufficient compensation. The chief magnet which draws visitors to the Chiemsee

is the unfinished château of Herrenchiemsee, built by Ludwig II. in imitation of the palace at Versailles. The three islands are named the Men's Island, the Women's Island, and the Island of Herbs. Upon the whole the Chiemsee attracts rather more attention than it deserves.

AUGSBURG ** (50 minutes).—Augsburg is a far older city than Munich, more picturesque and historically more interesting. It was an important frontier fortress in the Roman Empire, and during the Middle Ages its situation upon the great highway between Germany and Italy made it the chief centre of traffic between Germany, Italy, and the Levant. In the sixteenth century it became the financial capital of Europe, and during the Reformation period was more important politically than any other German town. It possesses many interesting buildings, chiefly of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries : some of its streets still retain a medieval character, while others recall the comfortable life of the German free burghers of the Renaissance. The Gothic cathedral has architectural peculiarities of unusual interest, and contains noteworthy works of art ; the great south-west window has perhaps the most beautiful painted glass in Germany, and there are four fine altar-pieces by the elder Holbein. The seventeenth-century Rathaus, with its sumptuous Golden Hall, the double church of St. Ulrich, half Catholic and half Protestant, the Fugger Bathrooms and Museum, the Fuggerei, and the old gates and moat cannot fail to attract every visitor.

FREISING (30 minutes) and LANDSHUT (1 hour).—Freising and Landshut are two old Isar towns which appeal chiefly to those who have made some study of Bavarian history. Freising was the seat of the most important Bavarian bishopric, and possesses a twelfth-century Romanesque cathedral, badly restored during the Renaissance period, with interesting sculpture and cloisters.

Landshut was the seat of the Dukes of Landshut, and

contains a number of very interesting buildings. The Church of St. Martin, in red sandstone and brick, was a *tour de force* in fifteenth-century Gothic: the piers are of amazing slenderness for their great height, and the tower is 442 feet high. The high-altar is a masterpiece of Gothic carving. The ducal palace is considered one of the most interesting examples of Early German Renaissance, and the Castle of Trausnitz, which arises at the back of the town, has close association with medieval Bavaria, but in its present form dates chiefly from the sixteenth century.

II

Excursions from Munich conveniently made in two Days and one Night.

ULM (2 hours).—This city deserves a visit because of its Gothic minster, one of the finest, and, next to Cologne, the largest Gothic church in Germany. Its single tower is the highest of any existing church, and one of the most beautiful; while the interior, which is said to accommodate 28,000 persons—more than half the total population of the city—is rich in sculpture of the fifteenth century. Ulm and Augsburg may easily and profitably be combined in one excursion.

ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER** (4¼ hours).—Rothenburg has been loosely called the medieval German Pompeii. It is the one German town which preserves almost intact the romance of the Middle Ages and Earlier Renaissance. It is difficult to conceive that anything in Germany may more justly arouse the enthusiasm of the average tourist, or that there should be another more picturesque spot than this miniature walled city. A charming motor trip, traversing almost the whole of the kingdom of Bavaria from north to south, is from Munich to Rothenburg and back. With an early start it may be accomplished in two days, over Ingolstadt, Eichstätt,

and Ansbach in one direction, and over Dinkelsbühl, Nordlingen, Donauwörth, and Augsburg in the other. Stops should be made at least at Ansbach and Dinkelsbühl. The former possesses one of the most interesting baroque and rococo palaces in Germany, while the latter retains its medieval walls, tower, and moat intact, with an Early Gothic church of unusual beauty. The scenery upon each route is interesting and characteristic, the roads excellent, the gradients easy.

WÜRZBURG * (4 hours).—Würzburg is the oldest of all the Central German cities, beautifully situated upon the river Main, and rich in buildings of architectural interest: Romanesque and Gothic churches, the Early Renaissance University, and rococo Episcopal Palace.

NUREMBERG ** (3 hours).—Nuremberg, with its wealth of medieval and Renaissance monuments, may be hastily though inadequately seen in two long days from Munich. Its attractions are too well known to require comment.

REGENSBURG * (Ratisbon) and the GERMAN WALHALLA (2 hours).—Like Augsburg, Regensburg was a Roman fortress, and an active centre of provincial life. One of the ancient gates still stands, and the museum is rich in Roman antiquities. During the Middle Ages Regensburg was the most important city in Southern Germany; from 1653–1806 the permanent seat of the Imperial Diet. Its churches, culminating in the splendid Gothic cathedral, supply excellent examples of every school of German ecclesiastical architecture, and Germany possesses no building more picturesque than the fourteenth-century Rathaus.

Seven miles east of Regensburg is the Walhalla (Temple of German Heroes), built by Ludwig I. of Bavaria. Its architectural interest and the singular beauty of its site, upon a height overlooking the Danube, make it well worthy of a visit. Regensburg may be visited in one long day from Munich, but deserves a longer stay.

PASSAU (3 hours).—Passau attracts attention by the

picturesque beauty of its situation upon the Danube and the Inn, and by its many interesting churches and houses.

SALZBURG ** (2½ to 3 hours).—The natural beauty of Salzburg, always famous, has led patriotic Germans to class it with Naples and Constantinople as one of the three most beautiful cities in Europe. The Mozart house and museum, the grim fortress which towers over the town, the rush of the river, the many beautiful walks and the vicinity of the finest lake scenery in the Eastern Alps, combine a varied list of attractions.

INNSBRUCK * (2¾ to 3½ hours).—Apart from its effective situation at the foot of a wall of mountains, Innsbruck is less interesting than the other cities above mentioned. It is frequented as a winter and summer resort and as a centre for trips. The tourist will do well to regard it rather as a stopping-place upon the journey to Italy, Switzerland, or the Southern Tyrol, than as the sole objective point of a single excursion from Munich.

Almost every well-known centre in the Alps of Bavaria and Tyrol may easily be seen in two days from Munich, but the many points of interest in these mountains are usually visited in combination with each other. Single excursions are, however, frequently made to the following :—

THE ROYAL CASTLES AT HOHENSCHWANGAU * (3½ to 4 hours to Füssen).—Few will care to omit this excursion. Just as every tourist in Paris feels bound to see the Louvre, the Latin Quarter, and Versailles, so in Munich must he see the Old Pinakothek, the Hofbraühaus, and the castles at Hohenschwangau. The site and architecture of Neuschwanstein are romantic to the last degree, but it may be questioned whether the long and tiring journey would so frequently be made were it not for the fictitious interest which attaches to the madness of Ludwig II. and the exploitation by guide-books and tourist agencies. If time permits, it is profitable to make

Hohenschwangau a single point in the circular tour described below, thus avoiding the repetition of the tedious railway journey from Munich to Hohenschwangau.

OBERAMMERGAU AND THE CHÂTEAU AT LINDERHOF* (3 hours).—Like Hohenschwangau, Oberammergau and Linderhof attract visitors by the associations which cluster round them rather than by their intrinsic beauty. Oberammergau is elsewhere described in this Appendix.

GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN* (2½ hours).—This is the largest and most popular summer and winter resort in the Bavarian Alps. It lies at the foot of the highest mountain peak in Germany, with a splendid panorama of the wild crags of the Wetterstein Range, and is unusually rich in attractive walks and climbs of every degree of length and difficulty.

BERCHTESGADEN AND THE KÖNIGSEE** (4½ to 5 hours).—These are respectively the most beautiful mountain village and lake in Bavaria. Whether in summer or in winter, no tourist in Munich should fail to see them, whatever else he may leave unseen. In an innermost recess of the mountains, terminated at its end by the wild desolation of the Sea of Stone (Steinerne Meer), no other lake in the Alps, whether Swiss, Italian, or Austrian, surpasses the Königsee in wild, romantic grandeur. It is free from desecration by the smoke and whistle of steamboats, and the splendid peasant women who row the visitor in picturesque boats add to the charm of the scene.

III

Excursions which Combine Two or More of the Places Mentioned Above.

1. REGENSBURG, NUREMBERG, AND ROTHENBURG.—This is an highly interesting circular tour, which might profitably be carried through in four days and three nights.

2. HOHENSCHWANGAU, LINDERHOF, OBERAMMERGAU, GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, OR *vice versa*.—From Munich to Füssen (Hohenschwangau) by train : Füssen-Linderhof-Oberammergau by carriage or diligence, a long day's journey through beautiful wooded mountains ; Oberammergau-Garmisch-Partenkirchen by carriage or carriage and train ; Garmisch-Partenkirchen-München by train. This excursion requires three days and two nights. During the summer season the Munich tourist agencies arrange motor-car excursions over this route.

3. KOCHELSEE, WALCHENSEE, MITTENWALD, GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN.—By train to Kochel, whence a motor-omnibus runs in connection with trains to the other points. This is the easiest and least expensive of the mountain tours in the Alps, and may even be made in one long day from Munich to Munich. Four hours by rail and four by motor. It is recommended to tourists who have but one day at their disposal in which to see the Bavarian Alps.

4. TEGERNSEE, ACHENSEE, INNSBRUCK.—To Tegernsee by rail, thence to the Scholastica, upon the Achensee, by steamer and funicular to Jenbach, thence by rail to Innsbruck, where the night may be spent. This is an interesting and beautiful excursion. Two days and one night.

5. BERCHTESGADEN, THE KÖNIGSEE, AND SALZBURG.—By rail to Berchtesgaden, whence the Königsee is visited, from Berchtesgaden by narrow-gauge railway to Salzburg. Two days and one night. This excursion may be extended from Salzburg into the lake country of the Salzkammergut. It is by far the most repaying of the shorter trips from Munich into the mountains.

APPENDIX II

COUNT RUMFORD

WITH the extinction of the line of Ludwig the Bavarian, Karl Theodor, the Elector Palatine of the Sulzbach branch of the Wittelsbach House, became Elector of Bavaria. For three years he had ruled the Palatinate from his Court at Mannheim, which he notoriously preferred to Munich, and proceeded to his Bavarian duties unwillingly. Nevertheless, in spite of the Elector's contempt for his new capital, the city benefited greatly at his hands. A selfish and despicable character, Karl Theodor took a superficial interest in works of science and philanthropy, and found his greatest delight in the art of landscape gardening. In furthering enterprises of such nature he was served by the American colonial and British officer, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, who became so influential a personage in Bavarian history. The indebtedness of every visitor in Munich to the reformer of the city and the creator of the English Garden justify some account of so unusual a career.

Benjamin Thompson was born in 1753 at Woburn, Massachusetts, the son of a farmer. He received some education in medicine, and such training in physical science as the resources of the colony afforded. At the outbreak of the American War for Independence he was suspected, apparently without cause, of Loyalist sympathies, and was virtually hounded out of his home and country. Taking refuge in England, where he was favour-

ably received, he entered the British Army, and served against his former fellow-colonists as commander of a regiment. In 1784 Thompson travelled upon the continent of Europe, in the capacity of an English gentleman of consideration. While at Strassburg he made the acquaintance of the Count of Zweibrücken, Max Joseph, who gave him letters to his relative, the Elector of Bavaria. Karl Theodor was so captivated by the conversation and originality of the young officer and man of science that he urged him warmly to enter the public service of Bavaria. After returning to England, where he was knighted by George III., Thompson took up his residence in Munich, and shortly became the most powerful and trusted of the Elector's ministers, holding the offices of Lieutenant-General, Superintendent of Police, Chamberlain, and Minister of War. In 1791 he was created Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and with characteristic simplicity chose for his title the name of the New Hampshire village, Rumford (now Concord), where he had been a school-teacher in his youth.

No people are more jealous of foreign influence and interference than the Bavarians, yet by the exercise of singular tact Thompson succeeded in winning not merely the entire confidence of the old and indolent Elector, but also great personal popularity at his Court. He was given a free hand in dealing with several of the most pressing problems of the time—the reform of the Army, the eradication of mendicancy, and the improvement of the city; in each he discharged his duties with eminent success. He placed the ill-disciplined and incompetent Bavarian Army, which boasted one general for every five hundred men, upon a footing which enabled Bavaria to acquit herself honourably in the wars of the Revolutionary period. He contrived military workhouses for vagrants upon practical lines, and upon New Year's Day, 1790, began the arrest of the 2,600 sturdy beggars of Munich, and set them to work at making uniforms for the Army.

Other philanthropic enterprises were carried out with equal sagacity. Soup-kitchens were established, where a broth, long known as "Rumford Soup," was dispensed to the poor; the cemeteries were removed from the town to the suburbs, the old streets cleaned and new ones planned.

But Rumford's most enduring and permanent work for Munich was the creation of the English Garden. The suburb at the north-east of the Residenz had been a desolate morass, used by the Electoral family as a game-preserve. Karl Theodor, who cared little for shooting and much for laying out gardens, listened willingly to Rumford's plan for transforming this tract into a park in the English style. The enterprise was carried through with such expedition that the year which saw the mob of Paris occupied in beheading their King, witnessed the opening of the English Garden to the populace of Munich.

The characteristic note of this beautiful park was supplied by nature—the swift streams, branches of the Isar, which bring to the heart of a great city the colour and the odour of the Alpine world. But when we stand upon the little hill which was raised by the earth excavated from the basin of the artificial lake, and look through the columns of the Ionic temple of Ludwig I. upon the most pictorial of all the views of Munich, we realise that Rumford brought to Nature's aid the resources of an imaginative mind. A memorial to Count Rumford stands near the roadway in a corner of the English Garden adjoining the National Museum.

It was not to be expected that the autocratic power of the Elector's minister and reformer would long fail to rouse opposition among a people so careful of their rights as the Bavarians. In spite of Rumford's tact and popularity, a cabal was formed against him which drove him from office and from Munich. The officers of the Army complained of their new uniforms and of the rigid

discipline which he had inaugurated, while the populace charged him with saving money for the Elector's mistresses out of the soldier's pay, in order to ingratiate himself at Court. Rumford resigned in disgust, returned to England, and finally settled in France, where he married the widow of Lavoisier, the great chemist, an eccentric woman, who insisted upon retaining the name of her first husband and brought little happiness to her second. After a distinguished scientific career, Rumford died in 1814, leaving bequests to the Royal Society of England and to Harvard College in America, which still keep his memory living in lands of his blood and birth.

APPENDIX III

OBERAMMERGAU AND THE PASSION PLAY

I

The Story

THE village of the Passion Play is situated at the northern edge of the Bavarian Alps, about sixty miles distant from Munich. It lies in the placid vale of the Ammer, surrounded by wooded mountains of no great height, upon what was once the great highway between Italy and Central Germany. The village itself hardly appears in history before the year 1633; but three hundred years earlier the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian had founded the Benedictine Monastery at Ettal, which served both as a centre of learning and civilisation, and as a hospice for the Imperial armies and merchant caravans crossing the mountains between Verona and Augsburg. Three miles to the west of Ettal, where the valley spreads out into fertile meadows watered by the Ammer, the community of Oberammergau (literally, District of the Upper Ammer) formed itself, an humble rural neighbour of the great cloister to which the valley belonged.

During the Middle Ages such faint rays of light as penetrated into the darkness of the country districts came from the monasteries, which taught to the peasants the handicrafts, the rudiments of agriculture, and the doctrine of the Church. To the latter end, the monks set forth

not only the Biblical story but also doctrinal mysteries under the comprehensible form of plays, which rehearsed the story or symbolised the doctrine to eye and ear alike. These "moralities" or "mysteries" or "miracle plays," as they were variously called, became a prominent feature in the popular life of the Middle Ages, and in South Germany they seem to have taken deeper root than elsewhere. The more powerful cloisters had each its cycle of plays, for Christmas, Easter, Corpus Christi, and other Church seasons. They were among the attractions which gave a popular character to pilgrimages, and were habitually performed in the churches until in 1210 Pope Innocent III. forbade the practice, and banished the "mysteries" to the streets, the churchyards, or the cloister courts. The great cloisters of Upper Bavaria at Tegernsee and Benediktbeurn were famed far and wide for their mysteries. In the twelfth century the monks of Tegernsee performed before the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, a play called "The Destruction of Antichrist," and the Christmas and Easter plays of Benediktbeurn drew enormous concourses of pilgrims.

Thus, when the cloister at Ettal was founded in 1330, these religious plays were an established feature of monastic life, and the community of Oberammergau, which grew up under the shadow of Ettal, was probably intimately familiar with them, although at this earlier time we hear nothing of any religious play connected with the village. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries little notice is given to the custom. Luther mentions it, not without approval, and the *Meistersinger* of Augsburg and other cities produced Passion Plays of which fragments have survived in the text used at Oberammergau.

In the seventeenth century the Thirty Years' War devastated Bavaria with the sword, famine, and pestilence. In 1633, shortly after Munich fell into the hands of Gustavus Adolphus, the plague raged violently in the

mountain districts, and the villages in the vicinity of Oberammergau—Partenkirchen, Eschenlohe, and Kohlgrub—were brought to such a pass that "in the parish of Kohlgrub only two married couples were left alive." Oberammergau is sequestered by its situation from the outside world, and before the plague had appeared there, the village authorities drew a cordon about their district and kept vigilant watch lest any living thing should enter within its limits. It happened, however, that an Oberammergauer, Caspar Schüssler by name, was working in Eschenlohe, one of the plague-stricken villages. Upon the eve of a certain Church festival at which family reunions were customary, Schüssler crept over the mountains, eluded the Oberammergau guards in the dark, and joined his wife and children. Upon the third day following he was a corpse, and within three weeks eighty-four persons perished in the infected village. In this strait the Oberammergauers "turned themselves to God the Allhighest, and besought His omnipotence with humble hearts and eager trust." As a sign of their persistence and faith, the community vowed that, if they should be spared, they would "every ten years hold and exhibit the Passion tragedy, in honour of the bitter griefs and death of Jesus Christ."

From the day of the vow the plague at Oberammergau was stayed, and no other soul perished in the village. In the following year, 1634, the vow was kept, and every ten years thereafter until 1680, when the appointed date was so changed as to fall upon the last year of each decade of each century. In 1770 no play was given, because the Bavarian Government had strictly forbidden all religious dramas. The custom of such performances had become widespread, and it is believed that at this time a Passion Play was given in at least one hundred Bavarian villages. So many flagrant improprieties and scandalous abuses had grown up in connection with them that the action of the Government was completely

justified, and probably the necessity thus laid upon the people of Oberammergau for excising the excrescenses and emphasising the peculiar solemnity of their own drama was its eventual salvation from degeneration. The account of the plague and the vow given above is taken from the petition which the village authorities addressed to the Bavarian Government in 1770, in the hope that an exception to the law might be made in their favour. This petition in its turn was based upon a chronicle kept in the village from 1485 to 1733.

The inhibition was removed and the play resumed in 1780, and with two exceptions it was performed regularly down to the present time. In 1810 the reforming ministry of Montgelas forbade the performance, but allowed it to take place in 1811, through the intercession of the Crown Prince, later Ludwig I. An extra performance was given in 1815, to commemorate the Peace which followed so many years of war. In 1870 the performances had barely begun when the war with France brought them to a sudden end. Many of the actors, including Joseph Mayr, who impersonated the Christ, were drafted off to military service; but in recognition of Mayr's sacred office he was detailed for non-belligerent duty in a bureau. In the following year the performances, so rudely interrupted, were resumed.

It was not until these performances of 1870 and 1871 that the attention of the outside world was widely drawn to Oberammergau and its play, and in particular to Mayr's impersonation of the central Figure. Since then a continually increasing concourse of modern pilgrims has wound its way up the steep slopes of the Ettal Mountain, and the quiet, sequestered village has become famous both as a shrine of religious devotion and an objective point for curious tourists. In 1880 and 1890 thousands crossed the seas to witness the survival of an age of simpler faith. It was upon the road to Oberammergau in 1900 that the present writer saw for the first time a motor-car: in 1910

the first organised public service of airships will ply the air between Munich and Oberammergau. Thus the middle and the most modern ages join hands, the age of ecclesiastical and the age of scientific miracle. Will the child-like devotion of these simple mountaineers long survive the transformation? Should it do so, the vitality of the Christian story will have stood a severe and significant test.

II

The People

The more remote villages of the Bavarian Alps have preserved the old Bavarian life and character with little change since the Middle Ages. Few localities present such homogeneous types of physique, mental habit, and social custom. Each community has preserved in great measure its local dialect and its family names, the occupation and the ideals of its remote ancestors. These mountaineers are men of sturdy bodies and comely faces; dignified, self-reliant, and direct, with the poise which comes of close association with the more rugged and austere aspects of nature and of a persistent and single-minded way of life. The Bavarian Highlander has strong idealistic elements in his temperament—he is devout with the unself-conscious faith of the Middle Ages, and he has an innate appreciation of the various forms of art and an amazing capacity for their practice.

In these characteristics the people of Oberammergau share, yet they are unmistakably different from their neighbours. This difference is due to the two religious influences which have modified their characters and lives since the beginnings of their history: their early association with the cloister at Ettal, and their drama of the Passion of Jesus Christ. The result of these two influences is neither miraculous nor unnatural:

it is as simple and as logical as the people who reveal it with an unconscious dignity which rebukes both curiosity and criticism.

Involuntary yet contented exiles from the outside world of commerce, learning, and art, the people of Oberammergau have become cognisant of the two chief factors which go to make up an ideal existence. The unselfish ambitions which first led them, in the interest of their play, towards study and self-development, have rewarded them with the leaven of culture, leavening the social and intellectual life of the entire community. They have learned, again through the influence of dramatic necessity, to speak their own language with correctness and dignity; they have studied the history and the art of other lands and times; they are trained not only in their indigenous and notable trade of wood-carving, but also in music and pictorial art. In no sense are they untutored peasants and artisans, but men and women of simple but real culture, without the social pretentiousness which inevitably accompany this culture in a more sophisticated society. There is probably no village community in Christendom which lives upon so high a level of education and self-development. One is tempted to believe that the life of the Oberammergau villager, withdrawn from the strain and stress, the effort and failure of modern existence, is in many respects ideal, that their attainments and their limitations alike are enviable.

More obvious, perhaps, and more inevitable than these mental characteristics are the moral and religious differences which distinguish the people of Oberammergau from their neighbours. Every visitor to the village is struck by the gentleness, courtesy, and dignity of their personal bearing. The Christian temper, as it is embodied in Catholic tradition, is plainly read in their countenances and in their conversation. This is, moreover, no pose, nor even the conscious attempt

sincerely to practise a Christian bearing, but the natural reflection of their moral character and ideals. The community of Oberammergau is notably free from certain moral failings common to the Bavarian peasants and artisans. Without pretence and without effort they are a simply virtuous people, contented and happy; and their ambitions, despite the many false and gratuitous accusations which have been made against them, are for culture and legitimate self-development. The Catholic religion which has infused and transformed their lives is widely different from much of that which we know by this name: it is virtually pre-Reformation Catholicism, freed from the excrescences of medieval or modern materialism.

Moreover, the religion of the people of the Passion Play is as simple and unaffected as their lives. Every Anglo-Saxon is acquainted with a certain type of self-conscious piety which is artificial, highly unpleasant, and almost certain to find itself branded, if not as hypocrisy, at least as affectation. There is a humorous tradition in Oberammergau of the visit of a woman, devout according to her lights, who asked if she might find lodging in the house of one of the actors in the last play. Kindly advisers directed her to the home of the village potter. "What was his rôle?" she asked. "Oh, he was our Christus," was the guileless response. "I am not worthy of resting under his roof!" she exclaimed. Her humility and her piety alike proved a practical difficulty, since she was thereby debarred from lodging either with the personator of the Beloved Disciple or with Pontius Pilate. She found herself at last in the dwelling of a player whose rôle was unmentioned, and who failed to present himself to his guest until the following morning. Learning with horror that she had broken bread in the house of Judas the traitor, she left the village.

The morbid affectation of piety illustrated by this

story is incomprehensible to the straightforward simplicity of the Oberammergau people. They are reverent, but they also possess a sense of proportion, not to say humour. They are devout in the exercise of their faith, but they also drink their beer, smoke their pipes, and live as normal pleasure-loving men and women. At the carnival season—the year of the Passion Play excepted—they dance and make merry as do all their compatriots. About their lives there is nothing that is monastic, nothing that is mawkish, nothing that is prudish. They share in the universal German detestation of religious pretentiousness—*muckerei*. Their religion and their play alike are elements in a normal, unaffected life. They are careful to select men and women of unblemished character and God-fearing conduct to impersonate the sacred characters, but they do not demand of them either peculiar sanctity or the sacrifice of the ordinary joys and duties of human existence. Anton Lang, the impersonator of Christ in the plays of 1900 and 1910, is a man of blameless life and highly respected by his neighbours. He is a "Hafner" by trade, a handicraft for which we have no precise equivalent in English. A Hafner is literally a potter; but in the land of porcelain stoves the greater part of his work is the construction and care of these elaborate and inconvenient contrivances. With his comely wife—who teaches English to her fellow-villages—and his three rosy-cheeked children, the home and the workshop of Anton Lang present the unspoiled picture of a simple and happy life. Yet a subtle suggestion of the Christ makes itself felt in his gentle dignity of bearing and conversation. What St. Gaudens has visibly incorporated in his statue of Phillips Brooks—a shadowy figure of Christ in the background with His hand upon the great preacher's shoulder—adumbrates the personality of Anton Lang. Yet he is Lang the Hafner of Oberam-

mergau, and no shade of self-consciousness, not the faintest suggestion of separateness from his neighbours, taints the man's quiet and lovable character.

Nevertheless, it is evident that the Passion Play is the dominant, all-pervading fact in Anton Lang's life, as it is also in the life of the entire community of Oberammergau. It is this which has made these mountaineers different from the people who dwell in the other villages of Bavaria; this which has made them fundamentally Christian in ideal and in conduct. They are imbued with the sense of a high calling given them to fulfil. The Play is the centre of their existence. As each cycle approaches the great year their minds are more and more filled with details, with hopes, fears, and preparations. Practise plays which test new actors and develop the old are given during other summers—*e.g.*, in 1905 the "School of the Cross," in which King David is the central figure; in 1907 "St. Sebastian." Even the peasant comedies, which are played everywhere in the Bavarian Highlands, afford diversion and probably increase the technical proficiency of the actors. Other considerations give way before those that bear upon the coming tenth year. The young girl whose physique, character, and dramatic gifts disclosed in the practise play of 1907, indicated that she would be chosen for the part of the Virgin Mary, postponed her marriage engagement for three years, since unwritten law demands that the impersonator of the Mother of Christ shall be an unmarried woman.

A colossal marble group of the Crucifixion overlooks the village from a hill at the south. It symbolises the entire life of Oberammergau, overshadowed and dominated by the thought and influence which find their consummation in the dramatic exhibition of the crucified Christ. And the people whose daily existence is moulded by so strange and unique an influence are as yet unspoiled and unsophisticated, a folk of kindly ways, of simple and God-fearing lives.

III

The Play

The Passion Play is a complex whole, both in its literary history and in its dramatic form. The text is a mosaic, composed of fragments from three ancient sources, thoroughly revised in the middle of the nineteenth century. The oldest of these three sources was a Mystery Play, the Passion of Jesus, of uncertain date, which has been traced to the Benedictine cloister of Augsburg, and was probably used by the Benedictines of Ettal. The second source was the "Beautiful Tragedy of the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus, in Rhyme and Action, composed by the Augsburg Meistersinger, Basthi Wild," dating from the middle of the sixteenth century. The third source was the Weilheim Passion Play, of uncertain date. How and when these various elements were put together is unknown.

The suspension of the performances in 1810 was followed by a drastic revision of the text and improvement of the music. Before the performance of 1850, the play was given its present form by the Pastor of Oberammergau, Father Alois Daisenberger, who was born in Oberau, at the foot of the Ettal Mountain, and spent practically his whole life among his fellow-highlanders. Daisenberger was a Catholic priest of an older type, which has since disappeared before the strenuous regulation of Ultramontanism. A classical scholar who translated the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and author of a number of patriotic Bavarian plays, he was, moreover, tolerant as well as devout. He is said to have been severely disciplined by his bishop for giving Protestants religious burial in the churchyard of Oberammergau; and the fruits of his breadth of charity are shown by the tolerant Catholicism of the present community, which is distinctly restless under the stricter regime of their present priest. Daisenberger's classical predilections are

responsible for the long choruses which give to the prologue of the play the character of a Sophoclean tragedy.

The Passion Play is no less complex in its structure than in its history; a combination of many elements, making use of varied dramatic forms: the reflective chorus of the Greek tragedians, tableaux, oratorio, and, in the more vital scriptural portions, the simple spoken drama. It has the length and scope of a Greek trilogy, and makes as many and varied demands as a modern music drama: orchestra, chorus and solo singers, and large groups of subordinate actors. About 700 persons take part in the play, of whom 574 are upon the stage, while 76 are musicians. It is divided into 18 scenes, and each scene is introduced by a spoken prologue in verse, followed by a chorus, a tableau of an Old Testament scene, and finally by the dramatic action. The performance lasts from eight in the morning until six in the evening, with an interval of two hours at noon—nearly eight hours in all. It is a severe physical as well as mental strain upon spectators and actors alike, and the visitor will do well so to arrange the previous day that he may not be exhausted by a long journey. Further, he should consider that he must remain seated for eight hours in the open air in a region in which, even during the summer, snow frequently falls upon the surrounding mountains.

Here we touch upon a vital point in the play: it is an open-air drama, and should be witnessed with this in mind. Music, speech, and action alike are upon a large scale: it is the broad effect, never the detail, which is rightly sought by the players. The performance is long —too long, it may fairly be said, since the climax is reached only when the perceptions of the audience are dulled by physical exhaustion. It has the deliberation of Nature and of the Bavarian character, and is contrived for a specific religious purpose: to awaken reflection. It is scarcely to be termed a drama, since there is little

action and no movement. It is rather a series of Biblical scenes, which we are exhorted to behold, called upon to appropriate each for his own soul's welfare and reflection; didactic, theologic, as befits its origin. Again, the term "Passion Play" is, strictly, a misnomer. The Oberammergau play presents the entire traditional Christian scheme of salvation, from the Fall of Adam to the Ascension of Christ. In so far as the actual scenes of the Passion are concerned it is *there* that it is *least* successful. The poignant scenes of the Garden of Gethsemane and Calvary inevitably fail to convince the onlooker of their reality. He who would seek the illumination of the Passion in art, must seek it in the paintings of the older masters, or in the music of John Sebastian Bach.

Yet when all is said, the Oberammergau play produces an ineffaceable impression of the Christian tragedy, conveyed with utter sincerity of purpose, in a vitally religious spirit, and with a total absence of the histrionic or theatrical. The machinery of the theatre fails to grate upon us because of the desperate sincerity of the actors. We never forget that the men before us are the folk of a country village performing a religious act in complete self-effacement. And here is the ultimate justification of those who find so great an interest attaching to the personality of these players, so different from that of professional actors. For, if an impression of ten years' standing may be offered, the deeper interest of the Oberammergau play lies less in the dramatic effect of its tragic pageant than in the actors themselves, in the institution born of a pledge made in an hour of vital need, and in the background of nature and of history—of the everlasting hills and of an age when men fought their way, a cross upon their shoulders, to the empty tomb of Christ.

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